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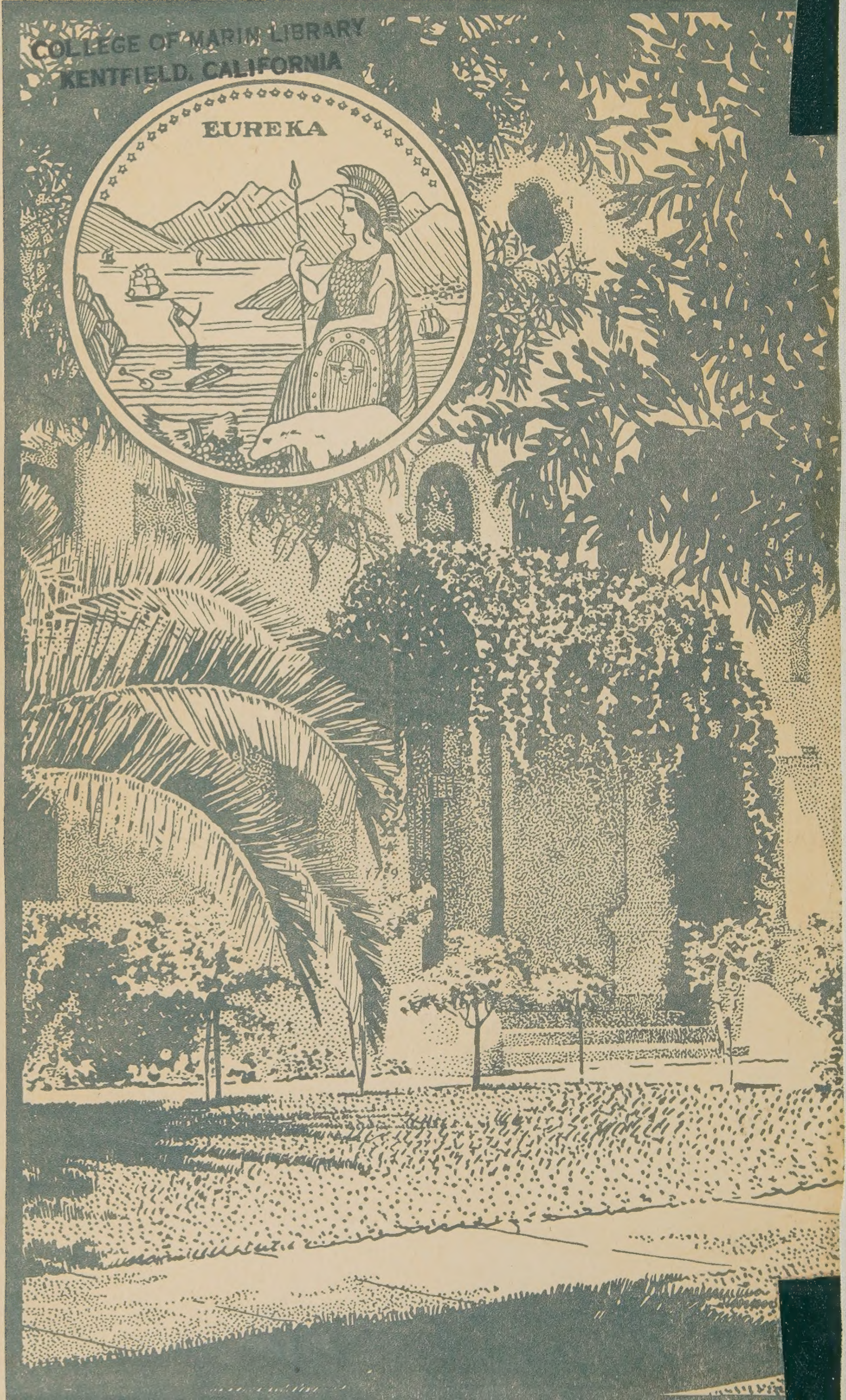

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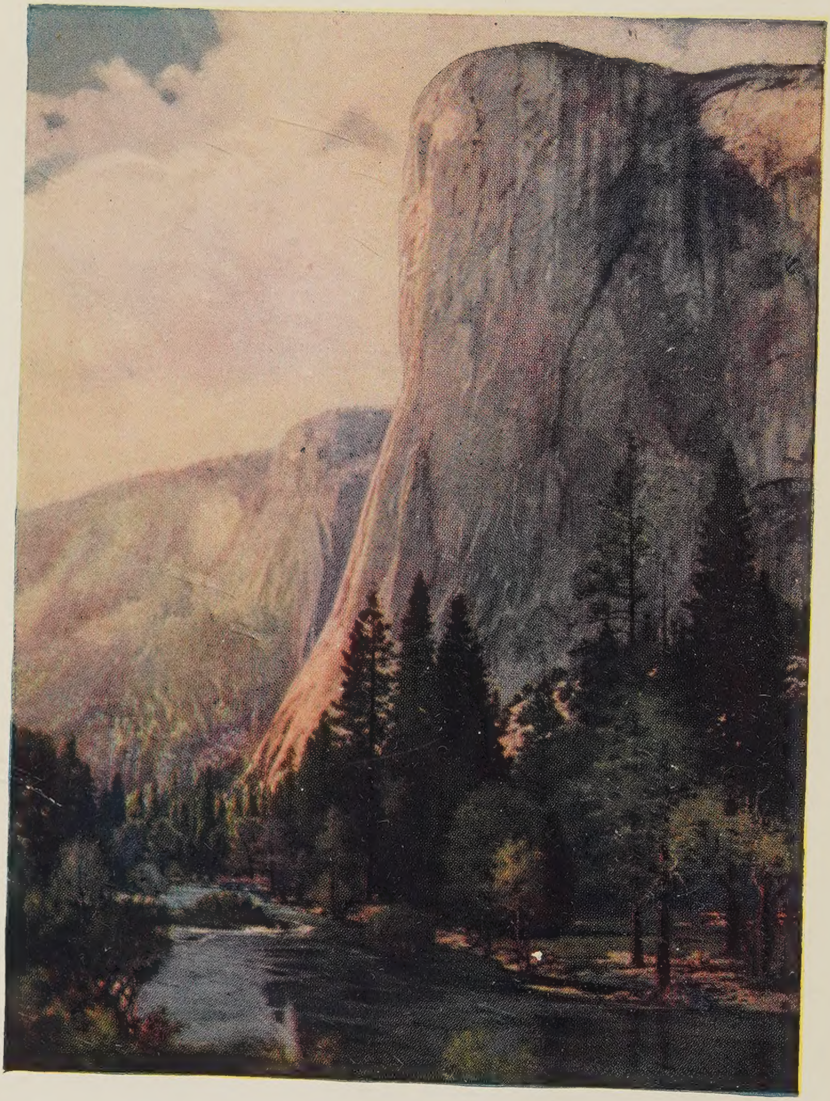

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BY WAY OF FOREWORD

ROMANCE and Beauty are words inseparably connected with California. It is impossible to dissever them. Many years ago Mrs. Cyril Flower (née Lady Constance Rothschild) told me the following characteristic story of Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras. It was at the time when Mrs. Langtry was in the height of her fame and all London was anxious to meet her. The poet also was very popular in England, and Mrs. Flower planned a great reception at which these two were to meet as the guests of honour. Her *salon* was one of the gathering-places of the most brilliant men and women of Europe and the taste and fashion of the country assembled there. When Joaquin was personally notified by Lady Constance that she desired his presence, he coolly and nonchalantly asked her if he might appear dressed in a California miner's costume. She freely gave her gracious consent.

The night of the function the servitor at the door was almost shocked into paralysis when Joaquin appeared clothed in red shirt, blue overalls, and high-heeled top-boots with his trousers legs thrust into them. He also wore his high-crowned, broad-brimmed sombrero. Haughtily he was bidden go to the back door. With equanimity he bade the " flunkey " tell Lady Constance that " Joaquin Miller was at the door." This added to the door-keeper's mental disturbance, especially when his lady came to welcome and greet the guest of honour in person. Joaquin asked if Lady Constance had any objection to his keeping his hat on, and on being assured that there was no objection, he walked into the midst of the gay throng in the most imperturbable fashion, retired to a recessed window and picked up a book to signify that he desired to be alone.

By and by Mrs. Langtry came, and, humouring Joaquin's idiosyncrasy, the hostess took her to the poet and made formal presentation of the one to the other. When Mrs. Langtry extended her hand in greeting the poet ignored it, and, raising both hands to his sombrero, took it from his head with a swift movement, showering her from head to foot with fragrant and beautiful rose leaves, while he exclaimed: "The greeting of the miners of California, the land of beauty and romance, flowers and song, to the Jersey Lily."

A poetic greeting and an individual one — characteristic of California, in the simple, exuberant spontaneity of the poet's action, disregarding all precedent, and in its perfect appropriateness in spite of its originality. Herein lies much of the charm of California itself. It is original, startling, very often exuberant, but always interesting and appropriate because sympathetic to everything natural and human.

The very name California is redolent of romance. Created, literally, for a romance, it has not only never lost its original flavour, but has increased it as the years have passed and it has come to designate a very material country. When Ordoñez de Montalvo, about the year 1510, wrote his fiction, *Sergas de Esplandian,* and coined the name California to designate an imaginary island "on the right hand of the Indies, very near the Terrestrial Paradise," which he peopled with black amazons, griffins and other strange creatures of his exuberant fancy, his most extravagant dreams never conjured forth such a land as California has since become. No one knows what he meant by the name. From that day to this more or less ingenious guesses have been made by etymologists as to its origin. And what does it matter, anyhow? We do know that the name was first used by Preciado, who wrote the diary of the explorer, Ulloa, to designate a locality first named Santa Cruz by Cortés, in May, 1535. This was at the end of the peninsula of Lower California. Ulloa sailed up the Mexican coast as far as the flood waters caused by the Colorado River, crossed over to the other side of the Gulf of California, and sailed down the coast in 1539. It was in Preciado's account of this trip that the name was first used geographically. Slowly it extended to the whole region of the peninsula; finally to the country above, so that the term was often used in the plural — Las Californias.

It was fitting that the name should have been born in a romance, for ever since it has aroused romantic thoughts in the minds of those who have heard it. To Cabrillo belongs the honour of having first explored its magnificent coast line in 1542-3, though the name was never used by him. In 1579 Sir Francis Drake, that gallant freebooter of Queen Elizabeth, called it New Albion. The captain of a Spanish galleon, Francisco Gali, sailing from the Philippines, was carried by the Japanese current to the neighbourhood of Cape Mendocino, in 1584, and sailed southwards to Acapulco, and the pilot, Sebastian Rodriguez de Cermeñon, of another Philippine vessel, struck the coast above Point Reyes in 1595. Then came Vizcaino, the man who gave the names to the chief points along the coast from San Diego up, which bay he entered in November, 1603.

From this time on, until the country was settled by the Franciscan missionaries, one hundred and sixty years later, the region, though well known, was associated with mystery and romance. The whole world thought the country an island and that a great strait, which was even named — the Strait of Anian — existed from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Many a daring explorer dreamed of passing through this strait, and one mendacious sailor, Maldonado, actually wrote a full account of his experiences in going through from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to be followed later by Juan de Fuca, who claimed to have gone through the other way, while in 1708, some English "humourist" published in the *Monthly Miscellany,* London, what purported to be the letter of Admiral Bartholomew de Fonte, describing his experiences in search of this "strait" which he never found.

It is interesting also to note that Dean Swift, in his world-famous satire, *Gulliver's Travels,* located the strange country in which the adventurous hero had many of his strangest and most marvellous experiences in the land now known as California, or a little north of it.

From the foregoing it will be apparent that the California liar of to-day has an honoured ancestry. That is, assuming that all ancestry is honourable so long as it goes back far enough.

But with the advent of the expedition of Portolá and the Franciscans in 1769 California's real history of romance began. Serra and his self-sacrificing band of Franciscans, Portolá and his soldiers, wrested the land from the imaginative romancers and began to write real history, though more romantic and fascinating than the created yarns of the past. In slower or swifter succession came the hunt for the missing Bay of Monterey, the unexpected and unrealized discovery of the Bay of San Francisco, the journey across the wild deserts of Arizona and California of Juan Bautista de Anza, the building up of mission after mission, the martyrdom of the good padre Jayme at San Diego, the establishment of the first pueblos or towns, the coming of Russian, English and French explorers and traders, the arrival of trappers from across the plains, and the pastoral life of the Spanish and Mexican Californians so graphically described by Gertrude Atherton in her *Splendid Idle 'Forties*. Then came the sudden shock of American invasion, the first and abortive raising of the Stars and Stripes at Monterey, the lowering of them with an apology to the Mexican government, the coming of Frémont, the Bear flag revolution, Sutter, the re-raising of the flag at Monterey, — this time for good and all, — the disastrous fight of Kearny with the Californians at San Pasqual, the signing of the treaty at Cahuenga, the quarrel between Kearny and Frémont, the establishment of civil government, the incoming of the pioneers prior to the discovery of gold, the horrors of the Donner Party's experiences, the discovery of gold, the influx of the gold pioneers, the wild romances of the mining camps, the dawning of the morning of California literature, the day of the cowboy, the development of San Francisco, the days of the Vigilantes, the discovery of the Comstock mines in Nevada, the excitement of the Civil War, the Pony Express, the Overland Stage, the building of the Central Pacific Railway, the establishment of the *Overland Monthly,* the literary advent of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce and others of their school, the agricultural and horticultural developments, America's awakening to California's scenic and climatic allurements, the growth of modern irrigation, the reclamation of the desert, the discovery of oil, the earthquake of 1906, the building of the Panama-Pacific and Panama-California Expositions, the phenomenal growth of the country north and south alike, — who shall deny the romance of the land?

And its beauty is equally insistent. Sir Francis Drake thought he was complimenting it to call it New Albion, because it reminded him of the "tight little island" he loved so well, but when French and Russian, English and American began to describe it, — even though they knew little or nothing of it except its coast and bay regions, — the world began to think it must possess a beauty all its own. But it was not until after Frémont had published his reports, and trappers had returned with glowing accounts of its climate, and gold miners and those writers who accompanied them, began to tell its Sierran glories, and finally its own discoverers who found its Yosemites, its Sierran peaks, its Islands of Summer, its foothills, its Big Trees, its redwood forests, its floral beauties, — in a word its climatic and scenic perfections in that it was a cosmos within itself, — it was not until these began to sing its praises that the world really awoke to what California meant.

There are doubtless other lands as beautiful part of the time, that contain scenery equally grand, alluring, strange, mysterious and attractive, that have wonderful climates, but I know of none that are so diversified in their beauty and that have so much of it, and where climate so fully yields of its multiform delights.

For the romance of its climatic cosmos is not one whit behind that of its topography. Do you want fierce, scorching, dry heat? Death Valley, the Mohave and Colorado deserts can satisfy you. Do you want it to be moist, foggy, and warm? The summers in the forests and near the ocean in the northwestern counties of the State have many days like this. Is it the bracing cold of glaciers and snow-fields you long for? In the high Sierras you may toboggan on glaciers, ride after horses wearing snow-shoes over ravines two hundred feet deep in snow, and see railway snow-ploughs pushed through snow-drifts thirty, forty or more feet deep, by eight, ten, a dozen or more of the Mogul engines especially constructed for such powerful strains. Is it variety you want? You may tumble in the snow, toboggan and sleigh-ride on Mount Lowe, on New Year's Day, within an hour stand and see a Carnival of Flowers and a Tournament of Roses, where millions of flowers, of infinite variety, are used to decorate floats, carriages, tally-hos, automobiles, etc., pass by in the streets of Pasadena, and in another hour be sporting in the not-too-cold waters of the semi-tropical Pacific, enjoying the surf of Redondo, the roll of Long Beach, or the placid waters of Santa Monica.

While the people of the San Joaquin Valley are celebrating with flowers and song, fruit and wine, those of the high Sierras are enjoying high carnival with ice palaces, toboggan chutes with real ice, and snow-shoe contests. California has more, and more varied, festivals that spring naturally out of her climatic gifts than any other country in the world, and yet the spirit of the American people is not naturally a festive and gay spirit like that of the French, Spanish and Italian.

One of the greatest romances of California is found in the way the changes have been rung upon her products. In the days "before the gringo came" her vast areas were occupied by horses and cattle. The former were for use and pleasure, the latter kept mainly for their hides and tallow. It will be recalled that the vessel on which Dana made his memorable *Two Years Before the Mast* trip, was a New England trader for hides.

The first Americans to intrude into this land of pastoral quietude, of *manyana,* of *poco-tiempo,*[1] of vast estates, were the trappers, soon followed by the pathfinder, Frémont. These returned to the United States with such glowing accounts of the ideal home-land by the sun-down sea, that there and then began the tide of travel of home-seekers that has gone on increasing as the years have rolled by. This is a most important fact that is too often overlooked — that while it was still a Mexican province California began to call to the home-seekers. The Donner Party were home-seekers, for gold was not discovered until long after they had passed their Garden of Gethsemane on the frozen snow-clad slopes of the Eastern Sierras.

Then came the *Military invasion* that followed the outbreak of the Mexican war, and Polk had his heart's desire in the seizure of California.

Almost immediately followed the discovery of gold, when every other object and subject was driven out of the minds of men, and gold, *gold,* GOLD, GOLD, was their sole cry.

But even this, in time, became an old story, and in the process a few Americans took a leaf of wisdom from the books of the Mexicans, though they read into it far more golden profit than the natives had ever dreamed of. They filled the rich valleys with herds of cattle, which they fattened as rapidly as they could and then drove to the mines to exchange for the dust and nuggets the delvers into the earth had wrested from the virgin soil.

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[1] *Manyana*, to-morrow; *poco-tiempo*, in a little while.

Almost immediately another change came. Wheat became king. The Sacramento and the San Joaquin Valleys were sowed to wheat and developed into such vast wheat-fields as the world had never before dreamed of. Elsewhere I have quoted Frank Norris's vivid pictures of this great industry.

Then came the spread of irrigation. Wheat was dethroned, and the new king became Water. Irrigation speedily grew to be the watchword and oranges, lemons, grapefruit, grapes, olives, almonds, walnuts, prunes, peaches, apricots, figs, apples, pears and a score and one fruits sprang into importance — 100 carloads this year, 500 the next, 1,500 the third, 5,000 the fourth and so on, until California fruits and vegetables, fresh, dried, and canned, entered all the markets of the civilized world. Canneries sprang up everywhere, and it was the California canneries that tangled up the Englishman. Some wit said to him, pointing to the thousands of sealed cans of fruit in one of the factories: "You see, we eat all we can, and we can all we can't." When he returned to his hotel he could not refrain from telling his wife and friends the clever saying of his California guide: "You know, he's an awfully clevah chap. Pointing to the tins of fruit he said, 'We eat all we can, and we tin all the rest.'" His friends are still wondering where the laugh comes in. The Californians, however, know that it is "canned."

A California governor in the early '60's introduced alfalfa, and ever since then it has been growing in importance as a feed crop, and now it is no exaggeration to say that millions of tons are raised in California and fed to dairy cows, to stock for the meat market, and to horses.

Now dates and cotton are springing into importance, with Bermuda onions, sweet potatoes, celery and asparagus. Canteloupes, water-melons and catawbas are being grown by the thousands of acres, and the two former shipped by the thousands of carloads, and new fruits and vegetables are being sought for in all parts of the world, acclimated and made into profitable crops. In addition Luther Burbank is mastering the natural laws of plant selection, so that he is improving the quality of fruits, vegetables and flowers to such an extent that to the world at large his results savour of wizardry. Women, too, as Theodosia B. Shepard at Ventura, and Kate Sessions at San Diego, with others equally apt and skilled in the north, are doing the same thing with flowers and rare desert plants, and so the good, delightful and profitable work goes on.

Granted that there is much commercialism in all these things, is there no romance also? He who sees in De Lesseps's achievement of the Suez Canal, and our own Goethals's triumph at Panama, nothing but triumphant commercialism is to be pitied for, though at the same time educated out of, his narrow and limited vision.

In its population, also, California is romantic in the extreme. We hear of cities that are more or less cosmopolitan — London, Paris, New York, New Orleans, San Francisco — but here a whole State is cosmopolitan, and in a far broader sense than the cities named. For in California peoples from every quarter of the earth have come — not as visitors — but to make their homes. The cold-blooded Yankee, the warm and impulsive Southerner, the calculating mid-westerner of our own United States, the Norwegian, Swede, Dane, Finn and Pole from the North, meet the Italian, Portuguese, Spaniard and Greek of the South, of Europe, and here are Chinese, Japanese, Korean and Hindoo, making, with the original aborigine and the later Spanish and Mexican, a heterogeneous population not found elsewhere in the world of men.

One singular fact obtrudes itself upon my thoughts here, viz., that in spite of their keen desire to add to the desirable population of the State — especially in the agricultural sections — the intelligent business men of California, the State officials, the railway managers, the real estate promoters, the colonizers, have never engaged in any sensible, far-reaching, rational scheme for the capturing for the State of these desirable elements. Federal reports show that there went *from* the United States into Canada the following immigrants in the years named, with wealth per capita as indicated:

Year	Number of immigrants	Wealth per capita	Total value in effects and cash
1906	63,782	$ 809	$ 51,599,638
1907	56,687	885	50,167,995
1908	57,124	1,125	65,806,848
1909	90,996	811	73,797,756
1910	124,602	1,061	132,202,722
1911	131,114	1,539	201,784,446

A total for six years of 524,305 immigrants lost to the United States, taking with them a per capita average wealth of $1,097, totalling in this period the enormous sum of $575,359,405, or over *half a billion* dollars.

It is true that California has spent much money in advertising, but it has not been by the State, nor on a large and intelligent scale. Surely the time is approaching when a systematized effort will be made to reach every farming community in the land that may have families to spare — aye, and then let us reach over for the same class from Europe.

For California needs such accessions. Even to equal the population of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, whose combined areas total 149,945 square miles, compared with California's 158,360 square miles, California must multiply her present population *thirteen times*.

The British Isles, with an area of 121,377 square miles, supports a population of 45,008,421.[1] In other words, with 37,000 acres less of land it supports over eighteen times the population.

To the blasé traveller of Europe and even of our own Eastern States, one of the striking things about California — town and country alike — is its newness. There is nothing ancient. Were it not for the mountains and the beach, the scarred foothills, the islands, and the ancient trees in the forests of sequoia one might feel that he must be careful not to touch anything or the wet varnish — not yet dried — would stick to his fingers. Even the old Spanish towns — San Diego, Los Angeles, San José, San Francisco, Santa Barbara — were founded less than a century and a half ago; and the earliest of the American towns, Stockton, Marysville, Oakland, Jamestown, Sonora, date no further back than 1849 and 1850, or thereabouts. But every one of these older towns of the State is now in an almost feverish condition of youthful growth. San Diego has sprung from about 35,000 population less than four years ago to over 100,000 to-day, and by the time these written words are in type the statistics will be out of date and need to be revised. So with Oakland and Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San José and the rest. "Change," but certainly not "decay," all around we see, the sun smiles stimulatingly, God's in his heaven, so most Californians feel "all's right with the world."

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[1] Official Statistics of 1909.

It will be noticed that I have quoted a good deal of poetry. I would also have it noticed that it is good poetry. Furthermore that it is all by California poets.

Herein is a marvellous tribute to California. The world loves to gaze upon the pictures of Beatrice because she inspired much of Dante's sublimest verse. So with Elizabeth Barrett, and scores of others that may be named. Italy and Switzerland have inspired their great poets, hence the world flocks to see them. California, though new, is not one whit behind these in the power of her inspiration. Her singers have been more natural, more exuberant, less restrained and academic than those of any land yet known to history, and they have sung a larger truth into the inner consciousness of the thoughtful world, in that they have set a new standard, viz., that pure naturalness is to be preferred to conventional artificiality, that spontaneous expression is ever superior and more to be desired than laboured and studied formal periods.

There is one thing that no reader of these verses or prose poems can ever be in doubt about. That is the deep and genuine love the writers have borne to the land of their songs. Indeed I venture the assertion that there is one way, and one way only, to know and understand California. That is the way of love. One hour of love will reveal more, grasp more, comprehend more than a year of critical study. Hence to those who come to California for the first time "Yield yourself to love," I would say. Then understanding and knowledge will flow in like a great on-moving river. If you take the critical attitude — which in nine cases out of ten is the ignorant attitude — the antagonism set up renders sympathetic understanding impossible. Start out with the desire to know and love it all. Does it rain? Let it rain. Are you crossing the desert? So be it, you welcome the desert and open your heart and mind fully to all its impressions, without prejudice or assumption that you need " see nothing further to know you don't like it." The mediocre commonplaces that everybody sees and goes into raptures over — the flowers, the orange groves, the far-away snow-clad mountains, the revelations of the glass-bottomed boats, the sunrises and sunsets, the fine homes — what are these that you should judge a country by them alone? Every mental baby accepts their charm, yields to their seductions, acknowledges their power.

Go further! Seek more! Demand more. Get into the very heart of the country. Understand its genius, grasp its spirit, comprehend its universality and cosmopolitanism, survey its all-embracing life, feel its freedom, revel in its indifference to precedent, absorb its individuality, bask in its sturdiness, turn your eyes to its manifold facets, drink from its endless variety of life-giving streams, yield yourself to the abandon of its healthful naturalism, — in other words let the exuberant flood of spontaneous life flow through you, and thus you will speedily know the real California, the natural home of beauty, romance, and abundant life.

It is this yielding, this living in a lovingly receptive condition that has brought into existence what every stranger to the State discovers the day of his arrival. This is the fact that every Californian is a " booster." I do not like the word booster, but the idea is indisputable. Why is it? Is every man a liar when he boasts about California? That were indeed a sad lowering of manhood's standards.

No! Every man shouts aloud, sounds the loud timbrel for the Golden State, because he believes, he feels, he realizes, he *knows* that what he says, in the great broad view of things, is *true*. California's atmosphere *is* balmy, its valleys and foothills *are* health-giving, its fields *are* marvellously fertile, its climate *is* incomparable, its opportunities *are* endless, its successes *are* wonderful, its triumphs *are* great, its possibilities *are* gloriously alluring. There is foothold for ten millions more, who may come and enjoy all it has to give, and steps up which they may, each and every one, climb to higher, bigger, better, grander, nobler things. Then why shouldn't those who have climbed, or who are climbing, give encouragement to others? This is so preëminently the California attitude that it is worthy of note as another of the romantic facts which cannot be ignored.

The State is a large one. Its area is vast. Even the Britisher will concede that when he realizes that it is much larger than the whole of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Our Eastern brothers scarcely realize that it is larger than all New England, New York and Pennsylvania combined. Hence it must not be thought that in this one small volume I have attempted adequately to describe it. My highest expectation is that in these pages I have given a fuller and more comprehensive view than most people, even Californians, have yet taken. How far I have succeeded, and to what extent I have interpreted the spirit of California and its allurements my readers must determine.

George Wharton James

PASADENA, June 1, 1914.

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CALIFORNIA, ROMANTIC AND BEAUTIFUL

CHAPTER I

GLIMPSES OF THE LAND

FOR years I have been in the habit of saying that no *one* person *knows* California. It is too great, too vast, too varied for any one man to do more than begin to know it. Hence the title to this chapter. We may only " glimpse " it. The traveller coming over its borders by way of the " Sunset Route " of the Southern Pacific sees the Colorado River — its boundary-line separating it from Arizona — at Yuma, and then enters a barren land of sand hills, rugged mountains, colourful and dream-like in the early morning and sunset hours, but otherwise entirely strange, weird, desolate and foreign to anything the Eastern or European eye has before gazed upon. When he reaches the Salton Sea he has a surprise. To find an inland ocean within such an environment is a physiographic anomaly — he cannot grasp it. But before he has overcome this astonishment he finds himself passing through the Coachella Valley, where the date-palm flourishes, and — if he has travelled in the Orient — he looks for tents of Arabs, camels, caravans and all the picturesque life of

Sahara, Egypt or the Persian Gulf. He sees the transformation of the desert going on, more wonderful and surprising to the intelligent mind than the marvels achieved by rubbing the celebrated lamp of Aladdin.

Ere these wonders have fully "seeped in," he crosses the San Gorgonio pass, between two majestic mountain ranges. An hour ago he was below sea-level. Now, at about 2,808 feet, the San Jacinto range towers up 10,805 feet to his left, while the San Bernardino range, with its snow-clad San Gorgonio peak, rises 11,725 feet into the pure blue of the California sky. In less than an hour he has descended on the other side of the pass and is within what Lillian Whiting calls "the Land of Enchantment." For here are orange groves in full bloom, together with green and ripe fruit upon the trees at the same time. Snow-clad peaks greet the uplifted eye in every direction, yet the atmosphere is warm and summery. Everything is richly green and profusely flowered; the orchards are charming and redolent of blossom, — pear, peach, apricot, almond, prune, fig, nectarine, loquat, guava, lemon, olive, pomegranate and every ordinary and rare fruit-bearing tree abounding. Miles of vineyard stretch their vivid green in the searching sunlight, and thousands of acres of alfalfa account for the immense herds of cattle that graze in fenced fields, and the gigantic stacks of hay that abound. His train dashes through large and prosperous-looking towns; he reaches the metropolis of the southern portion of the State, Los Angeles; he sees its wide expanse on the banks of an almost dry river, and listens with incredulous amazement to stories of the fierce floods that dashed through these now dry banks after the heavy rains of 1889 and 1914. For a few days an automobile takes him through the business, residence

A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

and oil sections of Los Angeles, and he finds a marvellous city, grown from a Mexican pueblo of early California times. Thirty years ago it had a population of but little more than twelve thousand and without a single mile of paved street. Now it is a cosmopolitan city of over half a million, with nearly seven hundred miles of paved, graded and gravelled streets.

He is taken down to its beach towns on the shores of the Sunset Sea. Rapidly, in turn, Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Manhattan, Playa del Rey, Hermosa, Redondo, Cliffton, San Pedro, Wilmington, Long Beach, Alamitos, Huntington, Balboa, Newport and Laguna are revealed to him, with a score of smaller and newer beach settlements springing up between them.

Then, resuming his ride on the "Road of the Thousand Wonders," he passes through the San Fernando Valley, catches a glimpse of new towns that have sprung up over-night by magic at the promise of the water being brought over the Sierra Nevadas from Owen's River to Los Angeles, a distance of 226 miles, at a cost to that city of twenty-four millions of dollars.

Through the Santa Susanna tunnels he is carried out into the sugar-beet fields of Oxnard and the bean fields of San Buena Ventura, where millions of pounds of these useful and nutritious legumes are grown. California, in this region, does more to foster the famous Boston baked bean habit than does the City of Culture itself. Up to the right is pointed out the mountains that nestle over the world-famed Ojai Valley — pronounced O-hi — where perpetual summer reigns and the skies are ever of cerulean blue. Tributary to the Ojai are trout streams, where fishermen love to angle for their favourite fish, and mineral springs, hot and cold, of sulphur, iron, magnesia and other chemicals abound, which add to the fame of the region. The Matilija Springs ought to be famous for their name if for nothing else, for the tenderfoot invariably calls them "the Mat-Elijah," while the sophisticated and resident are equally emphatic in declaring them to be "Ma-til-a-haw."

Along the beach fine ocean views may be obtained, with clear outlines on good days of Santa Catalina, San Clemente and the other Channel Islands, twenty miles out at sea.

Nearing Santa Barbara — like San Buena Ventura an old Franciscan mission town — Carpenteria is passed, where oil derricks resting on ocean piers are pumping up their precious liquid from under the surf and the bounding billow. Montecito, one of the flower-embowered spots of the world, is on the outskirts, and the Potter Hotel on the left informs us that we are within the Mission City's limits. The mountains that shelter this favoured spot on the north and east are the Santa Inés range, over which Frémont marched one awful Christmas Day in a cold rain-storm, "which swept the rocky face of the precipitous mountain down which we descended to the plain. All traces of trails were washed away by the deluge of water, and pack-animals slid over the rocks and fell down the precipices, blinded by the driving rain. In the descent over a hundred horses were lost." Yet the climate of the city itself is reckoned by experts to be about as equable as that of any spot on the known earth.

Awakened out of its long sleep by the incoming of wealthy Americans appreciative of its soothing climatic influences and its altogether charming environment, Santa Barbara has become a modern city of rarely beautiful and luxurious homes.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME, SANTA BARBARA.

Racing north again the railroad passes through or near lemon orchards, bean and beet fields, by rugged seashore to another mission town, San Luis Obispo. The two hills on the left are known as " the Bishop's Peaks," and the old mission itself rests in the heart of the town below. From here the climb is a rapid one over the Santa Lucia range, with a descent, after passing through several tunnels, into the wide expanse of the Salinas Valley. Then in rapid succession the traveller passes Paso Robles with its celebrated Hot Springs and Mud Baths, where Admiral Evans lost his rheumatism, and the writer had the poison eliminated from his body which had been injected therein by a vigorous rattlesnake a year or so previously; the Franciscan mission of San Miguel; the new E. G. Lewis town and settlement of Atascadero; one of the vast Miller and Lux ranches; the Gabilan Peak on the right, where Frémont entrenched himself when General Castro, of the Mexican province of California, bade him depart, and then entrance is made through the great apple-growing region of Watsonville, in the Pajaro — pronounced Pah-hah-ro — Valley, to the world-famed Santa Clara Valley. It was while in the enjoyment of this valley that the widely-travelled Bayard Taylor gave voice to his prophecy in regard to California. He wrote as follows in his *New Pictures from California:*

> How shall I describe a landscape so unlike anything else in the world — with a beauty so new and dazzling that all ordinary comparisons are worthless? A valley ten miles wide, through the centre of which winds the dry bed of a winter stream, whose course is marked with groups of giant sycamores, their trunks gleaming like silver through masses of glossy foliage: over the level floor of this valley park-like groves of oaks, whose mingled grace and majesty can only be given by the pencil. In the distance, redwoods rising like towers; westward, a mountain-chain, nearly four thousand feet in height — showing, through the blue haze, dark-

green forests on a background of blazing gold: eastward, another mountain-chain, full-lighted by the sun: overhead, finally, a sky whose blue lustre seemed to fall, mellowed, through an intervening veil of luminous vapour. No words can describe the fire and force of the colouring — the daring contrasts, which the difference of half a tint changed from discord into harmony. Here the great artist seems to have taken a new palette, and painted his creation with hues unknown elsewhere.

Driving along through these enchanting scenes, I indulged in a day-dream. It will not be long, I thought — I may live to see it before my prime of life is over — until San José is but a five-days' journey from New York. Cars which shall be, in fact, travelling-hotels, will speed on an unbroken line from the Mississippi to the Pacific. *Then*, let me purchase a few acres on the lowest slope of these mountains, overlooking the valley, and with a distant gleam of the bay: let me build a cottage, embowered in acacia and eucalyptus, and the tall spires of the Italian cypress: let me leave home when the Christmas holidays are over, and enjoy the balmy Januaries and Februaries, the heavenly Marches and Aprils of my remaining years here, returning only when May shall have brought beauty to the Atlantic shore! There shall my roses outbloom those of Pæstum: there shall my nightingales sing, my orange-blossoms sweeten the air, my children play, and my best poems be written!

I had another and a grander dream. A hundred years had passed, and I saw the valley, not, as now, only partially tamed and revelling in the wild magnificence of Nature, but from river-bed to mountain-summit humming with human life. I saw the same oaks and sycamores, but their shadows fell on mansions which were fair as temples, with their white fronts and long colonnades: I saw gardens, refreshed by gleaming fountains — statues peeping from the gloom of laurel bowers — palaces, built to enshrine the new Art which will then have blossomed here — culture, plenty, peace, happiness everywhere. I saw a more beautiful race in possession of this paradise — a race in which the lost symmetry and grace of the Greek was partially restored — the rough, harsh features of the original type gone — milder manners, better-regulated impulses, and a keener appreciation of all the arts which enrich and embellish life. Was it only a dream?

I have lived to see a part of Bayard Taylor's dream come true. The whole valley now is peopled. Every acre is cultivated, even far up the hillsides. Magnificent homes of wealthy, cultured and happy people are in evidence everywhere. Express trains propelled by steam and electricity, with powerful automobiles dashing rapidly over modern roads, take business men who reside here to San Francisco to their offices each morning and back again in the afternoon.

Each year for several years the world has been invited to a festival held at Saratoga in the foothills, commemorative of the glory of the Blossom Time. Upwards of two million prune and other fruit trees are in bloom at the same time; myriads of bees hum their happiness, and butterflies and humming-birds radiate their joy as they flit and fly, rise and fall, dart and wing back and forth in a perfect revelry of delight in this paradise of blossom. Yielding to the same natural impulse for expression as given voice by Ina Coolbrith, one of California's sweetest poets, the Rev. E. S. Williams — commonly known as Sunshine Williams — inaugurated this Blossom Festival. It would seem an appropriate thing, if, at each succeeding festival, they would sing this song of Miss Coolbrith's:

"It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing —
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!

"Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover beds —
There is none of you glad as I.

"The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

"For O but the world is fair, is fair —
And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

"And the love my heart would speak,
I will fold in the lily's rim.
That th' lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

"Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you!"[1]

But such "glimpses" as we have taken of the Santa Clara Valley occupy too much of our time. We must hurry up the peninsula where Portolá and Crespi walked with weary feet and discouraged hearts after their failure to find the Bay of Monterey, and stumbled upon the discovery of the far greater bay, that of San Francisco. To the right is Palo Alto, on the left of which is the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, the most extensive privately endowed institution for the education of youth yet given to civilization. On, on, the train conveys us through the tunnels into the heart of San Francisco itself.

Here, only a few glances at the Palace, St. Francis and Fairmont Hotels, the Cliff House, the ferry-boats shuttling to and fro over the Bay, the Presidio, the Exposition Grounds, and the Golden Gate and we are off — still on the line of the Thousand Wonders — to the north. Crossing on one of the ferries to the Oakland Mole we see how the Bay of San Francisco has yielded to the demands of trans-oceanic commerce, local home-making and interior business. Towns, cities, settlements have sprung up in every direction. The harbour is fully fortified by Uncle Sam near one of the Islands, railways from the north, south, and east here transship their

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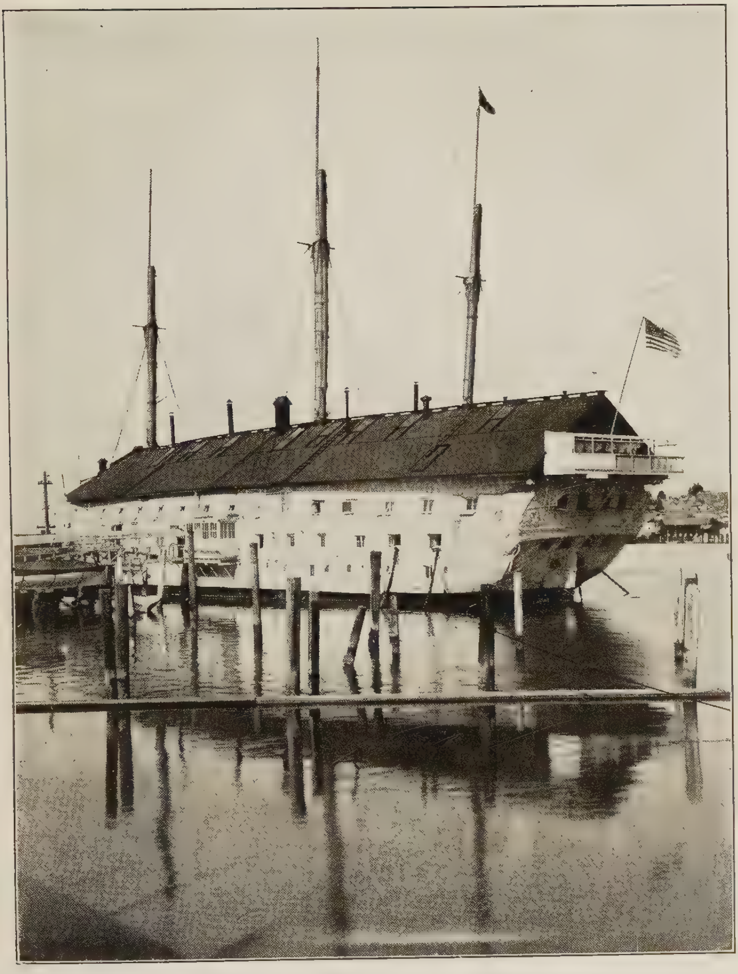
[1] Used by kind permission of Miss Coolbrith from her *Songs of the Golden Gate*, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.



THE TRAINING SHIP, "INDEPENDENCE," MARE ISLAND.

freight; toiling thousands cross to their hillside homes after their day's work in the city; scores of houseboats line the tiny bays; lively yachts spread their sails in the morning and afternoon sun and dance on the crests of the choppy waves, and the visitors to the summit of Mt. Tamalpais, up the "crookedest railway" (with the straightest management) in the world, look down upon it all, while at the same time they can see out on the Pacific the steamships coming across from China, Japan, and Honolulu and aiming directly for the Golden Gate near by.

On our right as we pass are Oakland, soon to be famous as a seaport, and Berkeley, the seat of the State University. Racing past powder-making plants, oil refineries, and various other industrial locations, following the windings of the inner bay, we come to the Straits of Carquinez. Here above us cross the high-voltage electric wires of the San Francisco Electric Companies, which bring the power for turning every car-wheel, every printing-press, every machine of every description, and supplying the light for every electric bulb or arc in the city, from the hydro-electric power plants in the High Sierras two hundred miles or more away.

Our whole train, engine, baggage cars, Pullmans and observation-car are taken on the ferry-boat *Solano,* and without consciousness of the fact on the part of many of our fellow-passengers, we are transferred to the other side. In a few minutes we are dashing ahead over fertile, and in some places marshy land to Sacramento, the capital of the State. This was the original site of Sutter's Fort, built by that soldier of fortune who came to California in 1839. Here he succeeded in obtaining a land grant of eleven leagues in extent, built his fort, and then, gaining control over Mexicans and Indians alike, began to live in medieval style almost as a feudal lord. It was in constructing a race for a lumber-mill that he was building for Sutter that Marshall discovered the gold which led to the great rush to California in 1848-49. That rush, which, properly managed, should have made Sutter rich, became his ruin. His vast herds of stock and horses were stolen, and his grain and pasture used by the newcomers as freely as they expected to find the gold. His own army of men joined the gold hunters and he was left alone. Rapidly the city of Sacramento grew up on the banks of the river from which it gained its name, and in an incredibly short space of time poor Sutter was stranded, high and dry. His fort is now one of the historic show-places of the city.

Turning north at Davis, we follow the main course of the Sacramento Valley, its fertile fields at last being open for full development. For over half a century the major portion of this rich country, as large as Massachusetts, Maryland, Connecticut and Delaware combined, was held by half a dozen men who refused to divide their holdings, — and the State had not yet learned how to compel them to do so, — preferring to keep them as vast cattle ranches. Now, however, this condition is ended. A new epoch of development has begun. Great irrigation plans are under way or in active operation, and hundreds of thousands of acres are already under the plough of the settler. Green fields of alfalfa and grain are springing up, immense areas of orchard are planted out and already bearing rich harvest, a thousand homes dot the landscape, — the advance-guard of ten thousand, and more, which will speedily arise. The foothills are being converted into lemon and orange orchards, for a thermal belt exists here, with practically no frost, so that orange crops are surer, a month or two earlier in the market, than in the celebrated orange-growing sections of the southern portion of the State.

Marysville now comes into sight. It is one of the oldest towns started in mining days, founded because it was at the head of navigation on the Feather River, one of the richest of the gold-bearing streams up which, via the Sacramento, boats could ply from San Francisco. It was the natural city resort of the miners of the Yuba, Feather and Sacramento Rivers region, and they flocked hither from every direction for their usual weekly hilarity. Here the Yuba unites with the Feather, and just across the latter river is Yuba City, the county seat of Sutter County, Marysville being the county seat of Yuba County. The two really form one city with a combined population of about 15,000. Seven miles of levees were constructed in 1875, at a cost of a million dollars, to protect the growing cities from the river's flood waters, and they have never had a break. To-day the centre of an active agricultural and horticultural region, the mines have sunk into secondary importance and the cargoes now carried by the boats to and from San Francisco and Sacramento are as largely outgoing as they used to be ingoing. Few people realize, even in California, that the Sacramento River with its tributaries ranks fifth among the rivers of the United States in the amount and value of the traffic it carries.

Sacramento Valley is so wide, varying from seven to sixty miles, with the Coast Range on the west, and the Sierras on the east, that it has a railway for each side, together with several cross branches. Prosperous towns, such as Wheatland, Oroville, Chico, Woodland, Yolo, Arbuckle, Williams, Colusa, Maxwell, Willows, Orland and Corning, line these railways, each of which should have a page in this book. And I have not named them all.

Red Bluff is further north, and receives its name from the colour of its earthen banks on the Sacramento. Live stock, agriculture and mining are all profitable in Tehama County and in Shasta, which is the next county we enter to the north. We are still keeping in touch with the Sacramento River, and now, as we get higher, we enter the Sacramento Canyon. The flat country has disappeared. Tree-clad or rocky slopes take its place on either side. This is the summer playground for a large portion of the population of the central part of the State. The Mt. Shasta region is beginning to come into its own. Fuji San in Japan is not more glorious than this stupendously majestic monarch that guards the northern gateway of California. It rises supreme over everything, over 14,000 feet into the upper heavens, its lower slopes forest-clad, its canyons a deep, rich purple, and its upper half one mass of purest white.

Even yet we have not reached the northern confines of the State. For half a day the train winds around, seldom losing sight of Mt. Shasta, gaining new and superb views at every turn. Castle Crags, Shasta Springs, Dunsmuir are passed, and then Weed, in the heart of the Shasta lumbering region, and from which the railway sends out a branch to Klamath Lake. Then, entering the canyons of the Siskiyou range, there is more rugged and picturesque country of an elevated character before Ashland, Oregon, is attained. Thus we have made one survey extending from Yuma on the southeast to the Oregon boundary on the north. A vast territory, certainly, and one which taxes the imagination at even a cursory glance.

In spite of all we have travelled and seen we have

THE SACRAMENTO RIVER, RED BLUFF.

scarcely begun to glimpse California. There is its coast extending in a mathematically straight line over eight hundred miles, and, if its winding bays are followed, stretching out to a good two thousand miles. Beyond, to the west, twenty or more miles out at sea, are the Channel Islands, twenty in number, sufficient to make a commonwealth of their own in a less favoured country. We have scarcely glanced at its Coast Range, extending practically from the extreme north to the Mexican line and beyond, and the majestic Sierra Nevada — the backbone of the State — irregularly paralleling the Coast Range, how they stand:

> ' Serene and satisfied! Supreme! As lone
> As God, they loom like God's archangels churl'd
> They look as cold as kings upon a throne;
>
> . . . .
>
> A line of battle-tents in everlasting snow.'

We have neither dived into its Yosemites and Hetch-Hetchys, nor ridden on its Lake Tahoes and Donners, hundreds of which, of smaller size, dot the gray Sierras with sapphire and emerald. Its Mohave and Colorado Deserts, and its Death Valley we have not explored, nor its vast redwood forests of Mendocino and Humboldt Counties, where are still enough standing timbers to rebuild every house in the State of their sweet-smelling and finely grained wood.

It might be well to take an imaginary aeroplane or dirigible balloon trip to complete our "glimpse," and see how naturally the State separates itself into nine large divisions. These are not as regular as the sections of an orange, but just as simple and natural.

Ascending over the San Francisco region we see that the Bay strikes inward — eastward — as far as the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, the former flowing in from the north, the latter from the south. Now draw an imaginary line over the Sierras eastward. It will cross Calaveras and Alpine Counties to the Nevada line. This separates the northern and central parts of the State.

A similar imaginary line drawn from midway between the 34th and 35th parallels, just above Santa Barbara, separates the central and southern parts of the State.

The Coast Range and the Sierra Nevadas give the two longitudinal lines, which separate the three divisions lengthwise, hence we have nine large and distinct sections. Necessarily they overlap somewhat, and the lines are rudely drawn. The Sacramento Valley forms the great interior or valley section of the northern division, and the San Joaquin Valley of the central division. There is no great central valley in Southern California to correspond with these, but below Ventura to the east lies the Santa Clara Valley, then further south the San Fernando and San Gabriel Valleys, over the Tehachipi range, the Mohave Desert of which Antelope, Kramer and the Mohave Valleys form a part. Then over the San Gorgonio pass on the south, going to the southeast, lie the Coachella and Imperial Valleys, both in the heart of the great Colorado Desert.

All throughout the central and northern divisions of the State there are smaller ranges of mountains or offshoots of the Coast and Sierra Nevada chains. Between these lie innumerable smaller valleys, each with its own distinguishing characteristics. On the eastern side of the Sierras, also, this same condition exists.

On the coast one should not fail to note that at the extreme south San Diego possesses a fine land-locked

THE BAY, MONTEREY.

harbour; further north Los Angeles is becoming possessed of a made harbour upon which the federal government has spent many millions. Monterey possesses quite a bay in crescent shape, with Pacific Grove at the southern point and Santa Cruz at the northern. Then, practically midway of the State is the magnificent harbour of San Francisco, with an area of four hundred and eighty square miles. Further north there is one bay only of present commercial importance, that of Humboldt. This is fourteen miles long and from half a mile to four miles in width.

While the Coast Range offers no ever-virgin snow-clad peaks for contemplation, there are several interesting summits that attract attention, such, for instance, as Mt. Hamilton, on which the Lick Observatory is located, Mt. Diablo, the meridian point for the central part of the State, Mt. Tamalpais, up which runs the crooked railway, and Mt. St. Helena, on the slopes of which Robert Louis Stevenson spent his honeymoon and wrote his *Silverado Squatters.*

In the Sierra Nevadas, on the other hand, there are over a hundred peaks registering over ten thousand feet high, while Mt. Shasta on the north, and Mt. Whitney on the south reach respectively 14,511 and nearly 15,000 feet.

Indeed the highest point in the United States is Mt. Whitney, and not far away are Death Valley and the Salton Basin, the latter 264 feet *below* the level of the sea.

One more fact should distinctly be understood about California before seeking to know more of it in detail. It is that there are a thousand and one places of fascination, romance and beauty that, as yet, are unknown except to a limited few. The newcomer to the State, the season's tourist or the winter resident does not even dream of their existence. In its wide and varied expanse these places are hidden, lost, inaccessible. But now, through the good roads movement, and by the expansion of railway systems, many of these hidden recesses are becoming accessible. It is to be hoped there will always be some solitudes of mountain, forest, canyon, desert, seashore and island where only the few may penetrate. But at the same time it is a good thing that new places are being found which men and women of the cities can reach to the enlargement of their hitherto narrow, cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd existence.

Of such places the lava beds of Modoc County may be cited as an example. These occupy what seem to have been the bed of the western part of Rhett Lake. Ten miles long and six miles wide, it is a region where chaos and confusion reign supreme. There are few spots in America like it. We hear of the Bad Lands of Dakota and Montana, and there are the marvellously extensive Lava Fields, on the Santa Fé railway, in the neighbourhood of Grants, New Mexico, and Flagstaff, Arizona, but here these lava fields are rude, rugged, jagged masses of rock, square and angular, of every conceivable size, and tossed hither and yonder in rudest confusion. In between them are irregular spaces strewn with cinders and disintegrated lava. Over all are turrets, tinted with red and brown masses of moss and lichen. Near by clear, blue Rhett Lake and towering Mount Shasta give grace and dignity to the landscape, but when one attempts to negotiate the lava fields he had better take a guide along. For here and there as he walks he may hear the rumble of subterranean passages, — natural caverns made by the confined gases holding up the plastic lava while it was cooling.

I have explored many of the long tunnel-connected caverns. In places one must crawl on hands and knees; again he comes into an expansive chamber twenty, forty or more feet high. Some of the walls are rudely sculptured by Nature's forces into the wildest, most fantastic, bizarre forms, — forms and shapes full of suggestion to the imaginative mind of artistic creations at the hands of genius, unfamiliar yet dominating. Sometimes these passages suddenly terminate with a blank wall; again they lead the tremulous visitor to the edge of a black abyss, into which a stone cast, "to see how deep it is," echoes and reëchoes on its descent without giving any evidence of its reaching bottom. In some of these abysses great caves have been found, where, in the heat of the hottest summer, snow and ice may be found in large quantities.

Masses of obsidian, also, are found, in rude round, oval and other shapes, varying in size from a pebble to a foot-ball, and in one place I found a massive pillar of this material — volcanic glass — with a variety of colour shades as it glistened in the sun.

Now and again one passes an ordinary-looking mud-hole, but experience has taught that these are bottomless pits which it is well to avoid. In many places the observant eye will note signs of former beach or shore lines, and he wonders when the lakes or seas that these indicate receded, or when the uplift occurred which raised the land away from these early and now, perhaps, non-existent bodies of water.

The present-day Modoc Indians tell us that this place was the birthplace of the human race (the Modocs' ancestors, of course), and on the nose of lava rocks thrust into Lake Rhett, excavations were made in 1911-1912, and it was asserted that bones of a giant race, men eight feet tall, were found surrounded by gravel and cinders, together with monster pipes, made of clay, and other relics.

This region is but one of many scores of practically unknown but interesting spots.

In continuing our cursory survey of the State another important thought should not be overlooked. One is constantly finding himself asking the question, as he looks over California's sunlit landscapes, sees these newly planted fields, watches these rapidly growing towns: What of the future? Here is a land in the making. The builders are *now* at work. What kind of foundations are they laying? What structures actually building? Europe is already built. We see London and wonder — but it is a wonder at its historic growth. Paris arouses the same feelings, and so with Berlin, St. Petersburg and Constantinople. Their history is their greatest romance. But here are cities that yesterday were not; towns that have sprung up in a day. Their romance is but beginning.

Thirty years ago Los Angeles was a slow, sleepy Mexican town of ten thousand people — to-day it boasts half a million. San Diego had, say, three thousand; now it has over a hundred thousand. Oakland was a half-awake town in 1905. The San Francisco earthquake and fire came, sending thousands of its homeless across the Bay. As if it had received a transfusion of blood into its veins Oakland leaped into a newness of life that has been startling. The city in less than five years was transformed. Everything about it was vivified, quickened, changed. New street-cars, new buildings, new City Hall, new railway station, new hotels, new theatres, new residence sections, and now they have seized the great roaring waves of the Bay by the throat, com-

IN THE RESIDENCE SECTION, OAKLAND.

manded them "back," as Canute the Great never could have done, have stolen from their domain thousands of acres, and are preparing to make of these acres a waterfront, a harbour, that shall make of Oakland a seaport second only to San Francisco.

Such, then, is California — not only the golden, but the silvery, not only the land of sunshine and flowers but of deep snows and arctic verdure, not only of fertile valleys but of alkali flats, dry deserts and solemn mountain peaks; not only of semi-tropical sea but of Alpine heights — a land of mighty area, of remarkable contrasts, of irreconcilable variety, of unequalled diversity, where every kind of scenery and every variety of climate known elsewhere upon the face of the earth may be found — in a word, an individual cosmos, a world within itself.

CHAPTER II

CALIFORNIA'S ROMANCE AND BEAUTY

In deciding upon those portions of California that should be included in a general description of the State the necessary limitations of space demanded careful determination as to the style and kind of material that should be admitted. It was speedily settled that only the romantic and beautiful should find place. This decision still left me to choose whether I should write of the romantic and of the beautiful, as separate and distinct qualifications, or only of those natural objects that were *both* romantic and beautiful.

This distinction naturally led to a consideration of these two prime elements, romance and beauty. What constitutes the one and the other? Without entering into any dictionary definitions, a few thoughts arose which I desire to share.

Undoubtedly there is such a thing as romance without beauty, but I much doubt whether there is ever beauty without romance. Beauty in and by itself partakes of the essential character of romance — even if it seems to be unromantic, in that very fact of non-romance it is made romantic — the exquisite, delicate, beautiful flower blushing unseen in desert wastes.

But even beauty is many-sided, and as hard to define as life itself. What is beauty? He who seeks to answer is doomed to disappointment. *Your* definition is only the expression of what pleases, satisfies *you,* what meets your conception of the æsthetic, what possesses those objective elements that charm, attract, thrill you. Standards differ. The beauty of one race is the hideous of another; the standard of excellence of one age is condemned as a deformity and abnormality of another; the Grecian Venus is regarded as "big-waisted and beefy" by the tight-corseted, hour-glass-shaped, fashionable woman of the French *salon* or American drawing-room of a generation ago.

And so with beauty as expressed in Nature. "Scenery!!" said a woman from Nebraska, as expressed in Herbert Bashford's amusing poem:

They brag about their scenery! Californy! Humph! O dear!
Scenery! Well, just speaking plainly, I don't see no scenery here,
Nothin' but th' mount'in ranges rarin' up so tarnal high
Thet a buddy kint look nowheres 'cept the middle o' th' sky.
Mount'ins, everlastin' mount'ins, hills 'n' woods 'n' rocks 'n' snow,
Where th' scenery is they're braggin' on I'm th' one as wants t' know.
Let 'em stand in Lincoln County just aback our cowyard fence,
An' if they don't say there's scenery they hain't got a mite o' sense;
Why yuh kin look fur miles around yuh an' see nothin' but th' flat
Level prairie in th' sunshine kivered in its grassy mat.
That is scenery — yuh kin look there jest as fur as yuh kin see
With no hills a interposin' er no rocks, er airy tree.
Oh, I've told my husband, Ephrum, that I'd gallavant no more
When ag'in I'd sot my foot on old Newbrasky's fertile shore.

Cicely's husband in Bret Harte's poem looked out over the desert. He saw nought but

Alkali, rock, and sage;
Sage-brush, rock, and alkali; ain't it a pretty page!
Sun in the east at mornin', sun in the west at night,
And the shadow of this yer station the on'y thing moves in sight.

His conception of the desert's beauty is expressed in his sarcasm

Ain't it a pretty page!

Yet I have stood side by side with poets, world-wide travellers, and experts in scenery, who, when that same sage-brush, sand and alkali was flooded with morning sunlight in the purple shades, or bathed in the rose-mist and delicate tinted glories of a sunset, have stood breathless, as did the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration.

In one of my scrap-books of many years' gatherings, I have a placard pulled down some thirty years ago from a tree in the Yosemite Valley, which bears the following inscription:

WE ARE A BAND OF
DISAPPOINTED
PLEASURE SEEKERS

with over a dozen names signed thereto.

In this chasm of sublime majesty, with individualistic walls of towering grandeur, over which dash waterfalls of supernal beauty into a park radiant with the glory of a thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, and the floor of which blossoms to a million exquisite, dainty and eye-satisfying " thoughts of God," these people had the imbecile temerity to sign themselves fools who " having eyes saw not " the glory of the Lord revealed in Nature, to which the thousands of the earth's hungry epicures in beauty have flocked for decades.

The eyes of the mind and soul must be attuned, or certain essential elements of beauty which are too subtle for the physical eye will be overlooked. Wordsworth's Peter Bell saw the primrose, and it was nothing more than a primrose to him, but to the poet it spoke volumes of the hidden, secret and spiritual forces of the universe, and the world's greatest artists have come to worship.

Did you ever hear a soulful reader render poems with which you deemed yourself perfectly familiar? Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark* has become classic, because the critics have dinned it into the ears of the students of English poetry for many years that it is so. Yet one of the sweetest poets of California read a prose-poem on the Skylark by another California poet and failed to realize there was anything special in it until a friend read it aloud and dared to affirm that the *prose* poem fully equalled, if not surpassed, the poetic fantasy of Shelley that a world's judgment placed high upon the pinnacle of classic eloquence.

A hundred thousand people have heard *Columbus* — Joaquin Miller's great poem — read, and tears have sprung to their eyes, the praises that voluntarily testified to the sublimity and heroic grandeur of the verses, yet the major portion of those hearers have gone to the reader and declared that they thought they knew all there was in that poem, as they had been reading or declaiming it for years.

A horde of tourists and sight-seers will gaze on a landscape week after week, month after month, year after year, and see " nothing much " in it, but a great artist comes along with a penetrating eye for the innerness of the divine in common things and paints a picture that thrills the world.

A million people had seen the French peasant, with horny hands, dull and stolid face, bedaubed clothes, heavy, mud-laden wooden *sabots,* rise and stand with folded hands at the ringing of the Angelus, but it took a Jean François Millet to see the inherent sublimity, glory, and tender, pathetic beauty of the picture, and he thrilled the heart of the world — the irreligious, money-getting, sordid, sensual, as well as the tender, religious, aspirational — with his simple and truthful presentment of what his spiritual eyes discerned.

Beauty is a comparative and personal thing. I see no beauty in the powdered and rouged, specially manicured, high-heeled, tight-skirted, fashionable female of the species. All my natural instincts rebel against her unnaturalness; but a bunch of flowers, a child at its mother's breast, a labourer's arm around his rosy-faced wife, a cluster of fleecy clouds in the sky, a wild horse in a field, a group of children at play, a frolicking calf, a pine-tree covered with sun-lit dewdrops, the blue sky glimpsed through a pepper-tree with lacy leaves and red berries, an orange-grove in blossom, a sunset on Mt. San Antonio or Mt. Shasta, or a sunrise on the desert, — these and a thousand and one varied and simple things, pure, sweet, natural, bring tears to my eyes because of their *beauty*.

Another thing must be considered. Some minds require time to see the beauty of unfamiliar objects. Others grasp it immediately. I have heard thoughtful and appreciative people speak most disparagingly of the mountains of Southern California, their barrenness being so unlike the well-loved green hills of Vermont or the richly-clad mountains of New Hampshire and Pennsylvania that they were, at first, unpleasing. But in time the eye became accustomed to the strange, and then the strange and unfamiliar beauties and glories began to be apparent — the rich tones and colours, the purple shadows, the luminous atmosphere that hovers over them as a benediction.

There are not a few who, on earliest acquaintance, find fault with the very strength, the ardour, the brilliancy of California's beauty. One has described this as if the pleading cry of Goethe: "Light, more light!"

"Winter's Sunshine Crown in Southern California."

From the Painting by W. L. Judson.

had been answered by her in a world sense, and the whole country flooded with a vivid, clear, intense, striking light that reveals the sweetness, the glory, the beauty of Nature such as is seldom seen in a less vividly lighted land. I never leave California for the East but that I know as soon as I reach Eastern Kansas and Illinois I shall lose this brilliant sunshine, the clear, cloudless, turquoise sky, the pellucid atmosphere, the illumination that enables one to see vast spaces, that enlarges one's vision and gives a hold upon scenes a hundred or more miles away. Instead there comes veiled light, haze, mist, a grey sky, a circumscribed landscape, a lusher and more luxurious greenery but without the radiant and buoyant colouring. Beautiful it is certainly, but with a softer, gentler beauty, a more limited gamut and toned to a quieter key, which, at first, is rather depressing.

Yet, strange to say, California possesses also these softer and gentler moods. In the rainy season, in the mists and fogs — high and low — we have presented to us often enough to enhance their charm by the force of contrast, these very elements of quietude and subdued light and colour that relieve what would otherwise be likely to become strident, insistent, too dominant and, indeed, overwhelming. Strangers often ask: But don't you get tired of this eternal, continuous, monotonous blue sky and brilliant sunshine? It is because it is not eternal, monotonous, continuous that we do not get tired of it. It is our normal atmospheric condition, because we have more of it than of any other kind of weather, yet it is not perpetual. It is broken up with mornings of fog, high or low, moist or dry, and the winter's rains, which give the greyness, the greenness, the vagueness of the landscapes that remind us of the East, of England, of Germany and all the other softer-toned lands.

Here, then, is beauty of both kinds, — restrained and exuberant. It is so throughout all varieties. Nature has been prodigal with California. And her romances are as many and varied as her beauties. She has had Romance enough in her history to generously supply a dozen ordinary states, and yet leave enough for herself, and in Beauty it seems to me that the Almighty Himself designed her many and varied expressions of it for many purposes, not the least important of which was that she should thrill, excite, arouse, stimulate, quicken the æsthetic sense of the artists, poets, sculptors, musicians, orators and writers of the world. As a growing maiden, with the proportions and beauty of a budding Venus, who unconsciously flaunts her physical attractions in the eye of the passer-by, California is the unconscious braggart among the States. She shouts of her Yosemite, Hetch-Hetchy, Kings and Kern River Canyons, her mountain summits, her glacier-made lakes, her flowers, and all the rest, and she brags of her Big Things — Big Trees, Big Mountains, Big Lakes, Big Flowers, Big Fruits, Big Vegetables, Big Gold Discoveries, Big Railroads, Big Fish, and Fishermen — also what most fishermen are — and the remarkable and astounding fact is that almost every brag is strictly and literally true. Yesterday a woman made an offer to a festival committee in Los Angeles that she alone would supply them with *one million roses* of one kind for decorations and a hundred private gardens could duplicate the offer. Miss Gordon-Cummings speaks with surprise of seeing, in San Francisco, *four thousand calla lilies* used in the Easter decorations of one church. I have seen *half a million* used for that same purpose. In twenty pages of her book one can find twenty exclamation points about the bigness of things, — the oak-apples, the flowers — "I had never dreamt of such wealth of flowers," "California's lavish way of doing things," "on a magnified scale as compared with their garden cousins," "never before have I seen Tennyson's words so well illustrated, for truly

> "'You scarce could see the grass for flowers.'"

The Big Trees, in one of which the half dozen mules and donkeys were stabled, to her wonder and amusement; El Capitan, which she says should "at least rank as a field-marshal in the rock-world," and so on. And she is but a type of all the observant travellers who have recorded their impressions since California was discovered.

Hence, while I do not profess to know what beauty is to others, and it may be that my selections of subjects for presentment in these pages may not meet with universal approval, I *do* know that California herself can satisfy every ideal, conception or definition, if one but visits her in a sincere and receptive condition.

CHAPTER III

UNDER THE TREAD OF INDIAN FEET

A VIRGIN California! An uncharted land! A new land to explore!

What must Cabrillo have felt as, in his caravel, he first sighted the Coronado Islands, entered San Diego Bay, glimpsed the Sierra Madre and snow-crowned San Jacinto, San Gorgonio and San Bernardino, sailed around San Clemente and Santa Catalina, rounded Point Concepcion, and Point Lobos, caught the sweep of Monterey Bay, heard the dash of the surf on the Farallones, swept into the mists and fogs which hid the Golden Gate for another two hundred years, and battled with the down-sweeping northern storms that struck Cape Mendocino?

What rivers had that fair-looking land? What flowers and shrubs, what trees and fruits, what animals and birds, what horrors and terrors, what volcanoes and miasmas, what gorgons and dragons, what Amazons and Titans, what Polyphemuses and Centaurs? What was hidden in those mountain ranges whose snowy battlements reached to highest heaven? What wild and ferocious animals roamed through those trackless forests, portions of which reached down to the ocean's shore? What peoples inhabited those fertile valleys and dwelt around the many lakes that undoubtedly dotted the mountain valleys?

Oh, to have had the joy of being the first to explore this God-blessed region, to have been its Columbus, its Livingstone, its Peary; to have been the first to solve its mysteries, discover its glories, enjoy its charms, bask in its delights, revel in its surprises, thrill at its wonders, flee from its terrors, gaze upon its beauties.

Man was here, certainly. But he was the untouched, untrained, unspoiled, simple, spontaneous, free, wild child of Nature. He knew no artificiality, no conventions, no restraints, no bondage, save those imposed by the blind forces that operated around him, or by the will of his enemy amongst beasts or other men.

There was not a house in the land, not a boat on one of its rivers. There was no store, no factory, no mill, no power-plant, no wagon, no horse, no cow, no sheep, no harness, no saddle, no plough, no saw, no chisel, no adze, no plane. No whistle of engine disturbed the midnight air, nor clangour of bell the early morning hours, for there was not a foot of railway track, no engine, no car, no depot, no round-house in the length and breadth of the land. There was no city, town or village, only the rude *rancherias,* or collections of tule or arrow-weed huts of the natives, or the solitary *kish* of the hunter on the hillside. There was not a church, meeting-house, temple, or cathedral, a school, college, university or other institution of learning from North to South, East to West. There was not even a City Hall, Justice Court, Hall of Records, Court-House, Prison, Jail, Penitentiary, or Capitol in the country, neither was there policeman, judge, lawyer, legislator, jailer, warden, or governor. Rude physician there was, certainly, but he trusted in herbs, in baths, in charms and portents, even as the chief trusted to his physical prowess to retain the supremacy his strong right arm had won.

There was no newspaper, magazine, or book, no type-case, linotype, monotype, or printing-press, not even a typewriter, a manifolder or a multiplier.

There was no city, therefore no paved street, nor made road leading from one place to another; not a smoke-stack, a tower, a sky-scraper, a spire to be seen. No whistle or bell called weary men and women to work in the morning, nor dismissed them more weary still in the evening.

There was not even a theatre, concert-hall, vaudeville, opera house, or moving-picture show from the Siskiyous to the Bay of San Diego, nor from the eastern slopes of the Sierras to the sandy shores of the Pacific.

One would hunt in vain for a distillery, a brewery, a saloon, a bar, a road-house, an assignation house, a house of prostitution, an opium joint, a tobacco store or a gambling-den. There was not even a stock-exchange or a " bucket-shop."

All was simple, primitive, first-hand, natural. There was not even a hot-house, a garden, an orchard, a formal-garden, a sunken-garden, a French garden, an Italian garden, or any other kind of a garden, save the rude banks whereon the wild thyme grew, the mesa heights where the poppy blazed in golden fervour, the foothills which were bespangled with mountain mahogany, laurel, manzanita, holly and a maze of chaparral, or the desert which was dignified with the solemn yucca and glorified with the colour of a century of cactus flowers.

There was no forest ranger, no forest nursery, and no forestry officials; not even a conservation policy, for there was no lumber-camp, saw-mill, logging-skid, incline, chute or boom in the whole of the mountains, mesas or plains.

There was not an electric wire,—telegraph, telephone, long transmission,—or any pole for sustaining it, or any power-plant, water or steam, or impounding dam or transmission station in the whole area, and not a dynamo spun and sparkled, not a wheel turned, not a car moved responsive to this gigantic power harnessed since the days of Franklin.

There was not even a plough run by hand or horse, much less operated by steam-power or electricity, not a harrow, a drill, a harvester, or a flour-mill; nor was there an irrigation dam, sluice, head gate, diversion dam, main canal or lateral from one end of the land to the other.

There were no poor-houses, no hospitals, no asylums for blind, deaf, dumb, incurable or insane, for, thank God, there were none so poor as to be separated from the rest, and so few sick, blind, dumb, deaf or insane that hospitals were not needed. The simple, primitive inhabitants lived too easily, too naturally, too healthfully to often become seriously sick, and never became insane.

In a word and again, in fact, the land was native, untouched, virgin.

Yet how beautiful it must have been. No belching smoke defiling its pure skies and atmosphere, no befouling vomitings of mills, factories, gas-works and chemical manufactories and sewers polluting the streams fed by waters from Sierran lakes, mountain springs and glacier beds, no rushing train shrieking and smoking its fearsome way across the landscape, no city with its reeking slums, defiling brothels, haunts of misery and concentrated essence of evil saddening the hearts of men and women.

No! thank God, in its beginning it was clean, pure, sweet and attractive. It was a fair land, like a sweet girl-child blossoming into a glorious and attractive womanhood, awaiting the coming of the lover of which she was too ignorant and innocent to dream, save in the most childlike way.

From North to South the Coast Range of mountains was waiting for the explorer, the geologist, the botanist, the entomologist and the rest to come and tell of its peaks, its ravines, its valleys, lakes, flowers, trees, insects, birds and beasts.

On the other side of its vast inland valleys towered skyward another range, snowy and saw-toothed, luring the adventurous white man to climb its soaring peaks, its Mts. Whitney, Lyall, Tyndall, Brewer, Hoffman, Shasta, Starr King, Cloud's Rest, and to discover its Yosemite, its Hetch-Hetchy, its glacial meadows, Kings River and Kern River Canyons, catch its rainbow and speckled trout, hunt its grizzlies and other bears, feast on its venison, gather its thousands of wild flowers and stand in awe and wonder before its groups of giant Big Trees.

For thousands of years, possibly millions, the Colorado River had been pouring into its great empty spaces the ground-up rock débris — in sand, silt and sediment — of the plateaus of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado and Arizona, and making deserts — the Mohave and Colorado — leaving behind that awful and inspiring abyss, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, a witness to the chiselling, rasping, eroding, corrasive forces of Nature. It is possible that in 1542, or thereabouts, Captain Melchior Diaz, one of the officers of the Viceroy of New Spain, who aided in the exploring of the Gulf of California and discovered the Colorado River, sailing and rowing up it for quite a distance, — I say, it is possible that

THE SAN JOAQUIN RIVER.

he was the first white man to tread the burning sands of this trackless desert region, but for two hundred years after him it was to remain unseen by any eyes but those of the fearless Indians, the small remnant of whom still cluster in a few villages on the outskirts of civilization and on the high mountain peaks that overlook the desert — desert no longer but speedily rivalling the Nile country in the fertility and variety of its resources.

Further north the great interior valleys, through which ran the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers, were untrod save but by moccasined feet, and the Valley of the Moon — Sonoma Valley — and Napa Valley and Vaca Valley and Honey Lake Valley and a score of others echoed to no voices except those of wild animals and the yells and shouts of dancing or fighting Indians.

Its two thousand miles of indented coast knew no vessel save the rude *bidarkas* or *bolsas* — rude dugout and skin boats and tule rafts — of the Indians. What a stretch of virgin coast to sail up and investigate. What harbours were there? What rivers flowing into the sea? What rude and rocky shores, what bold promontories, what sunken reefs, what delights, what dangers, what surprises?

Beyond were the Channel Islands — Catalina, Clemente, Santa Rosa and the rest — little dreaming that a new race was to come and occupy them.

Here, indeed, was a vast romance awaiting the newcomers in the land they were to see.

Yet, it was not an entirely unpeopled land. Stephen Powers carefully estimated and reported to the United States Bureau of Ethnology that there must have been, early in the last century, not less than seven hundred thousand Indians in California. These were of various tribes scattered up and down the coast, occupying the islands, established in the valleys and on the foothills, in the canyons, in or near the forests, on the edges of the deserts and on the banks of the various streams. In the main they were pastoral and hunting peoples, not much addicted to war, "probably the most contented and happy race on the Continent in proportion to their capacities for enjoyment. . . . They were certainly the most populous, and dwelt beneath the most genial heavens, and amidst the most abundant natural productions." [1]

Jeremiah Curtin, C. Hart Merriam, A. L. Kroeber, and Pliny Goddard have clearly shown they were a thoughtful, intelligent, kindly disposed people, and, as far as they knew and understood, they were a religious people. Curtin writes of them thus:

"Primitive man in America stood at every step face to face with divinity as he knew or understood it. He could never escape from the presence of those powers which had constituted the first world, and which composed all that there was in the present one. Man's chief means of sustenance in most parts were on land or in the water. Game and fish of all sorts were under direct divine supervision. Invisible powers might send forth game or withdraw it very quickly. With fish the case was similar. Connected with fishing and hunting was an elaborate ceremonial, a variety of observances and prohibitions. Every man had a great many things to observe as an individual, a great many also as a member of his tribe or society.

"The most important question of all in Indian life was communication with divinity, intercourse with the spirits of divine personages. No man could communicate with these unless the man to whom they chose to manifest themselves. There were certain things which a man had to do to obtain communication with divinity and receive a promise of assistance; but it was only the elect, the right person, the fit one, who obtained the desired favour. For instance, twenty men might go to the mountain place, and observe every rule carefully, but only one man be favoured with a vision, only one become a seer. Twenty others might go to the mountain place, and not be accounted worthy to behold a spirit; a third twenty might go, and two or three of them be chosen. No man could tell beforehand what success or failure might await him. The general method at present is the following, the same as in the old time:

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[1] Stephen Powers in *Tribes of California*, Washington, 1877, p. 400.

"Soon after puberty, and in every case before marriage or acquaintance with woman, the youth or young man who hopes to become a doctor goes to a sacred mountain pond or spring, where he drinks water and bathes. After he has bathed and dressed, he speaks to the spirits, he prays them to come to him, to give him knowledge, to grant their assistance. The young man takes no food, no nourishment of any sort, fasts, as he is able, seven days and nights, sometimes longer.

"All this time he is allowed no drink except water. He sleeps as little as possible. If spirits come to him, he has visions, he receives power and favour. A number of spirits may visit a man one after another, and promise him aid and coöperation. The eagle spirit may come, the spirit of the elk or the salmon, — any spirit that likes the man. The spirit says in substance, 'Whenever you call my name I will come, I will give my power to assist you.' After one spirit has gone, another may appear, and another. A man is not free to refuse the offers of spirits, he must receive all those who come to him. As there are peculiar observances connected with each spirit, the doctor who is assisted by many is hampered much in his methods of living. There are spirits which do not like buckskin; the man to whom they come must never wear buckskin. If a man eats food repugnant to his spirit, the spirit will kill him. As each spirit has its favourite food, and there are other kinds which to it are distasteful, we can understand easily that the doctor who has ten spirits or twenty (and there are some who have thirty) to aid him is limited in his manner of living. Greatness has its price at all times, power must be paid for in every place. Those for whom the spirits have no regard, and they are the majority, return home without visions or hope of assistance; the spirits are able to look through all persons directly, and straightway they see what a man is. They find most people unsuited to their purposes, unfit to be assisted."[1]

I have given this somewhat lengthy quotation from Curtin to help eradicate the false and slanderous notions many Americans have gained from reading the unjust sentences passed upon the Indian by the earlier of the white conquerors of California's soil. The padres unconsciously regarded them as the most benighted of human kind because they had no conception of religion as taught by their one and only infallible church; the miner flaunted him as a "digger," because he knew nothing of, and cared less for, the gold and silver discovered in his mountains and placers; the farmer, who coveted his land and drove him forth from the homesteads and hunting-grounds he had possessed for centuries, vilified him, in self-justification, as "a mean, thieving, revengeful scoundrel, far below the grade of the most indifferent white."

Suffice it to say these ideas are in the main untruthful and unjust. Helen Hunt Jackson, in *Ramona,* has given us a far more truthful picture of the real Indian, and the traveller to California will do well to read that pathetic and soul-stirring novel ere he fixes his opinions in regard to the Indians.

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[1] *Creation Myths of Primitive America*, Introduction, p. xxvi.

CHAPTER IV

FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

HE wears a brown serge garment that clothes him from head to foot. It is girdled with a white cord on which are the mystic knots of the Trinity. The cowl is thrown back, revealing the tonsured head. His feet are bare save for sandals. His lips move as in prayer; his eyes are uplifted as in reverent adoration, and upon his face is the smile that comes only to the " pure in heart " who " see God."

He is only a Franciscan monk, a Mallorca friar, one vowed to poverty, obedience and chastity, a lowly man, a humble man. Would you call him refined? I know not. Would you call him cultured? Save in the literature of his church, and in the culture of a childlike soul and simple mind, I trow not! Would you deem him great? Save in the victories he won in the name of Christ over the pagan hearts of the aborigines of California he knew no fame.

Whence came he? Whither was he going? What did he achieve? Where lies he buried?

Only a Mallorca friar of the Franciscan order, commanded to establish a chain of missions in Alta California for the Christianization and civilization of the thousands of Indians settled there, obeying the rule of his fraternity that he should walk and not ride, where possible, trudging patiently, gladly, joyously to his work along the weary miles of the rock-ribb'd peninsula of

Baja (Lower) California. For he was a true missionary at heart; it was meat and drink to him to thus serve his Divine Lord in giving of his best, his *all,* to the savages he sought to win.

Vessels had gone by sea with provisions for missionaries and protecting soldiers, with vestments, bells, ornaments and needful utensils for the mission churches to be established; two land expeditions were guiding colonists and soldiers for the pueblos and presidios that were to be founded; herds of oxen, horses, sheep, goats, mules and burros in long line taxed the patience of caballeros and peons to keep them in motion and in order; evenings saw the long lines stop, sup, camp and sleep, and mornings saw them wake, breakfast, saddle and march. Then the *Abado* or morning hymn fell in greater or lesser sweetness and melody upon the morning air, as stout-voiced, leather-lunged priest and soldier, or gentle-toned, sweet-spirited wife, mother, maiden or child took it up, and God was worshipped in His own blessed out-of-doors.

What romance was here as they marched, slept, and marched again day after day, night after night, until the new Romance began in the new land. San Diego was reached — San Diego, blessed by Cabrillo, two hundred and twenty years before, and by Vizcaino sixty years later; San Diego,

> " Warmest daughter of the West."

San Diego, of which Joaquin Miller sang:

> " Behold this sea, that sapphire sky!
> Where Nature does so much for man,
> Shall man not set his standard high,
> And hold some higher, holier plan? "

It was a hundred years before Miller, yet Junipero Serra held this high standard, had already formulated his higher, holier plan.

Posts were erected, a cross-pole placed on their crotches, and to this a bell was swung. After a night spent in prayer and intercession, of humble yet faithful and believing petition to God, robed in his designating vestments, the devoted priest swung the bell and called, with loud and fervent voice, upon the Indians standing on the far-away hills to come and receive the saving ordinances of the church. An altar was raised, blessed and dedicated to God and the Mission of San Diego de Alcala duly founded. How happy was Serra! Maiden wrapped in the romance of her first affection; lover in the bliss of his betrothed's presence; wife clasping her first-born to her bosom; prince receiving the crown of kingship upon his head, — none was more wrapped in romantic happiness and ecstatic bliss than this sombre-robed priest, telling his beads and reciting his office on that memorable night. Though he knew it not California's history was beginning; the day of the Golden State was dawning; the banners of Civilization's last great stand were being planted there. It was an epochal day, an eventful hour.

At the same time part of the party, led by Don Gaspar de Portolá, and spiritually ministered to by Fray Juan de Crespi, marched northward, past where Los Angeles afterwards was to rise, the peerless queen of California of the south; where Santa Barbara was to crown the hills of the Sun-Down Sea with Beauty and Progress; past the fog-kissed valley where Watsonville, proud mistress of a thousand profitable apple-orchards, reigns supreme, on to the sands of the Bay of Monterey.

Here, romance of romance, though these trained explorers, hardened soldiers, keen-visioned priests alike gazed and gazed upon shore-line and forest-clad headland, upon rugged forelands and water-swept beach and searched and searched for clearly described landmarks; though they conned again and again the drawings and descriptions of Vizcaino, their "eyes were withholden" so that they saw not the Bay for which they looked, named in December, 1603, by Vizcaino after the Conde de Monte Rey, the Viceroy of New Spain.

Whence had the Bay gone? Was witchcraft at work here? Tired and weary, footsore and disheartened, the soldiers were ready to believe anything, and even the wise Crespi wrote later to his superior that they suspected the port had been filled up, because they found there some very large sand-dunes or sand-hills on the coast.

It must be that the earlier geographers had made a mistake, and set the Bay down too far to the south. It might be some degrees further north. So, wearily they plodded on, past where the City of the Holy Cross (Santa Cruz) was later to attract its thousands of pleasure-seekers from the City of the Golden Gate which, as yet, was unknown; over the glorious sequoia-clad mountains where Bret Harte was to write some of his inimitable stories; past Half-Moon Bay to the hills above Montara, where Harr Wagner is now building a town of restful peace and joyous content by the shores of Balboa's Sea, and there, on those peaceful hills, which, as yet had never heard the lowing of kine or the bleating of sheep, or felt the foot-print of any but the unshod, semi-naked savage, these sun-browned, weather-beaten, travel-stained, leather-jacketed soldiers of the King of Spain, were the first of the white race to gaze upon the great bay that was afterwards to bear the name of San Francisco, where a mission was to be established in his honour, and to which, in later years, the eager of the world were to flock in impatient haste, thus unconsciously adding to its romantic reputation.

Is there Romance here, in the Discovery of this Bay? Listen to the story!

Serra was a remarkable man in several ways, and in no way more so than in his childlike adherence to the teachings of St. Francis. To him God's presence was real; His help certain; His promises as sure as if already fulfilled; His rewards all ready to the hands of faith. With all his sagacity, knowledge, wisdom and executive ability he possessed a most childlike mind. He knew no such thing as failure, for had not God said that His help should be sufficient for those who relied upon Him. He not only trusted implicitly in the God of St. Francis, but he was filled with a childlike reverence, which amounted almost to an adoration of St. Francis himself. He was jealous to a high degree for the seraphic founder of the Franciscan order: it grieved him to the heart if there were any suspicion that St. Francis was not properly recognized by every one, and his zeal on behalf of his beloved order amounted to a holy obsession, that to any one less zealous and earnest must have seemed the exaggerated enthusiasm of a fanatic.

Consequently when the Visitador-General, Galvez, communicated to him the instructions he had received from Spain, viz., that he was to establish missions to San Diego, San Carlos and San Buena Ventura, Serra immediately cried out: "Sir, is there to be no mission for our father, St. Francis?" to which Galvez replied, "If St. Francis wants a Mission, let him cause his port to be discovered and a Mission for him shall be placed there."

It must here be recalled that as far back as 1595 Cermeñon had entered into a bay, discovered by Drake sixteen years previously, and had named it the port of San Francisco. Vizcaino also had anchored in this bay. This is now known as Drake's Bay, although until the discovery by Portolá's men of the *real* Bay of San Francisco (the one so called to-day), it was always known as the Bay of San Francisco. It was this port, therefore, that Galvez desired St. Francis to point out to the explorers, and it was in their search for it and the Bay of Monterey that they stumbled upon the discovery of the larger Bay, whose existence up to that time had been unknown.

To this day the devout Catholic regards the discovery of this larger Bay of San Francisco as a miracle directly traceable to Serra's prayers and faith, and surely it is as much a miracle of history as any that is authentically recorded.

Is it not one of the mysteries of history that when Cabrillo's ships sailed up the coast of California they passed by the Golden Gate without observing that noble break in the Coast Range. The outflowing current of the Bay with its muddy waters, or the inflowing speed of its tide escaped their notice, both when going up and returning.

Drake, — the keen-eyed rover of Queen Elizabeth, whose vessels harried the Spanish galleons, and who landed on the shores of California and claimed the fertile land for his Virgin Queen, — had his vision clouded so that he passed by this wide Golden Gate.

Sixty years after Cabrillo, Vizcaino came, and he and his topographers likewise passed it by, never dreaming of its existence. There it lay, prepared by God in the far-away dim ages of the world's early history for great events, yet hidden in the hollow of His hand until, in the fulness of His own good time, He was ready to reveal it. To Serra, who extorted the half-jocular promise from Galvez, its discovery could have seemed no other than a miracle, and Protestant though I am, I confess to a deep and profound sympathy with his feeling.

But as yet the time of its discovery had not arrived. Instead, the whole mission plan came near to being abandoned.

When the sea and land expeditions from Lower California met at San Diego, Serra proceeded to the establishment of the first mission there, while the military governor Portolá, with officers, friars, and soldiers, marched north to locate the second mission on the Bay of Monterey, which Vizcaino had so fully described. Portolá had a hard trip and an unsuccessful one. He and his coadjutors passed by the bay they had gone to seek, though they gave an account of a bay they saw, which, however, they did not realize was the one they sought. In the words of ancient Scripture, " their eyes were withheld." The result of this withholding was that they pushed on further north and in due time reached the peninsula of San Francisco Bay, and one morning, as the advance guard climbed the nearest hill and stood upon its crest, there, spread out at their feet, lay the hitherto hidden and undiscovered Bay. When Portolá saw it he was as surprised as his soldiers. I wonder what were the inmost thoughts of Padre Juan Crespi, Serra's dear friend and earnest coadjutor, when his eyes fell upon it. Did he realize that the prayers and fondest desires of his superior were being realized?

That this bay he was gazing upon was to be one of the best known bays in the world; to be honoured by the name of the revered founder of his order and to have a city built upon its banks that would in fifty short years of life compress as much fascinating romance as many an older city of a thousand years of existence, — a city that would be the Mecca of hundreds of thousands from every part of the globe; a city whose name would awaken dreams of wealth untold in the hearts of men as diverse as the world contains; a city whose misfortunes would arouse as much sympathy as its romance had evoked of glamorous expectation.

These events, however, were all in the dark womb of the future and Portolá had not the eye of prescience. All that he saw was that his expedition was a failure. Monterey Bay could not be found, provisions were growing scant, and hungry soldiers are not pleasant travelling companions. The weather, too, was not propitious to good feeling, and discouraged, disheartened, and disappointed, he gave orders to return to San Diego, the idea growing that the country had better be abandoned.

On his arrival there he found a state of affairs that materially added to his discouragement. The scurvy had made serious inroads upon the soldiers, fifty deaths already having occurred and many still lying dangerously ill. The vessel, the *San Antonio,* that had been sent to San Blas for more supplies and sailors, had not yet arrived. Upon its coming depended the provisioning of the expedition. He surely expected that it would be there at this time with the food for which his hungry men clamoured. *It had not yet come,* and there were no signs of it. Food was as scarce in San Diego as it had been with him, and he was at his wit's end to know how to feed his command. Disgusted and disheartened, he informed Serra that he would abandon the expedition and return to Lower California.

Abandon the expedition! Return to La Paz! Give up the missionization of the Indians! Serra could not believe his ears. His heart and soul arose in a mighty protest. How could he give up this great work to which he had been called? How could he forsake this fair new land with its thousands of benighted Indians, to whom he had already begun to offer the blessings of salvation through Mother Church? It was impossible! It was unthinkable!

But there was no question about it. Practically every one felt gloomy, despondent and disheartened, save himself and the devoted Crespi. What could be done? Was God's arm shortened that He could not save His children? His faithful soul leaped to the truth that "man's extremity is God's opportunity," and after strengthening his own faith by humble and earnest prayer he began to encourage the others, from Portolá down. He pleaded, begged and cajoled Portolá; he even went so far as to conspire with Vila, the captain of the *San Carlos,* that if Portolá did abandon the expedition, he (Vila) would go in search of Monterey Bay by sea. For Portolá was already assured of what he afterwards wrote to the Viceroy, viz., that "the illusion that Monterey exists has been dispelled," and forgetful of his pledge to "perform his commission or die," we have seen that he was resolved to return.

To Serra this was worse than death. He could not possibly bear it. He must change Portolá's decision; must be allowed to remain and do his chosen work. But Portolá was a hard-headed, self-willed, autocratic soldier, who neither knew nor cared what a churchman's enthusiasms were; one who in the face of personal discomforts and hardships cared little whether the Indians were saved or not. To him self-preservation was the first law of nature. Why should he and his soldiers starve to death, because, forsooth, an enthusiastic priest was crazy to convert a race of wild Indians? His duty was to his soldiers and himself and he proposed to return. His was a " practical " mind that could see little beyond the hardship and discomforts of the present.

Serra and Crespi, however, decided to remain. The commander of one of the vessels, Don Vicente Vila, evidently was in such a position of authority as to control his own ship, regardless of Portolá, for Serra went to him and entered into a secret compact. If Portolá insisted upon abandoning the expedition he and Crespi would come aboard his vessel and remain until the relief ship arrived, and then they would go up the coast and search for the missing Bay of Monterey.

This was agreed to. In the meantime, as the Feast Day of St. Joseph (San José) was at hand, and he was the patron saint of the expedition, Serra proposed to Portolá that they should make a novena to him. This was agreed upon and the novena was held with all in attendance.

But is it to be assumed that Serra was contented with these public prayers? Too much was involved, his heart was too much engaged. He must " pray without ceasing," so it is no stretch of imagination to see him, alone, or with his beloved brother, Crespi, pleading with God for his heart's desire.

Now, Serra, pray your hardest; call upon God with your greatest fervour, for upon you and your prayers depends the continuance of this mission work in California, the salvation of the souls of thousands of aboriginal savages, and the establishment of a new and Christian civilization in a gloriously beautiful and fertile land.

Doubtless each morning, he and Crespi, and the others who felt with him in his earnest desire to continue his work, eagerly scanned the ocean horizon for the longed-for vessel. They wore a pathway through the brush up the hillside to an outlook-point which gave them a full view of the harbour entrance, and morning, noon and night visited it to pray and watch, to watch and pray, for the vessel upon which their hopes were centered.

When the day of San José arrived a high mass was celebrated. Portolá and his officers were already prepared for the retreat the following day. Eagerly Serra went to the usual outlook-point. How earnestly he scanned the ocean's face, following the horizon around with anxious care.

Just as the sun was about to disappear, the fog, which had covered the ocean for days like a funeral pall, opened, and there, joy of joys, was the long looked-for vessel. Singing hymns of thanksgiving in their hearts, and praising God with their lips Serra and Crespi came down to announce what they had seen. Others besides them had witnessed the drawing back of the fog and the revealment of the vessel, but though they awaited until a late hour of the night there was nothing further to indicate that the vessel had entered the harbour.

When morning dawned there was no sign of the ship. It had disappeared as completely as if it never had existed, and all that day Serra was badgered with the doubts and questionings of those who were assured that he must have been mistaken.

Was it a mistake?

How could it be when he and so many others had so clearly seen the vessel? Its prow was headed for the bay, its sails were set, its ropes and spars and masts as clearly discerned as though it were close at hand.

But when a second day came and still no vessel appeared at anchor it was not to be wondered at if Portolá's doubts were outspoken, and if some of the more skeptical of the soldiers openly whispered their belief that the priests had dreamed that they had seen what they so longed to see. And it is not inconceivable that one or two may have gone further and charged that the report was a pure deception in order to secure a few days' further delay.

All hearts, however, were set at rest on the fourth day on witnessing the slow incoming, through the dense fog, of the *San Antonio*. Almost with ghostly silence she came into sight, but no sooner had her anchor fallen into the water with resounding splash than new life entered the hearts of all beholders. Captain Pérez came ashore and the mystery of the appearance a few days before was solved. The vessel, when sighted, was on her way to Monterey, under the belief that another vessel which Galvez had dispatched ahead had brought the needed supplies to San Diego. But, landing near Point Concepcion for water and to regain a lost anchor, Pérez learned that the Monterey land expedition had returned, hence there was no need for him to proceed further.

New courage came with the arrival of the *San Antonio,* and Portolá now awoke to the consciousness that to have abandoned the expedition would have been disloyalty *á Dios, al Rey, á mi ónor* — to God, the King, and his own honour. So he plucked up courage and reorganized, sending Pérez with Serra and two other priests to explore the newly-found harbour, and then hunt for the Bay of Monterey, while he with a fair force was to follow by land.

On this trip, after "a month and a half of rather hard sailing," — as Serra pathetically puts it, — they seem to have had no difficulty in finding Monterey; "the very same harbour and unchanged in substance and circumstances from what it was when the expedition of Don Sebastian Vizcaino left it in the year 1603." The mission and presidio were duly founded and the news sent by special courier to the Viceroy in Mexico. It took this man a month and a half to ride from Monterey to Todos Santos (on the peninsula), allowing for a four days' stop at San Diego. From thence the letters were sent by launch to San Blas, and so on to Mexico City.

It is almost impossible for us to-day to understand the excitement this news caused both in Mexico and Spain. Cathedral bells were rung, and Court and people all attended solemn high mass in token of thanksgiving. The Viceroy issued a proclamation reciting the facts so that all in New Spain might know the glad tidings. Thus the romance of the missions grew and hearts beat high in Mexico, and later in Old Spain itself as the news of the progress of California was spread.

Yet the romance was but begun. There was to be an uprising of the Indians in San Diego; one of the padres was to be slain; Serra was to live to see eight missions established before his death; his successors were to carry on the work until a chain of buildings extended, a day's journey apart, from San Diego on the south, to San Francisco on the north, and later even as high as Sonoma. There were to be struggles with the Indians, some of the missions were to be seized and held in rebellion, some were to be set on fire and par-

THE SITE OF JUNIPERO OAK, MISSION SAN CARLOS.

tially destroyed, and the romance of converting a whole native population of barbarians into workers at every then-known industry accomplished. The remarkable mission buildings themselves were to arise, built by these Indians under the guidance of the padres.

What is more romantic than to see — even though it be only in the retrospect — the domination of the inferior mind by the superior. And not one over a few, but one over a thousand or more. At each of the missions this domination was soon apparent. The hitherto free, wild, untamed Indian, roaming where his own sweet will dictated, free to come or go as he chose, knowing nothing of concentrated effort except as he doggedly followed his prey in the hunt until it was his, was soon subject to the larger mind. By the score, in fifties, hundreds, thousands, they were gathered around the mission establishments, which immediately became hives of industries. At the ringing of the morning bell the sleeping *ranchería* — the near-by collection of Indian *kishes* or huts where the married Indians lived — sprang into life; the smoke of a hundred fires ascended, and each dusky woman prepared the morning meal for her family. But during the process the "Call to Prayers" bell was heard, and instantly all work ceased, all bowed in reverence, and these aboriginal men and women prayed with their lips, even if their hearts only vaguely grasped the significance of the words they uttered.

In the mission buildings themselves the activity was no less. Many of the boys and girls slept here, the boys under the control of a reliable and trustworthy Indian or Mexican, and the others equally under the watchful eye of a keen and masterful woman. Here, however, were no modern dormitories fixed up with all the latest knick-knacks for comfort and luxury. Nor were the rooms models for future architects and sanitarians to pattern after. The low upper stories of the squat adobe buildings that surrounded the patio were the bedrooms. They were reached by a ladder from the ground floor, and sheepskins and the rude blankets woven by the women were all the sleeping gear provided. As soon as the "To bed" bell was rung, every youngster appeared, climbed the ladder, found his own place — and the ladder was removed, only to be replaced when the uprising bell resounded in the morning.

Then after the morning meal and first prayers the buzz, hum, bustle and stir of the real mission life began. In the weaving-room the dull "bump, bump," of the loom was heard, alternating with the quieter movement of the treadles which changed the healds. Near by the "swish, swish," of the plane, the harsh up and down stroke of the saw, the bite of the adze or the sharp tap, tap of the hammer denoted the carpenter shop, while from the adjoining blacksmith's shop came the shrill clangour of hammer on hot iron and the ring of the anvil. In another room women and girls were sewing on various garments, new or old — for repairing had to be done daily; others were knitting or darning stockings — not for themselves, but for the white people, the *gentes de razon*, the people of reason, those who had souls, as the Spanish phrase of the day had it.

A little closer inspection found some of the blacksmiths engaged on fine iron-scroll and other ornamental work, the carpenters were cabinet-makers, and even silversmiths and jewellers were at work. Quite an extensive leather-working establishment was carried on, for saddles were used by everybody, and wristlets and scores of other useful things were made of leather in those days. But it was not simple, plain tanned leather.

With rare skill — at times rising to genius — the leather was carved by hand into appropriate and striking designs, designs that would delight the heart of the artist of to-day could he but catch their spirit and power.

Outside the ruder processes of tanning were going on; in yonder corral thousands of sheep were being sheared by Indian shearers; in another a hundred cows were being milked; while in the near-by milk-house butter- and cheese-making were going on in the hands of well-trained and skilful Indian women and maidens. From the stable early in the morning came the sound of the saddling-up of the cow-ponies, for the first cowboys of California were the Indians. They followed the rapidly increasing herds of horses and cattle, rounded up the stock, branded the additions, killed the beef needed for the establishment, as well as for the presidios and the various vessels that came into the near-by ports.

Quirts and riatas had to be made, branding-irons and saddles, and when animals were killed fat was rendered, some portions "jerked" — that is, salted and sun-dried — or cured and smoked. Outside and inside bee-hive ovens were made hot, for bread, as well as meats, had to be baked for the multitude of hungry mouths, while on open hearth and out-of-door fires simmering pots gave forth mouth-watering odours of cooking meats, stews and the like. Yonder women were grinding corn on primitive metates, — this was before water-wheel mills were erected, — others were pounding acorns in their mortars, while the smaller boys and girls were shelling the acorns and pine-nuts (*piniones*) gathered from the near-by mountains.

Then, more important than all else, the men and youths, under the direction of the padres, were making adobe bricks, squaring rocks quarried near by and hauled on wooden "boats" or sleds by patient thick-necked oxen, so well-described later by Joaquin Miller:

> What great yoked brutes with briskets low,
> With wrinkled necks like buffalo,
> With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,
> That turn'd so slow and sad to you,
> That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,
> That seem'd to plead, and make replies,
> The while they bow'd their necks and drew
> The creaking load; and look'd at you.
> Their sable briskets swept the ground,
> Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

Here others were hewing and squaring timbers for roof beams; cutting strips of buckskin to tie the beams together, for nails were few and far between, having to be made by hand on the anvils.

With priests for architects, contractors, builders, gang bosses, — and there were never more than two priests to a Mission to have charge of all the spiritual labours as well as of the varied industries here outlined, — the Indians dug and laid the foundations, built the walls, set the forms for the arched corridors, elevated the heavy roof beams and tied them in place with their rawhide strips, securely covered them with tiles — made and baked by their fellows near by — and then plastered the walls inside and out, whitewashed them, and finally decorated and adorned altar and sanctuary, sacristy and choir loft.

Oh, the romance and wonder of it all. It fairly thrills the imagination to reconstruct these scenes of a not far bye-gone day. It was one of the earliest baptisms, however, of the glorious romance that was designed for California from the foundation of the world.

Nor must we forget the romance that attended the founding and speedy destruction of two Missions on the Colorado River, near where to-day that marvellous monument of man's engineering skill — the Laguna Dam — stands to divert the waters of the raging Colorado to useful purposes. The Comandante-General of New Spain ordered that these two Missions should be established on a different system from that which had already been found to work so admirably. The Indians were not to be under the personal control of the fathers, or as Bancroft states it: "The priests were to have nothing to do with the temporal management, and the native converts were not to be required to live in regular Mission Communities, but might receive lands and live in the pueblos with the Spaniards. Each pueblo was to have ten soldiers, ten settlers, and six labourers." Furthermore there was to be no presidio or garrison to protect the Mission. "The soldiers were to protect the settlers, who were to be granted house-lots and fields, while the friars were to act as pastors to attend to the spiritual interests of the colonists, but at the same time to be missionaries" to the Indians.

Two Missions were established, one, La Purisima Concepcion, near to the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers, on the site of the present Fort Yuma, California, and the other, San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer, about eight miles southwest of Concepcion. Twenty colonists, twelve labourers, and twenty-one soldiers, all with their families, arrived in 1780. In addition there were two priests at each Mission.

That the plan was an ill-considered one speedily became evident, and on the 17th of July, 1781, after less than a year had elapsed, the Yumas massacred soldiers and settlers and the friars, set fire to the buildings, and carried away the women and children as captives. Furthermore, Captain Rivera, with eleven or twelve men from Sonora, and five or six sent to meet him from the California presidios, were encamped on the eastern side of the Colorado, opposite Mission Concepcion, and they too were attacked and all, save one, overpowered and massacred.

Fortunately nothing so serious as this happened in the other and more carefully conducted Missions of California. They continued their work as it was begun. Then, after about sixty years of useful, blessed activity, there came the romance of their fall. From their very inception it had always been the intention of the government to close the paternal work of these institutions as soon as the Indians were deemed sufficiently civilized and Christianized to live out their own lives. Under the Mission system they were under what corresponded to parental control. Their lands were held by the church in trust, and the product of their labours was disposed of by the padres. In due time this system was to come to an end, their lands were to be allotted to them in individual families and they were to be given absolute control, like any other citizen, under the common law, of their own lives and persons, and the mission " father " was to give place to the ordinary parish priest. This was the difference between a " mission " and an ordinary " parish church," and between a " mission father " and a " parish priest." And this, in effect, is what is meant by the word Secularization.

No one, therefore, could justly have complained if the order of secularization had been wisely and properly made at the proper time. *When* that should have been done might always have been a matter for discussion. The way in which it was actually accomplished leaves no room for discussion. It was done by the

Mexican politicians, after Mexico was severed from Spain and had become a republic, solely to obtain the revenues of the Missions, and without any real regard for the welfare or the rights of the Indians.

Well might Charles Warren Stoddard express his fierce indignation in his *Bells of San Gabriel:*

> " Where are they now, O tower!
> The locusts and wild honey?
> Where is the sacred dower
> That the bride of Christ was given?
> Gone to the wielders of power,
> The misers and minters of money;
> Gone for the greed that is their creed —
> And these in the land have thriven."

It was under this so-called secularization that the Indians were left without their former beloved guides and pastors, robbed by unscrupulous politicians on every hand and in every conceivable way, their churches abandoned, and in some cases despoiled until they fell into dilapidation and ruin. The Indians themselves were deliberately placed upon toboggan slides of perdition that were greased with all the vices the selfishness, cupidity and heartlessness of the superior race (!) could devise.

Then came the American with his racial arrogance and besotted ignorance (as far as the Indian was concerned), and he aided in hastening the swift slide of the " digger " to all the hells there are, and complacently saw the " old mud churches " that the devotion of sixty years had built crumble into ruins.

The awakening from this indifference and hostility is another of the romantic epochs of Mission history. There were always a few whose hearts were rent at what was going on, — Spanish, Mexicans, Americans, Protestants as well as Catholics, — but no concerted movement was undertaken to arrest the unnecessary and altogether reprehensible decay of the Mission structures and the relentless driving out and down of the Indians until Helen Hunt Jackson, with pen and voice of flaming eloquence, expressing fiery and blazing indignation, in her *Ramona* and other writings, aroused the people of California and the United States to what they were losing. *Ramona* formed an epoch. Later Miss Tessa L. Kelso, the librarian of the city of Los Angeles, Miss Anna E. Pitcher of Pasadena, and finally Charles F. Lummis, editor of *Out West,* organized "The Landmarks Club." His editorial, entitled "A New Crusade," which appeared in *The Land of Sunshine* for December, 1895, makes interesting reading to-day. Among other things he said: "Of those who come merely to *see* California, a vast proportion are attracted by our Romance. To argue for the preservation of the Missions from the point of view of their intellectual and artistic value is needless here. . . . It is enough to recall the material truth that the Missions are, next to our climate and its consequences, the best capital California has.

"There are in this State twenty-one of the old Spanish Missions, besides their several branch chapels. Seven Missions and a few chapels are in Southern California, and these are not only the oldest but historically and architecturally the most interesting. A few are reoccupied and utilized for places of worship. The others have been of necessity practically abandoned since the secularization. They are not vital to the Catholic Church, now; but they are everything to us, whether we have souls — or pockets. They are all falling to decay; partly by age, partly through vandalism and neglect. When the roof goes, our swift winter rains do the rest. In ten years from now — unless our intelligence shall awaken at once — there will remain of these noble piles nothing but a few indeterminable heaps of adobe.

"Now there is not in the civilized world another country so barbarous that this would be permitted. In poor old Spain the very stables of these deserted churches would be scrupulously preserved. In despised Italy they would be guarded as we guard our — fortunes. In hateful England, Heaven pity the vandal that should move one stone from another in them. In immoral France, there is at least morality enough to hold sacred the artistic and the venerable. It is only in the Only Country in the World that such precious things are despised and neglected and left to be looted by the storm and the tourist.

"This is a new community, and many things are thus far forgiven its youth; but there will never be pardon if we let this sin go further. We shall deserve and shall have the contempt of all thoughtful people if we suffer our noble Missions to fall."

As the result of this and similar rousing pleas and constant activities in this direction Mr. Lummis, and those who banded themselves with him, were able to do incalculable good in the work of preserving what Time's ruthless hand had left to us of these historic and romantic structures. Hence to them we owe many thanks that the beauty of the Missions is still apparent enough for us to enjoy. This can be done only by a personal visit to each one.

The *location* of every one of these Missions is deserving especial mention and attention. Seldom did the builders make any mistake in their choice of site.

San Diego, the first founded, as originally established at Old Town, had an outlook over Bay and Point, islands, sea-shore and near and far-away mountains. Expert travellers and observers tell us this is one of the rare and perfect views of the world. In its more secluded location, the transferred Mission, in the valley six miles away, overlooking the San Diego River, the olive-orchard and the wide stretch of fields beyond, gave charm to the eye and satisfaction to the senses.

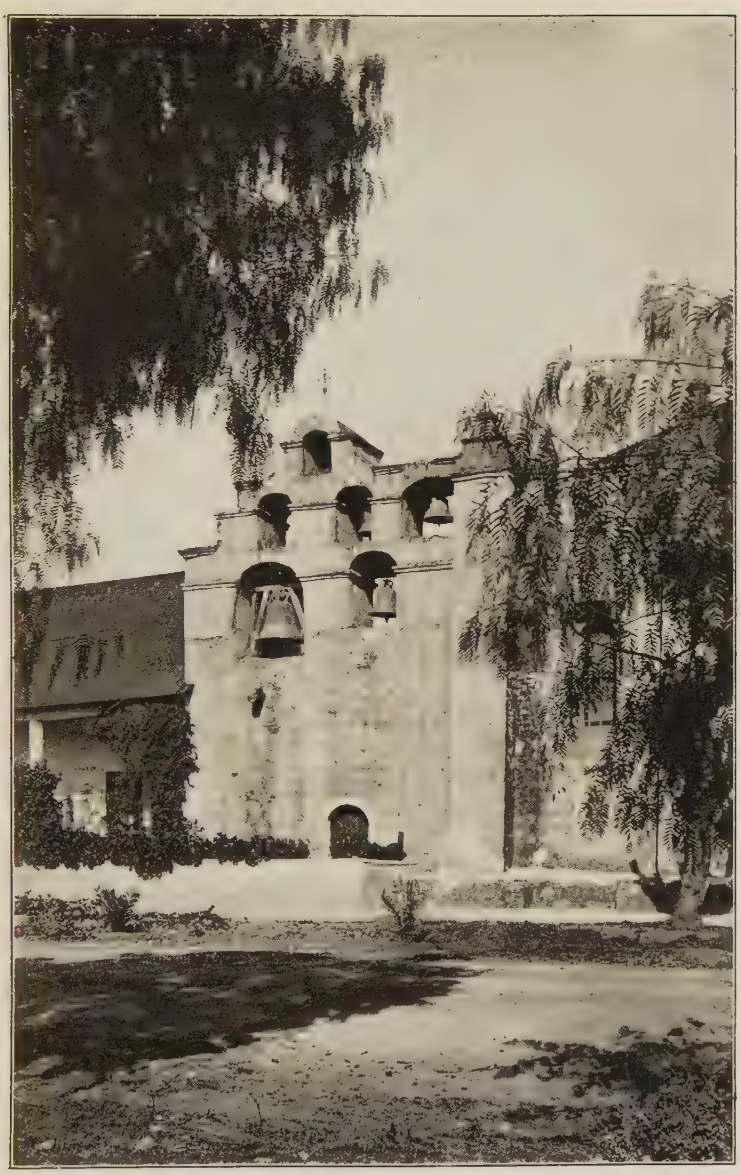
San Luis Rey, in its dignified position on the rising ground of its own valley, like Milan Cathedral, attracts the eye from every spot from which it can be seen.

San Juan Capistrano, less elevated, was still charmingly located near smiling foothills adown which laughing and babbling brooks wended their merry way to the near-by sea, whose headlands towered up as guardians to the friars who gazed upon the rugged face of the Pacific when lashed into turbulence by the winds of the North.

San Gabriel reposed in the lap of a mountain-begirt valley, where Alpine glow smiled with every sunset and every sunrise saw one of the fairest regions of earth. Here flower-spangled Pasadena now reigns as the Queen of Rose-Tournament cities, and the Mount Lowe Railway scales those sun-kissed mountains with careless ease, giving to thousands of visitors from all parts of the world views of transcendent glory and beauty in the valley named after heaven's Archangel.

San Fernando, Rey, was not the less blessed in its glorious valley, foothill and mountain outlook, while San Buenaventura added the sea-beach, the rocky shores, the far-away Channel Islands, and the pearly-faced Pacific Ocean.

Santa Barbara, like Jerusalem to the psalmist, was "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth,"



THE CHIMES, SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

for all who see it even to-day, hemmed in by tree-growths and modern homes, stand transfixed with the beauty and charm of its superb location.

Santa Inés, Mission of the Virgin and Martyr Agnes, more like San Luis Rey and San Gabriel, stands in a quiet valley where one looks instinctively for sheep and shepherds, and on the mountain slopes of which beautiful trees lure the eyes to the peaceful quiet of the star-lit skies.

La Purisima Concepcion, too, nestles in such a secluded valley as the Holy Maiden might have sought when the angels had informed her that she was about to bear a son.

San Luis, Obispo — proud Saint and Bishop — had a more lordly location. Near to two commanding peaks, bearing his official name, with surroundings of valley and snow-clad mountains, named after Santa Lucia, his Mission was far more wonderful and striking in location when it stood alone than when, as now, surrounded with the varied houses of men of high and low degree.

San Miguel, Arcangel, companion to San Gabriel, had a no less noble valley for the location of his Mission, while that dedicated to Our Lady of Solitude was near to the Salinas River, with sequoia-clad hills behind and far-away Sierras before:

> "A swaying line of snowy white,
> A fringe of heaven hung in sight
> Against the blue base of the sky,"

while beds and beds, acre after acre, of golden glowing poppies lay between.

Then who that has stood before dignified San Antonio de Padua has not felt that some heavenly visitant to earth selected this spot for the well-beloved of his Lord?

With an oak-dotted valley, a quietly-flowing stream before, and a glorious tree- and chaparral-clad mountain behind it seemed like a building planted of God.

And so also with San Juan Bautista, Mission San José, Santa Clara, San Rafael, and San Francisco Solano. All are in fertile valleys with mountains surrounding and looking down in blessing upon them. San Francisco de Assisi was especially favoured, as was also San Carlos Borromeo in the valley of the Rio Carmelo. The former site was chosen by that brave, energetic and public-spirited officer, Don Juan Bautista de Anza, who marched from Northern Sonora over the wastes of Arizona, across the Colorado River and the desolate desert of the same name, by San Gabriel, Santa Barbara and Santa Clara to the newly-discovered harbour. His keen eye saw the charm of location, overlooking the Bay, Mt. Tamalpais, and the Contra Costa — the coast across — in Marin County and over the Berkeley, Oakland and Piedmont Hills. It was a famous location known now to every boy and girl in the educated world, and early became the city of their dreams, desire and ambition.

The site on the Rio Carmelo was chosen by the master-eye of Serra. He saw the pastoral beauty of the valley and its richly-clad hills, its towering peaks, and its far-reaching ocean Point, where a lighthouse now guides the vessels that grope through the fogs that often linger off-shore. Sunrises and sunsets alike bathed the Mission in a sea of glory, enhanced by the quiet Bay beyond. Santa Cruz also had a beautiful and sightly location, overlooking the Bay of Monterey, and the site of one of the prosperous resort towns of the Pacific Coast.

For varied beauty and scenic splendour it is questionable whether any twenty-one churches in any country on earth can vie with the location of these twenty-one Mission structures. They are saturated with Romance, and bathe for ever in an atmosphere of Beauty, glory and ineffable charm.

Of the architectural beauty of the Missions a whole volume might be written. Each has its own charm, some less, some more. From the standpoint of pure mission style that of San Luis Rey is the most perfect. Santa Barbara is much admired, but the introduction of the Greek pillars in the *fachada* destroys its purity. San Diego is interesting as showing the first evidence of what the " Mission Style " was to be, and San Antonio de Padua, Santa Inés, San Gabriel, San Francisco de Assisi all have their individual attractions. On this subject I have written more fully in other volumes.[1]

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[1] *In and Out of the Old Missions*, with 142 illustrations, 392 pages, and *The Old Franciscan Missions* of California, over 100 illustrations, 287 pages, and two other volumes now in preparation.

CHAPTER V

CALIFORNIA, THE LAND OF PROPHECY

> "Dared I but say a prophecy,
> As sang the holy men of old,
> Of rock-built cities yet to be
> Along these shining shores of gold,
> Crowding athirst into the sea,
> What wondrous marvels might be told!
> Enough, to know that Empire here
> Shall burn her loftiest, brightest star;
> Here art and eloquence shall reign,
> As o'er the wolf-rear'd realm of old;
> Here learn'd and famous from afar,
> To pay their noble court, shall come,
> And shall not seek or see in vain,
> But look and look with wonder dumb."

THUS sang the inspired Poet of the Sierras, he who forsook the crowded cities of men to dwell in the solitude of his *Hights,* overlooking Oakland and the Bay and City of San Francisco, in order that there, uninterrupted or undisturbed by man, he might "listen to the voice of God" and tell the world of the messages he had received.

And again, in even loftier strain, he lifted up his voice and sang:

> "A land from out whose depths shall rise
> The new-time prophets. Yea, the land
> From out whose awful depths shall come,
> A lowly man, with dusty feet,
> A man fresh from his Maker's hand,
> A singer singing oversweet,
> A charmer charming very wise;
> And then all men shall not be dumb,

Nay, not be dumb; for he shall say,
'Take heed, for I prepare the way
For weary feet.' Lo! from this land
Of Jordan streams and dead sea sand,
The Christ shall come when next the race
Of man shall look upon His face."

The Ship in the Desert.

Still once again, after he had planted with his own hands ten thousand trees upon his *Hights* in the form of a cross, and tenderly cared for and watered them in summer time with the precious fluid which he personally carried from the spring below, replacing those that died with new ones, he again sang in forceful prophecy:

"Behold my Sierras! there singers shall throng;
Their white brows shall break through the wings of the night
As the fierce condor breaks through the clouds in his flight;
And I here plant the Cross and possess them with song."

What a truthful, forceful and yet poetic and symbolic line is that last line. How it sets before the imaginative eye the old Spanish explorers, Cabrillo, Vizcaino and the rest, who, when they first reached this California land, left their vessels, clad in their most gorgeous and stately robes, led by chanting priests carrying aloft the Cross, the emblem of the Christian religion. Then, amid salvos of musketry, the Cross was planted erect, the Te Deum was sung, prayers were uttered and with pomp and ceremony, eloquence and enthusiasm the new land was taken possession of for God and the King of Spain.

Joaquin planted his cross of living trees, as he told his sweet daughter, Juanita: "I planted my first trees [on the *Hights*] in the shape of a cross, to teach us all to look up to the cross, to never fret under the cross we bear, nor to forget Him, for sorrow has its place," and then he possessed the Sierras not for any king, but possessed them with song for the singers that his prophetic vision saw were to come. And even in his lifetime his vision began to be true. There came to him, attracted by the same natural power that had so influenced his own soul, Edwin Markham, the poet whose *Man with the Hoe* aroused the thought of the world; Yone Noguchi, now Professor of English Literature in the University of Japan; Adelaide Knapp, whose *Upland Pastures* is sweetest breath of pure poesy in prose form; Takeshi Kanno, another Japanese, whose poetic creations abound in strong conceptions and fine lines, as, " Now, invisible hand of mighty Creator forges human souls on the anvil of passion," and " Her life was music. She dove into the ocean of Death like a white sea-bird." Gertrude Boyle Kanno, the wife of Takeshi, for years has also made here in clay some imperishable portraits of poets, artists and human benefactors. Not far away came George Sterling, of whose imaginative poetry Ambrose Bierce wrote that it had never been equalled in the world's literature since Dante; Mary Austin, whose *Land of Little Rain* is one of the classics of American literature; Herman Whitaker, Frank Norris, Jack London, Gertrude Atherton, and a host of others whose literary work is compelling the attention of the world.

But prophecy came from the lips and pens of others in this California land who were contemporaneous with Joaquin. Ina Coolbrith in her *California* thus sang:

> Lo! I have waited long!
> How longer yet must my strung harp be dumb,
> Ere its great master come?
> Till the fair singer comes to wake the strong,
> Rapt chords of it unto the new, glad song!

" MAN'S HAND GUIDING THE DRIVING PLOUGH."

Him a diviner speech
My song-birds wait to teach:
The secrets of the field
My blossoms will not yield
To other hands than his;
And, lingering for this,
My laurels lend the glory of their boughs
To crown no narrower brows.
For on his lips must wisdom sit with youth,
And in his eyes, and on the lids thereof,
The light of a great love —
And on his forehead, Truth! . . .

In another chapter are quoted those vivid and pregnant prose prophecies of Bayard Taylor, world-traveller, observer and philosopher. But not content with this, he put them into ringing verse. After speaking of man's hand guiding the driving plough and the miner rifling the placers he continues:

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall be;
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines;
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow, —
Thy bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
  No happier land shall see,
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
  Restored again in thee!

Even De Mofras, the French visitor to Los Angeles in 1842, recorded a Spanish woman's prophecy in regard to California: "When the Frenchmen come the women will surrender; when the Americans come, good-bye to California!"

Charles Warren Stoddard, one of her earliest and sweetest singers thus described and prophesied for the land he loved so well:

Oh, thou, my best beloved! My pride, my boast,
  Stretching thy glorious length along the West;
Within the girdle of thy sunlit coast,
  From pine to palm, from palm to every crest,
  All fruits, all flowers, all cereals are blest.
. . . Dowered with the clime of climes,
  At thy fair feet the alien heapeth spoil;
The poet chanteth thee in praiseful rhymes;
  He sees the banner of thy fate uncoil —
  A thousand cities springing from thy soil.
Born of young hopes, but nurtured in the brawn,
  Wrought by the brave and tireless hands of toil,
To house a nobler race when we are gone —
A race prophetical, that bides the coming dawn.

A later voice was found in Charles Keeler, who in his *Songs of El Dorado* thus sang his vision:

There is an earnest in this westward slope
  Of high achievements, glorious enterprise, —
A mighty stirring of expectant hope;
  Still on beyond the El Dorado lies!

Beauty shall here hold court upon the heights
  And men shall fashion temples for her shrine,
With chantings high of praise and starward flights
  Of silver chords and organ's throb divine.

The sculptor here shall hew the formless stone
  To shapes of beauty dreamed on cloud-throned crest;
The painter shall reveal what he alone
  Saw as he brooded on th' earth-mother's breast.

Another wonderful nature awakened to vocal expression by the glories of this western land is Miss Sharlot M. Hall. At times almost imprisoned by physical disabilities, she has yet felt the lure so strongly that she has wandered where many a strong man might hesitate to follow. And she has written mightily and gloriously of her loved land. Read this, and feel how California and the Great West it stands for has aroused her inmost being:

When the world of waters was parted by the stroke of a mighty rod,
Her eyes were first of the lands of earth to look on the face of God;
The white mists robed and throned her, and the sun in his orbit wide
Bent down from his ultimate pathway and claimed her his chosen bride;
And He that had formed and dowered her with the dower of a royal queen,
Decreed her the strength of mighty hills, the peace of the plains between;
The silence of utmost desert, and canyons rifted and riven,
And the music of wide-flung forests where strong winds shout to heaven.

Then high and apart He set her, and bade the grey seas guard,
And the lean sands clutching her garment's hem keep stern and solemn ward.
What dreams she knew as she waited! What strange keels touched her shore!
And feet went into the stillness, and returned to the sea no more.
They passed through her dreams like shadows — till she woke one pregnant morn,
And watched Magellan's white-winged ships swing round the ice-bound Horn;
She thrilled to their masterful presage, those dauntless sails from afar,
And laughed as she leaned to the ocean till her face shone out like a star.

And men who toiled in the drudging hives of a world as flat as a floor
Thrilled in their souls to her laughter, and turned with hand to the door;
And creeds as hoary as Adam, and feuds as old as Cain,
Fell deaf on the ear that harkened and caught that far refrain;

Into dungeons by light forgotten, and prisons of grim despair,
Hope came with the pale reflection of her star on the swooning air;
And the old hedged, human whirlpool, with its seething misery,
Burst through — as a pent-up river breaks through to the healing sea.

Calling — calling — calling — resistless, imperative, strong —
Soldier, and priest, and dreamer — she drew them, a mighty throng.
The unmapped seas took tribute of many a dauntless band,
And many a brave hope measured but bleaching bones in the sand;
Yet for one that fell, a hundred sprang out to fill his place,
For death at her call was sweeter than life in a tamer race.
Sinew and bone she drew them; steel-thewed — and the weaklings shrank —
Grim-wrought of granite and iron were the men of her foremost rank.

The wanderers of earth turned to her — outcast of the older lands —
With a promise and hope in their pleading, and she reached them pitying
hands;
And she cried to the Old-World cities that drowse by the Eastern main;
"Send me your weary, house-worn broods and I'll send you Men again!
Lo, here in my wind-swept reaches, by my marshalled peaks of snow,
Is room for a larger reaping than your o'er-tilled fields can grow;
Seed of the Man-Seed springing to stature and strength in my sun,
Free with a limitless freedom no battles of men have won."

Undoubtedly the first great California prophet was that glorious and now glorified Franciscan, Father Junipero Serra. When he was commanded to go forth to the spiritual conquest of Alta California, I doubt not he threw himself prostrate before the Lord, and with fasting and prayer pleaded to be made worthy his high calling. As soon as he gazed upon the extensive *rancherías* of San Diego, of *Gauchama,* — the Vale of Plenty near San Bernardino, — of the Santa Barbara region, of the valley now San Luis Obispo, of the Salinas and the mountains near by, of the Bays of Monterey and San Francisco, how his heart yearned towards these heathen, and how his vivid and confident vision saw the grace of God at work in its divine and illimitable fashion. Serra thought not of worldly prosperity, he

AN ORANGE ORCHARD.

cared nothing for "material progress," for accumulated fortunes, for great cities. His was a limited vision, but a grand and blessed one. He saw these tens of thousands of Gentiles redeemed by the salvation of Christ and the saving ordinances of the church.

And then, practical idealist, he worked day and night to bring his vision to reality. Up and down the land he trod in tireless ardour; in sunshine and rain he prayed with and for his dusky charges; like an eagle mother caring for her eaglets he watched over his flock and fought, with teeth and talons, fist and tongue, even to principalities and powers, governors and viceroys who stood in the way of his vision's realization, and when at last he laid down his precious burden and his dying eyes closed upon the things of earth, he could still see the nine Missions he had been allowed to establish, he could hear the voices of the nearly six thousand converted Indians (almost every one of whom his hands had blessed in the sacred rite of Confirmation) chanting the holy songs of Zion, he could hear the looms and machines, the busy hum of thousands at labour, at recitation, at even-song or matins, he could see the Mission flocks and herds, the scores of acres of vineyard, orchard and garden, and the thousands of acres of grain, and above all he could see the New Jerusalem, where had gone the immortal souls that he felt were saved through the faithful preaching and teaching of the Word by himself and his well-beloved co-labourers.

Blessed vision! blessed Serra! Prophet and worker, visionary and realist in one. God was good to thee and our hearts rejoice in thy satisfaction.

The Missions a failure? The work of the padres brought to naught? Their labours vain?

Nay, say not so! That man who so speaks or writes never had his heart fired with prophet's vision, or flamed with a spark from the Divine altar. The Missions must never be judged by standards of material success. The flocks and herds of the Missions might disappear, the orchards and gardens be allowed to become unkempt and overgrown with weeds, even the sacred buildings of the Missions allowed to fall into ruin and hopeless decay, and the Indians themselves dispersed and destroyed, yet the efforts of the padres were not in vain. Souls and souls alone were the merchandise for which they bargained, toiled and slaved. Their ever present watchword was the cry of ONE who spake as never man spake, as one having authority: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The souls of countless thousands were saved, — according to the belief of Serra and his fellow-workers. The Missions were but means to this end, and though in the latter years of the dark times of secularization and of the hell-sweeping influence of the morally corrupt, drink-cursed portion of the white race, it seemed as if they were erected for naught, we know, whatever may be our religious faith or no faith, the influences of the padres, even though only in memories, were always of good, were always God-wards, and thus, so long as an Indian's life persisted, even though it was debauched and defiled with the filth and mire of the "civilized" race's vices, it retained glimpses of the Divine which we firmly believe resulted in its ultimate reception into the land of the blest.

Then, too, shall we forget in this connection, the glorious example of Serra and his devoted brothers of the Order of Friars Minor, their unselfish devotion to a spiritual end, their tireless labours, their abnegation, their total renunciation of all most men hold dear. Is such an example as this nothing, in an age when most men deem material success of highest importance? And is the architecture they bequeathed to us, and which is now stimulating to highest endeavour some of our greatest creative minds, an evidence of failure? Every Mission-influenced church, hospital, railway-depot, schoolhouse, library, private home is a tribute, unconscious it may be, to the triumphant labours of the padres. Their vision extended far. It saw the Christianization and civilization of a whole people. But we realize that it has extended far beyond the highest conception and imagination of its original seer and in lines not contemplated by him, but which mean comfort, happiness, inspiration and blessing to a new race which inherits the land.

Joaquin Miller sang not only his songs of prophecy of this fair land, but he also sang sweetly and surely of his faith in it. Sang a faith that itself was a prophecy of what man should here find. And in this I believe he sang better than he knew:

Nay, turn not to the past for light;
Nay, teach not Pagan tale forsooth
Behind lie heathen gods and night,
Before lift high, white light and truth.
Sweet Orpheus looked back, and lo,
Hell met his eyes and endless woe!
Lot's wife looked back, and for this fell
To something even worse than hell.
Let us have faith, sail, seek and find
The new world and the new world's ways:
Blind Homer led the blind!

Come, let us kindle faith in light!
Yon eagle climbing to the sun
Keeps not the straightest course in sight,
But room and reach of wing and run

Of rounding circle all are his,
Till he at last bathes in the light
Of worlds that look far down on this
Arena's battle for the right.
The stoutest sail that braves the breeze,
The bravest battle-ship that rides,
Rides rounding up the seas.

Come, let us kindle faith in man!
What though yon eagle, where he swings,
May moult a feather in God's plan
Of broader, stronger, better wings!
Why, let the moulted feathers lie
As thick as leaves upon the lawn:
These be but proof we cleave the sky
And still round on and on and on.
Fear not for moulting feathers; nay,
But rather fear when all seems fair,
And care is far away.

Come, let us kindle faith in God!
He made, He kept, He still can keep.
The storm obeys His burning rod,
The storm brought Christ to walk the deep.
Trust God to round His own at will;
Trust God to keep His own for aye —
Or strife or strike, or well or ill;
An eagle climbing up the sky —
A meteor down from heaven hurled —
Trust God to round, reform, or rock
His new-born baby world.

Of certain of its cities the prophet's voice has spoken in no uncertain terms. Who of Saxon blood could gaze upon San Francisco and not fully understand Bayard Taylor's vision: "The view of San Francisco, from either Rincon or Telegraph Hill, surpasses — I say it boldly — that of any other American city. It has the noblest natural surroundings, and will, in the course of time, become the rival of Genoa, or Naples, or even Constantinople." This prophecy has become true.

Bret Harte's

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the western gate.

Ina Coolbrith's forceful words, written while her heart was torn at the sight of the city of her love and her desire in the ashes of the fire of 1906, have already become realized:

Thou wilt arise invincible, supreme!
  The earth to voice thy glory never tire,
And song, unborn, shall chant no nobler theme,
  Proud city of my love and my desire.

Howard V. Sutherland felt the same prophetic impulse when he said of San Francisco:

One whose voice shall sound
In days to come life's truth the world around
  And wake earth's leaders from their gold-drugged rest.

But I am compelled to pause here. The theme is but presented in suggestive skeleton. Variations upon it by a score, a hundred poets could be reproduced, but these must suffice. The best prophecies for the future are the unrivalled achievements of the past. They speak of what a few generations hence shall see.

CHAPTER VI

ON THE HEIGHTS

When Gertrude Atherton, easily the most famous of America's living women writers of fiction, was asked what book she was fondest of and read oftenest, she immediately replied to the effect that she knew of but one book that was good enough to demand of her a rereading every year, and that was Clarence King's *Mountaineering in California.* Every one who really knows the book ranks it as a classic. In the same category must be placed John Muir's *Mountains of California, My First Summer in the Sierras,* and *The Yosemite Valley;* and J. Smeaton Chase's *Yosemite Trails* runs these very closely. Thousands — literally thousands — of magazine and newspaper articles of superior merit have been inspired by these mountains, and David Starr Jordan in his *Alps of the King-Kern Divide* partially explains why. He says: "The High Sierras, the huge crests at the head of the King's, Kern, Kaweah, and San Joaquin Rivers, are Alps indeed, not lower than the grandest of those in Europe, and scarcely inferior in magnificence. The number of peaks in this region which pass the limit of 13,000 feet is not less than in all Switzerland." He then continues to expatiate on the points of difference between the Alps and the Sierras in such fashion as the following: "We find in the mountains of Switzerland greater variety of form, and of rock formation, and with greater picturesqueness in colour, the white of the snow being sharply contrasted with the green of the flower-carpeted pastures. . . . The Sierras are richer in colour, and they throb with life. The dry air that flows over them is stimulating, balsam-laden, and always transparent to the vision. The Alps are almost always bathed or swathed in clouds. Their air is clear only when it has been newly washed by some wild storm. . . .

" The glacial basins of the High Sierras, huge tracts of polished granite, furrowed by streams and fringed with mountain vegetation are far more impressive than similar regions in the Alps. In the Alps the glaciers are still alive and at work. In the Sierras, a few little ones are left here and there, high on the flanks of precipices, but the valleys below them, once filled with ice, are now bare, slickened and sharp-backed or clogged with moraines, just as the glaciers left them. The wreck of the vanished glacier, as in Ouzel Basin of Mt. Brewer, and Desolation Valley of Pyramid Peak, may tell us more of what a glacier does than a living glacier itself. . . .

" The forests of the Sierras are beyond comparison nobler than those of the Alps. The pine, fir, and larch woods of Switzerland are only second growth, mere brush, by the side of the huge pines of the flanks of the Sierras. Giant firs and spruces, too, rival the largest trees of earth, while above all, supremely preëminent over all other vegetation, towers the giant Sequoia, mightiest of trees."

Two other points of superiority Dr. Jordan thus states: " So far as man is concerned, there are great differences between the Sierras and the Alps. The Alps have good roads, trails, hotels everywhere. They are thoroughly civilized, provided with guides, guide-posts, ropes and railings, and the traveller, whatever else he may do, cannot go astray. If he gets lost he has plenty of company. The Sierras are uninhabited. In their high reaches there is no hotel, and not often a shed or a roof of any kind. The trails are rough, and when one climbs out from the canyons he has only to go as he pleases. But wherever he goes he cannot fail to be pleased. The Sierras are far more hospitable than the Alps, and the danger of accident is far less. Every day in the Alps may be a day of storm, and no one can safely sleep in the open air. In the Sierras there are but two or three rainy days in the summer, and these are thunder-showers in August afternoons. The weather is scarcely a factor to be considered; every day is a good day, one or two perhaps a little better.

" The traveller is sure of dry, clear air, a little brisk and frosty in the morning, making a blanket welcome, but all he needs is a blanket. For luxury he will make a bonfire of dry branches — pine, cedar, cottonwood, all burn alike — and there is always a dead tree ready to his hand. He will build his fire near the brook that he may put out its smouldering embers in the morning. No matter how high his flame may rise in the evening, with morning only embers are left. . . .

" In the High Sierras, the form of the mountains favours the climber. Each peak is part of a great anticlinal fold, broken and precipitous on the east side, retaining the original slope on the west. Most of the mountains about Mt. Whitney share the form of that mountain. A gentle slope on the west side, covered by broken, frost-bitten rocks; on the east side a perpendicular descent to an abyss. On the east and north almost every peak is vertical and inaccessible, while the west side offers no difficulty. Only time and patience are demanded to creep upward over the broken stones and climb the highest of them. All of them require endurance, for they are very high, but few of them demand any special skill or any nervous strain, and the views the summits yield are most repaying."

Here, then, is the dictum of an experienced European mountain climber, one who has scaled Mt. Blanc, the Matterhorn and other Alpine summits. Yet he speaks with enthusiasm of the superiority, in many respects, of the Sierras. They are richer in colour, they throb with life, their atmosphere is clearer, freer from storms, their glacial basins are more impressive, more educative, the forests are beyond comparison, the Sierras are less civilized but more hospitable, and the form of the mountains favours the climber. All these assertions every one who has climbed both the Alps and the Sierras can positively confirm. Hence no American mountain climber need wander over to Europe, — or elsewhere for that matter, — until he has first tested his mettle in triumphing over the peaks of the Sierras. He will find here more than a hundred peaks over ten thousand feet high, and possibly one-fifth of these are over fourteen thousand feet in the blue.

That there is romance in climbing them, as well as beauty, is easily to be discovered in reading the books mentioned, but he who can climb personally and is content with the reading of books about climbing is a poor apology for a man. From end to end California bristles with peaks, calling upon men to strenuous and triumphant exertion. At Hotel del Coronado, Mt. San Miguel, the Cuyamaca peaks, Lyon, Volcan, Palomar, all invite to the delightful effort of scaling their heights. Cuyamaca is about 6,500 feet above the sea and affords one of the most varied outlooks offered by any mountain of the region. The pearly faced Pacific lies like a smooth sea of glass, a divine mirror for the heavenly beings to gaze in, on the west, while close at one's feet yawn vast chasms thousands of feet deep, broken up by ridge after ridge, all clothed with chaparral, preparing the eye for the more triumphant note of the forests that surround the mountain in every direction. To the east is another sea, — a gray sea, a tawny sea of desert sand, glimmering and shimmering in the sun, but now relieved by a great eye of pale green water, — the wonderful Salton Sea, that has invaded and held for over a decade, the basin of the desert. Between us and the desert lie ridge after ridge of green, blue and gray mountains, — green with rich verdure, blue with atmospheric haze, gray with naked rocks, while to the north, some eighty to a hundred miles away, tower up gigantic San Gorgonio, San Bernardino, and the lengthy ridge of San Jacinto, all with snowy crowns glittering in the morning sun.

Nearer to us are the Palomar Mountains, almost as high as Cuyamaca, forest clad on their heights, grassy and brown on the lower slopes, and with timber-filled gulches and ravines between them. Away off in the south, stretching into Mexico, are more mountains, with miles and miles of broad plains and valleys between, where golden grain, deep green lemon, orange, olive and almond orchards speak of peace and prosperity.

I spoke of exertion in climbing these mountains. Time was when there was no other way. One made the ascent partially on horseback, perhaps, but generally over rugged trails on foot. But Time is a great civilizer and produces wonderful changes, and the incoming of the automobile has made such tremendous inroads into our former wilds as almost to destroy preëxistent conditions. For instance, in my diary for a certain day in February, 1914, I find the following entry:

"This morning started out from San Diego with the Preacher's Club of the city. We motored out about sixty or seventy miles, most of us riding without overcoats. After lunch and an address under the trees, some of us desired to go further, so we rolled on up hill and down dale, securing a joyous experience in the varied scenery presented — fertile, cultivated valleys, smiling in the richness of their new verdure; rugged mountain slopes equally smiling in their wild and beautiful chaparral; frowning mountain heights, where rude and jagged rocks forbade any but the most hardy of arboreal life to find place, everything radiating tints and tones of colour that ravished the eye. We climbed up the Cuyamaca grade to within a few hundred feet of the summit, passing through groves of trees, and, on the north and shady sides of the mountain, finding patches of snow. Several of my companions cried out in delight at this, and wished the machine to stop that they might dabble their hands in it — as one had not touched snow for five years, since he left Minnesota, another seven, since he was in New England, another, four, in Wisconsin, etc. Then, remarkable and thrilling contrast, within ten minutes, on the eastern side of the grade, we gazed into the heart of the Colorado Desert, saw the gorgeously glowing Chuckawalla Mountains, and nestling at their feet and filling up the Salton Basin was the pale greenish-blue expanse of the mysterious Salton Sea."

Redlands, Riverside, San Bernardino and Colton have a galaxy of glorious mountains surrounding them all calling for climbers. And these are not mere foothills, as many so-called mountains are. San Gorgonio, San

Bernardino and San Jacinto are respectively 11,725, 11,025, and 10,805 feet above sea-level, and not far away are the Cucamonga peaks and San Antonio, very little inferior. All may be reached now on horseback, and San Antonio is so near to Los Angeles and Pasadena, and there are so many "camps" in the canyons beneath, that scores of men and women annually make the ascent, leaving their homes in the morning on the electric cars, and after lunching on the summit return before nightfall.

Another lesser peak, Mt. Santiago, looms up over the Santa Ana region. This is the Banner Mountain of the Sierra Santa Ana, for it is so near to the ocean that the fog often becomes entangled in its rocky masses and trails off into streamers and banners that exquisitely reflect the morning or evening sun.

San Buenaventura has its Topatopa, a rocky summit reached after a steep and genuine climb up the Sespe, or the Ojai, and Santa Barbara, its several peaks up the rugged Santa Inés (generally, but incorrectly spelled Santa Ynez). It was over this range that Frémont came in December, 1846, on the way to Los Angeles, near which, at Cahuenga, the capitulation of the Californians was signed January 13, 1847. He thus describes his experiences: "On Christmas Eve we encamped on the ridge of Santa Inés behind Santa Barbara. The morning of Christmas broke in the darkness of a southeasterly storm with torrents of cold rain, which swept the rocky face of the precipitous mountain down which we descended to the plain. All traces of trails were washed away by the deluge of water, and pack-animals slid over the rocks and fell down the precipices, blinded by the driving rain. In the descent over a hundred horses were lost. At night we halted in the timber at the foot of

MT. ST. HELENA.

the mountain, the artillery and baggage strewed along our track, as on the trail of a defeated army."

Beyond Santa Barbara, near San Luis Obispo, are the peaks and ridges of the Santa Lucia Mountains, Santa Lucia Peak, 5,967 feet, being the highest in the Coast Range. In the Salinas Valley is Gabilan Peak, about 3,000 feet high, upon which Frémont and his men camped and defied General Castro of the Mexican forces, when the latter bid him leave the country.

San José has its Mt. Hamilton — reached, however, by well built automobile road, though I climbed to its summit many years ago over cow trails or worse; and all around the Santa Clara Valley there are interesting climbs of a few thousand feet.

Mt. Tamalpais, north of San Francisco, has its own railway, and Mt. Diablo, from which the base line of this meridian is run, is an easy climb on foot or horseback.

Mt. St. Helena, made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson as the place of his honeymoon, and the scene of *The Silverado Squatters,* overlooks the exquisitely cultured vineyard-valley of Napa, and the wild and tumbled region to the north leading into Lake County. There is a good horse trail to the summit, and scores go up to see the Stevenson Monument.

All the way to the Oregon line there are peaks and ridges well worth climbing, though in actual altitude they are so insignificant compared with the peaks of the Sierras that they are not regarded generally in the mountain category.

Crossing over eastwards the Siskiyous afford several good climbs, and then Mt. Shasta looms up, white and serene, the dominating mountain of all northern California. This is so sublime a peak and so wonderfully romantic in its history and associations that a special chapter is devoted to it.

All the way down the Sacramento Valley the Sierras call to the intrepid climber. A score of trails, more or less rough and rugged, lead to as many salient peaks, and one can spend ten summer vacations and not exhaust all that this portion of the Sierras afford. The same may be said of the peaks reached from the San Joaquin Valley.

Almost midway between the two lies Lake Tahoe with its mountain environment, the chief resort region of the Sierras, — after the Yosemite Valley, — and each of these is of such interest and importance as to demand a separate chapter.

The Kings and Kern River Divide of the Sierras and the Mt. Whitney region are growingly accessible, and each is a paradise for the mountain climber. There is no more thrilling and fascinating story of American mountain climbing than Clarence King's account of his ascent and descent of Mt. Tyndall. He and his companion, Cotter, had five glorious days — days that quicken one's pulse and stimulate one's brain merely to read about, so what must they have been to experience? Take the last long paragraph:

"The wall of our mountain sank abruptly to the left, opening for the first time an outlook to the eastward. Deep — it seemed almost vertical — beneath us we could see the blue water of Owen's Lake, ten thousand feet down. The summit peaks to the north were piled in titanic confusion, their ridges overhanging the eastern slope with terrible abruptness. Clustered upon the shelves and plateaus below were several frozen lakes, and in all directions swept magnificent fields of snow. The summit was now not over five hundred feet distant, and we started on again with the exhilarating hope of success. But if Nature had intended to secure the summit from assailants, she could not have planned her defences better; for the smooth granite wall which rose above the snow-slope continued, apparently, quite round the peak, and we looked in great anxiety to see if there was not one place where it might be climbed. It was all blank except in one place; quite near us the snow bridged across the crevice, and rose in a long point to the summit of the wall, — a great icicle-column frozen in a niche of the bluff, — its base about ten feet wide, narrowing to two feet at the top. We climbed to the base of this spire of ice, and, with the utmost care, began to cut our stairway. The material was an exceedingly compacted snow, passing into clear ice as it neared the rock. We climbed the first half of it with comparative ease; after that it was almost vertical, and so thin that we did not dare to cut the footsteps deep enough to make them absolutely safe. There was a constant dread lest our ladder should break off, and we be thrown either down the snow-slope or into the bottom of the crevasse. At last, in order to prevent myself from falling over backwards, I was obliged to thrust my hand into the crack between the ice and the wall, and the spire became so narrow that I could do this on both sides; so that the climb was made as upon a tree, cutting mere toe-holes and embracing the whole column of ice in my arms. At last I reached the top, and, with the greatest caution, wormed my body over the brink, and rolling out upon the smooth surface of the granite, looked over and watched Cotter make his climb. He came steadily up, with no sense of nervousness, until he got to the narrow part of the ice, and here he stopped and looked up with a forlorn face to me; but as he climbed up, over the edge, the broad smile came back to his face, and he asked me if it had occurred to me that we had, by and by, to go down again.

" We had now an easy slope to the summit, and hurried up over rocks and ice, reaching the crest at exactly twelve o'clock. I rang my hammer upon the topmost rock; we grasped hands, and I reverently named the grand peak MOUNT TYNDALL."

Equally graphic and vivid is John Muir's account of his own ascent of Mt. Ritter. Of this mountain he says: " It is king of the mountains of the middle portion of the High Sierra, as Shasta of the north and Whitney of the south sections. Moreover, as far as I know, it had never been climbed. I had explored the adjacent wilderness summer after summer, but my studies thus far had never drawn me to the top of it. Its height above sea-level is about 13,300 feet, and it is fenced round by steeply inclined glaciers, and canyons of tremendous depths and ruggedness, which render it almost inaccessible. But difficulties of this kind only exhilarate the mountaineer. . . ." It is a regret to cut out one word of the preliminary experiences, especially those of sleeping in the nook of a pine-thicket in the close company of five or six birds nestling among the tassels; of the coming up of the night gale; of the sun's morning greeting; of the climbing over a slope of hard granular snow with a surface pitted into ovals which, as it got steeper, was likely to shed him off like avalanching snow, until at last the divide was reached between the headwaters of Rush Creek and the northernmost tributaries of the San Joaquin. Now John Muir himself:

" Arriving on the summit of this dividing crest, one of the most exciting pieces of pure wilderness was disclosed that I ever discovered in all my mountaineering. There, immediately in front, loomed the majestic mass of Mount Ritter, with a glacier swooping down its face nearly to my feet, then curving westward and pouring its frozen flood into a dark blue lake, whose shores were bound with precipices of crystalline snow; while a deep chasm drawn between the divide and the glacier separated the massive picture from everything else. I could see only the one sublime mountain, the one glacier, the one lake; the whole veiled with one blue shadow — rock, ice, and water close together without a single leaf or sign of life. After gazing spellbound, I began instinctively to scrutinize every notch and gorge and weathered buttress of the mountain, with reference to making the ascent. The entire front above the glacier appeared as one tremendous precipice, slightly receding at the top, and bristling with spires and pinnacles set above one another in formidable array. Massive lichen-stained battlements stood forward here and there, hacked at the top with angular notches, and separated by frosty gullies and recesses that have been veiled in shadow ever since their creation; while to right and left, as far as I could see, were huge, crumbling buttresses, offering no hope to the climber. The head of the glacier sends up a few finger-like branches through narrow *couloirs;* but these seemed too steep and short to be available, especially as I had no ax with which to cut steps, and the numerous narrow-throated gullies down which stones and snow are avalanched seemed hopelessly steep, besides being interrupted by vertical cliffs; while the whole front was rendered still more terribly forbidding by the chill shadow and the gloomy blackness of the rocks.

"Descending the divide in a hesitating mood, I picked my way across the yawning chasm at the foot, and climbed out upon the glacier. . . . I succeeded in gaining the foot of the cliff on the eastern extremity of the glacier, and there discovered the mouth of a narrow avalanche gully, through which I began to climb, intending to follow it as far as possible, and at least obtain some fine wild views for my pains. Its general course is oblique to the plane of the mountain-face, and the metamorphic slates of which the mountain is built are cut by cleavage planes in such a way that they weather off in angular blocks, giving rise to irregular steps that greatly facilitate climbing on the sheer places. I thus made my way into a wilderness of crumbling spires and battlements, built together in bewildering combinations, and glazed in many places with a thin coating of ice, which I had to hammer off with stones. The situation was becoming gradually more perilous; but, having passed several dangerous spots, I dared not think of descending; for, so steep was the entire ascent, one would inevitably fall to the glacier in case a single misstep was made. Knowing, therefore, the tried danger beneath, I became all the more anxious concerning the developments to be made above, and began to be conscious of a vague foreboding of what actually befell; not that I was given to fear, but rather because my instincts, usually so positive and true, seemed vitiated in some way, and were leading me astray. At length, after attaining an elevation of about 12,800 feet, I found myself at the foot of a sheer drop in the bed of the avalanche channel I was tracing, which seemed absolutely to bar further progress. It was only about forty-five or fifty feet high, and somewhat roughened by fissures and projections; but these seemed so slight and insecure, as footholds, that I tried hard to avoid the precipice altogether, by scaling the wall of the channel on either side. But, though less steep, the walls were smoother than the obstructing rock, and repeated efforts only showed that I must either go ahead or turn back. The tried dangers beneath seemed even greater than that of the cliff in front; therefore, after scanning its face again and again, I began to scale it, picking my holds with intense caution. After gaining a point about halfway to the top, I was suddenly brought to a dead stop, with arms outspread, clinging close to the face of the rock, unable to move hand or foot either up or down. My doom appeared fixed. I *must* fall. There would be a moment of bewilderment, and then a lifeless rumble down the one general precipice to the glacier below.

" When this final danger flashed upon me, I became nerve-shaken for the first time since setting foot on the mountains, and my mind seemed to fill with a stifling smoke. But this terrible eclipse lasted only a moment, when life blazed forth again with preternatural clearness. I seemed suddenly to become possessed with a new sense. The other self, bygone experiences, Instinct, or Guardian Angel, — call it what you will, — came forward and assumed control. Then my trembling muscles became firm again, every rift and flaw in the rock was seen as through a microscope, and my limbs moved with a positiveness and precision with which I seemed to have nothing at all to do. Had I been borne aloft upon wings, my deliverance could not have been more complete.

" Above this memorable spot, the face of the mountain is still more savagely hacked and torn. It is a maze of yawning chasms and gullies, in the angles of which rise beetling crags and piles of detached boulders that seem to have been gotten ready to be launched below. But the strange influx of strength I had received seemed inexhaustible. I found a way without effort, and soon stood upon the topmost crag in the blessed light.

"How truly glorious the landscape circled around this noble summit! — giant mountains, valleys innumerable, glaciers and meadows, rivers and lakes, with the wide blue sky bent tenderly over them all. But in my first hour of freedom from that terrible shadow, the sunlight in which I was laving seemed all in all."[1]

Then there are the Santa Cruz Mountains, — mountains only by courtesy in California, for their average altitude is not higher than 2,500 feet, and the highest peak, Loma Prieta — Black Mountain — reaches only 4,287 feet. Another interesting peak is Ben Lomond, overlooking the winding course of the San Lorenzo River. Good trails reach all the salient points on these mountains, although there are still many wild and almost inaccessible places not far from the California Redwood Park. This park comprises some four thousand acres and was purchased by the State with the avowed object of preserving for posterity, in all their native wildness and grandeur, a group large enough to be called a forest, of these kings of arboreal growth. It is never to be cultivated; it is to remain wild; only roads and trails sufficient to allow its deepest recesses to be reached are to be constructed, and such work done as is essential to its safety from fire.

Every reader of Bret Harte will recall how he revelled in the scenery of these mountains when they were far less civilized than they are to-day. *Flip* opens with a description that could have been written only by one familiar with the facts: "The heated air was filled and stifling with resinous exhalations. The delirious spices of balm, bay, spruce, juniper, yerba buena, wild syringa, and strange aromatic herbs as yet unclassified, distilled and evaporated in that mighty heat, seemed to fire with a midsummer madness all who breathed their fumes. . . . Nevertheless, instead of enervating man and beast, it was said to have induced the wildest exaltation."

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[1] *Mountains of California*, pp. 61, 62, 64, 65, The Century Co.

Later he tells of the fogs that float in from the bay, then the wonderful clouds, finally the winds and the rain.

The rainfall here is five times, or more, what it is in Southern California. The result is seen in the rich verdure that clothes all the mountain slopes. Nothing in the Berkshire Hills, the Connecticut River Valley, the Green Mountains of Vermont, surpasses the rich green of the spring, summer, fall and winter here, and this is one of the delights, to Easterners, to find so much that is usual and familiar with so much that is peculiar and strange.

It is one of the romances connected with the mountains and deserts that they are great " climate breeders." One looks up to, and over, them with new wonder and respect when he realizes that they have much to do with making the climate he so much appreciates. No one has written more effectively and interestingly upon this subject than Theodore S. Van Dyke, in his *Southern California.* He clearly shows, when on the summit of Mt. Cuyamaca, where the cool summer breeze of Southern California comes from. Half a mile or more deep it flows in from the ocean, caused by the suction of the heated air, rapidly ascending from the face of the Colorado Desert, whose basin, six thousand feet deep, lies just beyond to the east. At night the current is reversed, owing to the more rapid radiation of the heat through drier air on the desert, than on the verdure-covered western slopes. Hence there is a constant alternation of cool breezes, both purified in God's own laboratories of desert and ocean and sweetened by contact with myriads of balsam-laden trees which crown the mountain-tops and line the slopes over which the currents flow.

It is the peculiar juxtaposition of desert, mountain, plain and ocean that creates the peculiar diversities of climate that exist in Southern California. In the Colorado Desert — on the eastern side of the mountains — the summers are the hottest known in the United States, while over the range, fifty, sixty miles away, on the coast from Santa Monica down, they are the coolest, and between the two is every combination that mountains and valleys can produce.

More than most mountains those of California are romantic in the marvellous way in which they supply far-away cities with their needful water. A few years ago the civilized world was astounded that a city of some 350,000 inhabitants had bonded itself in the great sum of twenty-four and a half million dollars to secure an adequate water-supply. For years Los Angeles had been growing so rapidly that the water problem began to engage the serious attention of those whose duty it was to provide for the enlarging wants of the community. Though there is water under the whole plain upon which the city stands the supply is limited and to draw upon it for the needs of the city would have prevented country development and thus have reacted unfavourably upon the city. Hence a bold plan was suggested by a former mayor, duly considered, deemed feasible, presented to the people, voted upon, adopted and carried out. It was no less than the capturing of the flood waters of Owens River, on the eastern slope of the Sierras, 250 miles away, impounding them in reservoirs and then tunnelling, piping, siphoning, and canalling them through and over the apparently impassable mountains, foothills, plains, deserts, canyons and ravines to Los Angeles. By votes of ten to one the people approved of the plans and of the bonds. This was in 1907.

Before work could be begun on the aqueduct 215 miles of road, 230 miles of pipe-line, 218 miles of power transmission line, and 377 miles of telegraph and telephone line had to be constructed.

Tunnels had to be driven, — the Elizabeth Lake tunnel of 26,870 feet, and the Red Rock, about two miles. The "Jawbone" division is a series of tunnels of varying length, connected by short stretches of conduit, and crossing the deeper and wider canyons in inverted steel siphons. There are 12.07 miles of tunnel, 7.47 miles of conduit, .04 of a mile of flume, and 2.2 miles of steel siphon. This siphon is the most imposing piece of work on the aqueduct. Its total length is 8,136 feet and it varies from 7 feet 6 inches to 10 feet in diameter. The maximum head on the pipe is 850 feet, and its total weight is 3,243 tons.

The city also decided to vote three and a half million additional bonds for the establishment of electric power plants on the system. The engineers showed that they could develop about 72,000 horse-power electric energy, the sale of which would materially help in paying the interest on the bonds. The private electric corporations fought this bond issue in the courts, but the law was finally decided in the interests of the people and the project is being carried out.

In San Francisco the same call has been made upon the mountains for its water-supply. Unfortunately the site selected for its main reservoir is the famous Hetch

Hetchy Valley. Those who love the natural scenic features of the Sierras and hate to see them destroyed protested against this desecration of this beauty spot. They argue that Hetch Hetchy was not the only available site, therefore this destruction of one of the world's scenic wonders was unnecessary. But the so-called practical men of the city won in the conflict and Congress finally passed the bill. By the time this book is in type there is no doubt that work will be well under way and in a few years San Francisco will receive its water-supply from the High Sierras in close proximity to the Yosemite Valley.

In intimate connection with the water of the mountains is the electric power that is now being generated therefrom.

Romance never imagined anything more wonderful, astonishing, or startling. Think of all the electric cars in the city of San Francisco, in Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Piedmont, Fruitvale, and all the towns, cities, and villages of the Sacramento Valley, — for even villages and country ranches are reached now by speeding interurban electric car systems. Think of the electric light plants, — the millions upon millions of candle-power used nightly in these cities, towns and villages, of electric fans, of electric heaters, of electric power used in a thousand and one factories, of electricity supplied to automobile storage batteries, of the power used for electric welding of iron and steel, of the saws run by electricity, the printing-presses, the lathes, grindstones, drilling and planing machines — aye, the myriads of methods by which men make this subtle power of the universe accomplish their purposes and do their work, — and all this latent power is stored and generated in these far-away mountain summits. It seems incredible — it is ro-

LAKE SPAULDING.

mantic in the extreme, and romantic because it is of so recent development, and even yet, so few of those who are its beneficiaries have the remotest idea of the how and whence of the electric power they so readily and complacently use. Here is my lady, piloting her electric limousine through the crowded city streets. Does she dream that the power that she releases by the mere pressing of her tiny foot upon a lever was created in the High Sierras, two, three hundred miles away, in the solitude of wide spaces, of snow-clad peaks, of dense forests, of deep-walled canyons?

The sufferer from toothache sits in the dentist's chair. The operator fixes a tiny wheel into the socket of an instrument, touches a spring, and the next moment the suffering tooth is being ground or bored, and, by and by, the relief comes — brought on a wire from the far-away summits of the Sierras.

For there, nestling between towering peaks and rugged canyon walls, are a score or more of artificial lakes. Lakes made by the power of man, where, perhaps, in the dim centuries agone prior to the glacial epoch, natural lakes existed. Nature originally made them, and then unmade them, and now man has stepped in, dammed up the broken ramparts and restored them to their original and pristine beauty.

One of the most picturesque and romantic of these made lakes is Lake Spaulding, which lies some five miles north of Emigrant Gap, near the snowsheds of the Southern Pacific Railway. This is but one of a chain of storage reservoirs which formed a part of the old South Yuba Water Company's system. In the early days of placer mining the engineers exercised their ingenuity and skill to store water and then convey it in canals, pipes, flumes and siphons to the far-away, or near-by, placers, where with its tremendous energy it tore down banks and walls of gravel and sand in which the precious metal had been hidden for countless centuries.

In course of time this industry received its death-blow through the courts. The sand and silt — locally called slickens — washed down into the creeks, and thence into the smaller rivers and finally into the Sacramento, so filled up the river-beds and flooded the fields and pastures as to be a serious menace to agriculture. The farmers took the matter into the courts, where, after long and expensive litigation, decisions were rendered affirming that as farming and horticulture were of greater benefit to the State than placer mining, and as the continuance of the latter meant the death of the former in the affected areas, the mining must cease.

But water was needed for irrigation of hitherto undeveloped lands, and there was also a growing demand for water for the farmhouses, villages and towns that grew up and flourished as agricultural areas increased. The water companies, therefore, turned their placer-mining water facilities into the new directions.

Then, later, as the need for electric energy increased by leaps and bounds, hydraulic and electrical engineers put their heads together and the stored water of the Sierras came into new use for the generation of power. In 1895 the first charge of electric energy in California was shot along high-tension wires from a little plant on the American River near Folsom to the city of Sacramento, twenty-two miles distant. To-day the region of hydro-electric development in the Golden State stretches from the Oregon line to the southernmost border. Yet the aggregate of water-power developed today is in the neighbourhood of but 450,000 horse-power, while according to the estimates of the United States

Department of Agriculture the potential development reaches up into the millions.

The original dam that made the first Lake Spaulding was erected in 1892. In 1905 the Pacific Gas and Electric Company purchased the rights of the old company. In 1912 they began the work of enlarging the lake and everything connected with it. An army of men worked day and night, for the season for work is short, and before winter snows began to fall the foundation of the new dam had been placed and the structure stood thirty-eight feet above bed-rock. At the same time work on a mile-long tunnel to be bored through the solid rock leading from the dam site was proceeded with. It took all winter to complete it, the two gangs, working from opposite ends, meeting in the centre in May, 1913.

Canals were enlarged, power-houses with all necessary plants erected and provided, siphons put into place, steel skeleton towers erected all the way down to San Francisco, aluminum wires strung, transforming stations built. Then, as soon as spring came, and allowed the recontinuance of dam building, the army of concrete pourers rushed back to their posts and the dam was raised from thirty-eight feet to three hundred and five feet, — the highest dam above river-bed in the world. Even to bring the dam up to the 225 foot level required the placing of 155,000 yards of concrete, and the vastness of this work will be understood when it is told that it takes a very large city building to require one thousand yards.

But inert water cannot generate power. The Lake Spaulding water had to be conveyed to a suitable spot where a drop could be had to give force to the inert liquid. The place was found and millions of pounds of steel pipe, made by Californians by a method discovered by a Californian, were put into place. The water was made to drop — plunge — fall down a 1,375 foot precipice into the wheels at the Drum power-house, and there the miracle of conversion to electric power began, and will continue so long as the plant exists. The hitherto useless water generates 33,000 horse-power of electricity, and when the plant is complete it will be capable of sending over the wires 150,000 horse-power.

Is it not romance of the highest order that when a passenger steps from his transcontinental train on the Oakland pier at night-time, and the ferryboat begins to plough across the Bay to San Francisco, all the brilliant electric lights that illuminate the city of the western hills and the Golden Gate gain their shine and glisten from transformed glaciers and snow-banks in the Sierras upwards of two hundred miles away. Thus modern commercialism transcends the days of chivalry, of the Crusades, of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, of tourneys and tournaments, in its marvellous romance of scientific achievement.

And it is not one city alone that is thus fortunate. This romantic power is felt from one end of the State to the other.

Take the city of Los Angeles for instance. Twenty-five years ago electricity was practically unknown. Yet all the latent powers of Nature, the storms that brought the snow, the winds that blew the rain-clouds from the Pacific over the Sierras, the brooklets that concentrated the rainfall, and the tricklings from innumerable springs into the mountain basins scooped out centuries ago by the glaciers — all these were in existence, simply waiting for the brain and hands of man to develop them. See what a quarter of a century has brought forth! Stand with me in the High Sierras, about seventy miles east of the city of Fresno. Here we are in the absolute wilds of the mountains and yet we soon observe that man has been at work. In the narrow pass down which flows Big Creek, one of the sources of the San Joaquin River, a dam has been erected. At another point, still another dam has built up the Valley Basin, thus making it a gigantic reservoir or lake, several miles long.

In the olden days this water used to dash down the mountain-side in roaring cascades, dashing waterfalls, and tiny creeks lashed into foam by obstructing boulders. Now the flow is concentrated and compelled to make one gigantic leap of over two thousand feet, confined in a pipe. It drops into the maw of electric generators, which hum a new tune of man's creating different in theme and motive from the wild songs of the past. The power thus generated is then sent over aluminum wires, over mountains, hills, canyons, ravines, rivers, plains and deserts to the city of Los Angeles, nearly three hundred miles away.

How many people are there living in Los Angeles who have the remotest conception of the link that connects this wild scene of the Sierras with their pleasure and comfort? Yet, it is true that every car-wheel operated in this City of the Queen of the Angels, and all electric power of every kind is developed in the High Sierras, and brought hither over the wires.

It took the work of over 3,500 men and twelve millions of dollars to accomplish this, and they had to bore a tunnel through the solid granite twelve feet in diameter and six miles long, and string up on poles eight million pounds of aluminum wires before one ounce of electric energy could be transmitted.

The streams of the eastern slopes of the Sierras, also, have felt this harnessing power of man. When the mining camps of Goldfield and Tonopah, in Nevada, sprang so suddenly into existence in 1904, there was a great demand for concentrated power, and a company undertook the development of hydro-electric energy from Bishop Creek, a tributary of the Owens River. This creek is about fourteen miles long and in this distance it falls 5,500 feet, or nearly 400 feet to the mile. It flows between canyon walls which have an average height of 1,000 feet. The particular romantic interest attaching to the plants established here, arises from the fact that the water is used seven different times, and that the electric generating stations are at different elevations, so that the same water is used for driving them "tandem." Two reservoirs were created, nestling at the heads of canyons, surrounded by almost vertical cliffs reaching far above to the jagged minarets and glaciered crevices of the granite peaks of the Sierras. From the time the water leaves the reservoir until it is discharged from the generator at the seventh station it is carried in pipes. This not only conserves the water and allows perfect regulation of its flow, but it prevents ice or snow from entering and clogging or injuring the machinery. For it must be remembered that the highest of these plants is over 8,000 feet elevation, nearly 1,500 feet higher than the summit of Mt. Washington, the dominating mountain monarch of the whole of the Eastern States. After doing service in the generation of power at 8,000 feet, the water drops to 7,112 feet, then to 6,276, 5,156, 4,730 and 4,460, turning the electric generators at each station and forcing out tremendous energy upon the aluminum wires. These are stretched on towers for nearly 250 miles southward — not counting the mileage from Bishop Creek into Nevada — over hills and plains to the Mohave Desert and thence to San Bernardino, Riverside and the Perris Valley. The wires are now being extended through the Coachella Valley, over the Colorado Desert into the Imperial Valley, there to aid in the further development of that wonderful region whose rapid rise into note has been and is the greatest agricultural romance of the century.

Surely, with such facts as these before us, the words of the Hebrew Scriptures take on a new and wonderful meaning: " I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." The forces of God are many and varied, and slowly man is beginning to know them and avail himself of their help.

Before leaving the subject of the mountains a brief reference must be made to what they offer in winter. Too long have Californians, as well as strangers, regarded them as inaccessible and impossible when clothed in their winter robes. Writers and travellers have told us of the depth to which the snow falls, rendering the passes and roads inaccessible, so that those who are compelled to stay for the winter in their heights are inevitably shut in and solitary until the spring comes to release them from their icy bondage. Miss Gordon-Cumming, in her interesting *Granite Crags,* thus refers to the dangers: " Thanks to huge snow-shoes, ten or twelve feet long, turned up in front like the runner of a skate, and with a leather strap in the middle, which is lightly laced over the instep, a good deal of travelling can be done on tolerably level ground; but *of course these are utterly useless in traversing difficult mountain-ridges* [the italics are mine], where the rocky paths are no child's playground at any time, being merely trails winding along almost precipitous crags, or crumbling slopes of disintegrated rock, which at any moment may give way to the constant action of wind and weather and natural drainage, and glide down with headlong crash, to find rest in the valley some thousand feet below.

"Of course in the deep snow every familiar landmark is so utterly changed, that the oldest hunter could scarcely guess where, beneath the smooth expanse of beautiful, treacherous white, lies the hidden path; and rash indeed must be the man who attempts to force his way in defiance of the snow-king."

I have quoted thus extensively and emphasized one of the "of courses," because the opinions herein expressed are common. Never were "of courses" more absurd and irrelevant. They *seem* to be clear and incontrovertible, but that is because both writer and reader take for granted what appears reasonable to their inexperience. How I would that all to whom these "of courses" appeal could have seen the Snow Carnival at Truckee in the winter of 1913-14, when men and women used the snow-shoes — the Scandinavian *skis,* pronounced skees — as ordinary people wear shoes. How I would like them to read the account of Snow-Shoe Thompson's skimming over the High Sierras, even when fierce storms and blizzards were raging, carrying mail-sacks weighing from sixty to as high as one hundred pounds. Yes, "of course, in the deep snow every familiar landmark is utterly changed," but no one cares a rap, and as for the "hidden path beneath the smooth expanse of beautiful, treacherous white," who wants the hidden path? How utterly short-sighted and blind we are when dealing with unfamiliar things. I have gone miles and miles on snow-shoes where there was no other path than the glorious and perfect one made by the freshly-fallen snow, and even though the landmarks were changed, the general courses were easily determined, and the joy of snow-shoeing is that one can go over ravines (a hun-

THE AMERICAN RIVER.

dred, two hundred feet deep in snow), over precipices, over chaparral, over bad-lands, over rivers, creeks and the ordinary obstructions that compel deviations from a straight course during *good* weather, and pay little or no attention to them. There is a freedom, a delight, an exhilaration in thus riding or walking — no, gliding — straight ahead, on the snowy surface, over places where one must cautiously and laboriously climb in summer weather, that words fail to express. Dr. J. E. Church, Jr., of Reno, Nevada, the founder and conductor of the Mt. Rose Observatory, connected with the University of Nevada, revels in the joy of scaling the nearly eleven thousand foot altitude of Mt. Rose to his observatory when the winter's snow is at its deepest.

How Dick Michaelis, the rare guide of Glen Alpine, in the Tahoe region, would laugh at the statement that snow-shoes are utterly useless in traversing difficult mountain-ridges. So would Bob Watson, the best posted guide of the Tahoe region, who, year after year, has accompanied a few enthusiastic California snow-shoers from Lake Tahoe, over the wild ridges, canyons, slopes and mountain shoulders of the Rubicon, American and other rivers, at their headwaters in the Sierra Nevada.

A new delight awaits Americans of real athletic heart — women as well as men. That is of scaling the mountains of California in the snow. The chief hotels of the Tahoe region should keep open all the year, and would do so, if Americans and others who visit California in winter were awake to the joys of which they now know nothing. To skim up Glen Alpine, under the trees near Fallen Leaf Lake, over the pass into Desolation Valley, — where the snow falls and drifts to a depth of ten, twenty, thirty, fifty feet, and where neither rugged boulders, rocky slopes or glacial lakes interfere with one's progress, — through Mosquito Pass, down the Rubicon, and so on, and up and down, and back again, is a joy comparable only to flying through the air in a modern biplane, riding in one's dreams on the giant auk with Sinbad the sailor, or on the Magic Carpet of the Oriental wizard. *Of course* it is strenuous, and *of course,* one takes some chances of upsets, of storms, of accidents. So does the cross-country rider, the aeroplanist, the desert and mountain automobilist, the ordinary mountain climber, but such strenuous adventurers gain a thrill, a bite into life's apple that more than compensates for all the risks.

CHAPTER VII

ON MOUNTAIN TRAILS

In the East there are "bridle paths." Here there are only "trails." *There* the paths are largely found in city parks, where there is as much formality and convention in riding as there is in the observance of etiquette in the dining-room. *Here* the trails are over mountains, through almost virgin forests, down nearly inaccessible canyons, over rugged ridges, many of them scarce used except by the deer, lynx, coyote and mountain lion, mere aids to men in the rough-hewing out of a new world, where convention is little heeded, and etiquette an unknown word, and where a man's riding is as the wind.

The first trail makers were the wild animals. Going to and from water, seeking food, they pushed their way through brush and around rocks, over streams and through bogs and marshes; they forded streams, ascended mountains, tracked their prey through forests, descended abysmal canyons, and braved the heat, the waterlessness, the sand-storms and solitude of the desert equally with the snow, wind and rain storms, the torrents and the ruggedness of the mountains.

Then came the Indian; as much a son of Nature as the four-footed beast; he used the trails ready made, and here and there improved them. They were the only highways and byways of the country until the white man came. Some of these appeared to the Indian to come in gigantic white-winged birds that skimmed over the face of the mighty ocean and carried on their backs scores of men, who were clad in leather jackets which turned the arrows fiercely fired against them, or made the javelins, spears and lances thrown at them fall harmlessly to the ground. Others were men of stern face, unsmiling and severe, worse even than their own shamans or medicine-men, who sang songs and went through mysterious incantations that angered their gods and brought evil upon them.

Others of these white-faced men came over the land riding on strange four-footed beasts, unlike any they had ever seen before. They carried heavy sticks in their hands, from which lightning and death-dealing thunderbolts were discharged at will.

These were self-willed, domineering, conquering men, who said Go! and they must go, Come! and they must come, who demanded that this and that be done, and who, now and again, stole their wives and daughters, and against whose power they were helpless to prevent, rescue or be revenged.

Then they began to build great *hawas, kans,* or churches, as they called them, for the worship of their strange and unknown God, who was so different from their own many gods; and they demanded work of every man, woman and child in the land. Soon they increased in number, and after building these churches all the Indians were engaged in their activities from the land of the cactus and burning sands of the South to the big trees and snowy mountain ranges of the North.

Then, suddenly, yellow pieces of rock were found that seemed to send these white men crazy. They hunted high and low for it everywhere, and with the passing of a few moons the white-winged birds of the sea, which the Indians now knew were *ships,* brought more white men by the hundreds, the thousands, the tens of thousands. They also poured in over the mountain passes in wagons drawn by bullocks, oxen and horses. They rode in by every possible and impossible trail, and scores and hundreds came in afoot, all eager, all anxious, all hurried, all determined to find the yellow rock, or to wrest the sand of the same colour from the bottoms of the streams, or even out of the face of the hills.

What turmoil, what excitement, what changes! On their hillsides of peace and quiet for untold centuries towns sprang up. By the Big Water scores, hundreds, thousands of these white men built a vast city, whose *kans* were in straight lines, in which they hoarded corn and wheat and flour and fruit and vegetables and eatables the Indians had never before heard of; enough to feed all the Indians of the land for many moons. They also brought with them fire-water, water that burned the lips and tongue and throat as it went down, that made tears come to the eyes, but that made the drinker feel that he was the unaided master of the dreaded mountain-lion and lynx, aye, that would send him forth undaunted and assured to slay the fierce and hitherto unconquerable grizzly.

Then, then, began the great era of trails. The white man was irresistible. He was indefatigable. He was restless. He would go everywhere. His knife, his tomahawk were not of flint, but of a cutting-power that surpassed anything ever before seen. He called the material " steel," and he had implements he called pick-axes, drills, shovels, and black sand he called powder, which, when placed in holes, forced by hammer and drill into the hardest and most immovable rock, rent it in twain with a fierce, loud noise and a hateful smoke, but that showed how unconquerable were these pale-faced strangers from the lands beyond the mountains and the sea.

And thus trail-making in a modern sense began, until now California is lined, seamed, scarred and criss-crossed with trails that lead one to marvellous heights, through paradises of delights, into abysmal depths of astonishment and sublimity, through forests of perpetual gloom, by streams of blue and magical white, and by lakes of perennial beauty. To give the newcomer in California a mere touch and go of the romance and beauty of these trails is the purpose of this chapter.

Go to any city, town or village in the State and ask to be taken over a mountain, canyon or forest trail, and you can scarcely fail to be accommodated. From San Diego on the South to Eureka, Weed and Ft. Bidwell on the North there are trails everywhere. Trails into the Sierras, the Coast Range, the Santa Cruz Mountains, the Sierra Santa Inés, Palomar Mountains, the Siskiyous. Trails through the forests, into the canyons and along the Cliffs of the Sea.

Well do I remember one of my earliest experiences trailing over into the Warner Spur of the Sierras, in Modoc County, nearly thirty years ago, with beloved Joseph Le Conte, the eminent geologist of the University of California, and his son Joe — now also a professor in the same university. We met at Reno, Nevada, the two Le Contes coming by train, and I in a buckboard drawn by four horses. We rode over two hundred miles thus to Eagleville in Surprise Valley, and then transferred our sleeping-outfit and provisions to pack-animals. What fun we had packing! We had only one pack-saddle, and while Dr. Le Conte knew how to do it, he preferred to let his son and myself " fight it out " for

ALONG GLACIER TRAIL, SHASTA SPRINGS.

ourselves, after he had once shown us how. It is half the battle, if one is going for a prolonged camping trip, to know how to pack swiftly and securely. Our packs slipped sideways, backwards and forwards. They were top-heavy, lop-sided and wobblety. They were everything they ought not to have been and nothing they should have been.

Now I know enough to take good pack-saddles, with a pair of *kyaxes* for each animal. A kyax is a box, large enough to hold two five-gallon cans, but made of green rawhide, stretched upon a wooden skeleton. It is light, flexible and strong. With one of these strung from the pack-saddle on each side of the animal, the load is carefully balanced, as each side must have as near as possible the same weight. The smallest heavy goods — canned provisions, sugar and the like, are placed in the kyaxes, taking care that all supplies are in strong canvas bags (which cannot burst and spill the contents). Upon these things and in the crotch of the saddle the larger and heavier things may be set, and then, over all, the bedding, firmly and securely covered by canvas to prevent tearing and catching upon trees or rugged rocks. The final triumph of the packer's art is the tying on of the pack. This should be done with the *diamond hitch,* a style of rope lashing that the experience of many years has demonstrated is the most secure.

But in those early days I knew nothing of the diamond hitch, and I doubt whether Dr. Le Conte did. Anyhow we didn't use it, and at every place where horses could disarrange a pack, our horses succeeded, without effort, in doing so. Our trail was none too good and clear, and sometimes we got lost in the woods. Then was the time for the pack-animals. They would neither lead, follow, nor be driven. Their chief desire seemed to be to get out of sight, as speedily as possible, and then either lie down, or rub against the trees to work off their packs. Poor creatures! I can sympathize with them now, for doubtless they were very uncomfortable.

At one place — I can see them now — we came to a stream flowing through a mountain meadow. The water had cut the earth down several feet, so that the only way to cross was to jump. Our own saddle-animals went across without any demur, but when the pack-animals sprang something happened in every case. On one pack we had tied our coffee-pot and several other jangling pieces of tinware. When "Jennie" — for that was the name of the patient carrier of the tinware — jumped, the tinware made such an unexpected clatter, or hit her in some rude fashion, that she was startled, and before any one could prevent she was off like a streak of yellow and dirty white lightning, evidently scared out of all the senses she had.

Another pony, "Bob," managed to turn his pack, and this so scared him that he began to make the most vigorous efforts to rid himself of it by kicking it from under his belly with his two hind feet. Somehow one foot caught, and in the jerk, threw him with such force that most of the wind was knocked out of his body, as one could tell by the deep, long, groaning sigh he let forth.

"Belle" was equally unfortunate. Her pack slipped sideways in such fashion that she viewed its bulge on her starboard side with suspicion. She gave it a vicious side-swipe with her right hind foot and then started off, in a sidling or almost circular fashion, until she succeeded in loosening everything. This scattered the few wits she had left, and as if possessed with all the devils that entered the swine of Gadara, she started off for the North Pole, or the other, bucking furiously at every

MT. WILSON, SHASTA COUNTY, FROM THE HEAD-WATERS, SACRAMENTO RIVER.

the heavy roar of the stream, for there is still plenty of water, though the heavy winter rains have passed. Indeed, as soon as we reached the bed of the canyon, we found vivid reminders that this year's storms have been extra severe. It had rapidly been darkening as we descended, and our guide ahead discovered changes in the trail caused by earth-slides, or washing away by the flood. Now for an hour and a half we felt our way, crossing and recrossing the stream, almost guessing at the trail a large part of the time, for so many portions had been completely washed out, that changes innumerable had taken place. The pack-burro insisted upon going where the old trail ought to be and refused to cross the stream at new places; those who were afoot found it hard in the dark to cross the stream where boulders were scarce. The only light we had was from two ingeniously-constructed lanterns, called "bugs" — made by taking a discarded tin can, rudely boring a hole at one side, into which a candle is thrust, then wiring a handle into the other side and using the mouth of the can as a searchlight. Blunderingly, stumblingly we crept along. There was little or no light from the stars, and the moon was away off elsewhere. The trees grew thicker, the noisy stream noisier as we proceeded. At last we reached the houses, the bungalows, shacks or cottages of those who have leased spaces from the Forestry Department, and from now on the trail was more certain. The flashing lights from uncurtained windows dazzled our eyes yet gave a kind of silent welcome, and now and again a shout of cheer arose from the inmates in response to some cryptic yell given forth by our leader. At last the signs told him that we were nearing the Lodge. A meeting was to be held and the time assured us the throng must already have assembled, hence his announcing shout was eagerly responded to by half a dozen sentinels. Heartily but hastily our hands were clasped in greeting and a chair was provided for us in the doorway, from which satisfactory outlook we could see the crowd of men and women within, as well as the Lodge itself, — a granite boulder building, with an immense hospitable fireplace, beyond which a wide cushioned lounge or seat lined the wall and continued around the end and part of the opposite side of the building. It is a locker, for the seat lifts on its hinges and allows the deposition therein of rolls of bedding, sleeping-bags, and the like of the members, who use the Lodge as their headquarters for weekly, biweekly, monthly or casual visits to the canyon, and its cushion, if necessary, makes the basis of a good camping-out bed.

At the other end of the room is the library, — for these city mountaineers are readers — and of good literature, too, though most of the books deal with the mountains. Flanking the bookcases on one side is the locker room for the Sierra Club members, and on the other the kitchen, where a kind of " large family " cooking arrangements are provided for.

On the mantel above the fireplace is a fine autographed photograph of the honoured president of the Club, — John Muir, — and the walls are dotted with superior photographs of mountain scenes, waterfalls, canyons, tree touches that have been contributed by the members.

After an interesting evening cots and a few blankets were provided in the open, and we were soon sleeping the sleep of the healthfully weary under the silent stars and canopied with the blue dome of God's own out-of-doors. Though we had had lots of fun coming up the trail in the dark, it was left for the morning to enable us to go still higher to the beautiful falls beyond, and to climb to its lip and from thence look down on the dappled surface of the tree-tops beneath. Glinting and glistening in the sun, played upon by the breeze, alder and sycamore, pine and willow each offered its own contribution to the leafy dance of colour and rhythm, while the sparkle of blue water, dashing foam and gray granite beneath gave added notes of beauty. Fifty, a hundred, or more of the Club members and their friends — schoolteachers, clerks, bookkeepers, heads of business firms — were climbing the hills beyond, quietly sitting by the stream, at the foot of the falls, or under the shade of the trees. Some were clearly alone, — loafing and inviting their own souls, — while others were enjoying the exuberance of the spring morning in its canyon expression with their friends.

Quiet mountaineering certainly, involving a comparatively easy walk up on Saturday night, and an equally easy return Sunday evening or Monday morning, but what a blessed way of spending the Sabbath for weary city men and women. There is no sweetener of human life more reliable and sure than the mountains. Flee to them. Help comes to body, mind and soul as of yore. The trees wave you a hearty welcome and afford shade and shelter; the brook sings, in liquid, rich cadences, its joyful message of the beauty of life and work, and at night soothes you with the assurance that " something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose;" the fall booms out, with exuberant energy, its accompanying harmonies; the snow-clad peaks gaze sympathetically down, lending their shadow when needed to help curtain the world away; and over all broods the peace of God which passeth all understanding and assures the heart of man and woman that we are, indeed,

MOSSBRAE FALLS, SHASTA SPRINGS.

the sons and daughters of God, and that His mountains are blessed gifts to us.

Few countries in the world are so highly favoured as is the Golden State in this matter of trails. There are thousands of miles of them, and each has its own individuality and charm. Some are well engineered and made, others made themselves (that is, as far as man is concerned — the wild animals having attended to the matter before he came on the scene), some are up easy grades, others up hills, rough, rocky, and steep. Every taste can be satisfied, every mountain hunger appeased, every kind of experience assured.

Other wonderful trail trips might be outlined by the score, nay, by the hundred. Recently two friends made five hundred miles in the Sierra Nevadas, with no other company than that of their burros. They had to be taught to put on their first pack, on reaching Springville from Goshen Junction, on the Valley Line of the Southern Pacific. Up the Tule River, on to the South Middle Fork to Nelson's ranch; then to the Big Trees, and up and on, they reached Grouse Meadows at eight thousand feet elevation. Douglas spruces, silver and fox-tail pines gave wooded-charm and the silence and serenity of the mountain heights filled the soul with restful calm. Passing over to Freeman Creek they started a cinnamon bear, but, as neither gun nor camera were available, they left him alone. There are many sequoias along this creek, many of them lying prostrate, felled in some giant conflict of Nature's forces in ages gone by.

At Lloyd Meadows they found a spring of sparkling soda water — one of many such in California, the king of which is the celebrated Shasta Springs in the Sacramento Canyon, on the way to Mt. Shasta — where they camped in company with an old mountaineer who "loaded them up" with yarns of experiences in the Sierras nearly fifty years ago.

After seven days out they reached Little Kern Lake in Kern Canyon. Here excellent fishing tempted them, and they remained awhile, coming in touch with a university youth who had charge of the supplies of the Sierra Club, ready for their forthcoming mountain "hike." Here the solitude was so primeval that they doffed their clothes and laundered them in rude and primitive fashion.

The divide between Little Kern and Big Kern Lakes has often been described by visitors — the purple blue of the water surrounded by the deep and varied greens of the trees, with the winding, frothy-white waters of the Kern in one direction and in the other the storm-swept slopes and summits of the Kaweah Peaks, and the gaunt, gray rock that denotes Harrison Pass.

From this point they back-trailed to Little Clare Lake on the Great Western Divide, which lies in a rocky bowl on the rim of Soda Creek Canyon at an altitude of 10,400 feet. The view is commanding. Sawtooth and Florence Peaks, Needham Mountain, flanked by deep canyons and bedecked with glacial lakes, give majesty and glory, while to the rear are the gray, snow-capped monarchs of the Divide, in the distance the black and brown bulk of the Kaweahs, while further away is the whitish ridge bounding the eastern Kern basin. Two thousand feet below Soda Creek sings in subdued strains, while the snow lies sloping down to the rich blue of the water of the lake.

The next day found them on the banks of Soda Creek and camping at night on the wooded shores of Moraine Lake. Near this is Chagoopa Plateau, — once glacial lakes, — now four meadows and the finest fox-tail pine forest known, watched over by the dominating monarchs of the air, the Kaweah Peaks, 13,816 and 13,728 feet in altitude.

It is on the trail from Moraine Lake that one gains the full majesty and glory of the Kern River Canyon. Clarence King, Muir, and Jordan and a score others have written of it, Keith and Jorgensen have painted it, and yet few know of its rare sublimity. Resting one night at Junction Meadow, the trail-makers climbed the rim of the Kern-Kaweah Canyon, from which the canyon begins, running back seven miles, flanked by peaks 12,500 to 13,500 feet high, the walls brilliantly coloured and with melted snow dropping in silvery threads 1,500 and more feet. The floor of the canyon is dotted here and there with glacial lakes, adding attractiveness to the pines that abound. This is deemed by many a real rival to the Yosemite.

The next day there was only the faintest suggestion of a trail and sometimes that failed, hence they guessed their way along, past a dozen or more tiny jewels of lakes set in rocks of pink and green. These rocks were smoothed and polished, grooved and fluted, mute witnesses to the mighty glacial action that made the lakes and sculptured the towering peaks.

Thus they wandered and climbed taking in turn South American Lake, at the foot of Harrison Pass, with its two peaks, 13,983 and 13,625 feet high, where a most marvellous view of the High Sierras is to be obtained. There are fifty peaks, varying in altitude from 13,500 to 14,500 feet, in this immediate vicinity, the very ultimate of mountain perfection in the United States, and rivalling the Alps in their stupendous majesty.

And here, though they had many days more of climbing, up and down, of fishing and photographing, of swimming in icy water, of sliding on the faces of incipient glaciers, of losing their burros and finding them, of packs dropping off at the most inopportune times, and many other adventures, I must leave them, though it may interest the reader to learn that they finally wound up their trip in the Yosemite itself, having completed a most delightful and joyful round.

Just as a suggestion in regard to the variety afforded let me but refer to two more regions, each of which has its own chapter elsewhere in these pages. These are Lake Tahoe and the Yosemite. At the former there is the trail by the side of the lake, over rolling foothills and through virgin forest, by glacial lake to the summit of Mt. Watson; by the Truckee River, up by Bear Creek and Deer Park Springs to Ellis Peak, Squaw Peak, and half a hundred glacial lakes beyond, or down into the rugged, tree-clad, picturesque deer retreats of the Rubicon River; up a score of mountains, — Tallac, Job's, Job's Sister, Freels, Richardson, Jacks, Dicks, Agassiz, Pyramid, etc., — all magnificent monarchs of the Sierras, affording Pisgah landscapes of mountains and canyons, clothed in forests of luxuriantly growing pines and firs. On the eastern side of the Lake there are Genoa and Marlette Peaks, each offering a wonderful view of the Nevada mountain and desert country as well as of the High Sierras.

Then at the Yosemite there are near-by and "civilized" trails, easy enough for a blind man or an unaccompanied child of ten, hardier climbs up Tenaya Canyon, to Cloud's Rest, Mt. Starr King and lesser peaks beyond, and then the whole sweep of the Sierras inviting man to such wholesome and strenuous exercises, as those of John Muir, Clarence King, and Smeaton Chase, quoted elsewhere.

The mountains of California are a godlike gift in their large generosity, large content for men of diverse minds, and the trails are man's encouragement to other men to arise, enter in, seek and find.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CALIFORNIA COAST

The California Coast is unequalled by any similar stretch of coast in the civilized world. England, Great Britain, indeed, though an island, does not have so remarkably varied a coast, considering scenery and climate. Practically a thousand miles in extent, it reaches from the 33rd parallel on the Mexican boundary to the 42nd on the Oregon line.

There have not been wanting writers in the past; not professional writers, but travellers, world-explorers, sailors, who have given vivid word-pictures of the California Coast. Langsdorf, La Perouse, Vancouver, Simpson, Dana, Phelps are well-known names, and earlier even than these are Cabrillo, Vizcaino, Sir Francis Drake and the sailors and padres of the Mission epoch, when Alta California was definitely possessed by Spain for colonization purposes and the Christianization of the Indians.

What a wonderful shore line for one State. Is there any wonder poets have sung gloriously about it? Yet they have not said a small part of the truth. Herbert Bashford gives us one picture of its terror in his *On the Cliff:*

"Safe are we here on the cliff; but ah! that mad shatter and crashing
  Brings the chill tremor of fear, the short, hard, shuddering breath;
Look, oh, God, look beneath us! How fearful the tumult, the lashing —
  Lashing of crazed, hungry billows that clamor for terror and death."

Yet these same billows roll in so easily on the sands of twice a score beach resorts that in the summer over a million people take up their residences near by that daily they may sport in them. See the glad throngs dancing and capering in the waves at Santa Cruz, at Coronado, at La Jolla, at Long Beach, Venice, Redondo, Ocean Park, Santa Barbara, Oceano, Pizmo, Montara, Half Moon Bay, Bolinas, Crescent City, Eureka and many other popular resorts, and one completely forgets Bashford's picture and thinks only of the quieter moods of the Pacific.

Many days the Pacific earns its name. George Sterling, in his home at Carmel-by-the-Sea, has learned every mood of the great Sunset Sea, and in solemn, stately phrase has written of these placid times:

> "No cloud is on the heavens, and on the sea
> No sail: the immortal, solemn ocean lies
> Unbroken sapphire to the walling skies —
> Immutable, supreme in majesty."

Solemn though it often is, it has been and is a sea of romance. Those queer-prowed vessels of Cabrillo, — caravels they called them, — ugly, clumsy, crude as compared with the greyhounds of to-day, sailed on her placid bosom, wrestled with her stormy moods, groped their way through her enveloping fogs and crept up north until fierce gales drove them back to the south.

Sir Francis Drake and his freebooters sang and shouted, laughed and hurrahed, as they captured galleon after galleon carrying the proud flag of Spain, and laden with the treasures of the Philippines, that came floating near these shores. Here Rezanof brought his scurvy Russians to eat of the fruit of the vines planted by the Mission padres, and here Bouchard scared these same padres out of their seven senses by carousing in their sacred temples and demanding of their substance for his pirate crews.

Bret Harte put into swinging verse the romantic story of Donna Concepcion Arguello watching for the return of Rezanof's vessel. For was he not her avowed lover? Was she not pledged to him? How pathetic the romance that he pictures of the faithful Concepcion:

"Looking seaward, o'er the sand hills stands the fortress, old and quaint,
By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint.

. . . .

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did she wait her promised bridegroom and the answer of the Czar;
Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow, empty breeze,—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;
Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks,—
Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;
Till the rains came, and far breaking, on the fierce southwester tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with colour, and then vanished and were lost,
But *he* came not, and she waited
Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown."

Forty or more years she waited, hoping, longing, unaware of the death that had befallen her lover, until Sir George Simpson, of the Hudson Bay Company, visiting San Francisco, happened to recall the great Russian's name and told of his untimely end. But poor Concepcion, in her heart the Russian's bride, had long turned from earthly love to heavenly, and had found shelter in the convent at Benicia.

Romance! Do you not see the vessels of the United States and England racing up the coast in 1846 striving which shall reach Monterey first? The Stars and Stripes is ahead and the raising of that flag, rather than the Union Jack of Old England, determined the historic future of California.

BENICIA.

Romance! Do you see the vessels of all nations, laden with eager, rude, impetuous men, cursing the restraining winds and baffling fogs, blessing the clear days, the sunshine and the favouring winds, as they urge their captains to carry every possible stitch of sail and speed on, on, to the city of the Golden Gate, beyond which stretched the land of gold. Here were the flags of every land, here the tongues of the most civilized and the most barbaric of earth, but all alike speaking, in their movements, the same tongue in their eagerness for gold. And think of many of those ships anchored in the Bay of San Francisco, bereft of their crews in one hour, lured from their duty, their chosen vocation, by the tales told of the wealth to be had for the digging in the foothills and placer fields of the Sierras.

It was in June, 1849, that these ships began to arrive in San Francisco. Why did they all aim there? Why not for San Diego, or San Pedro? The site did not look promising; the Mission Dolores had no great attractions and Yerba Buena Cove — for that was the name San Francisco had possessed until January, 1847 — was backed by a mass of sand hills, which seemed the last place in the world upon which an intelligent people would attempt to build a city. Of course the harbour was there, that an exuberant Britisher had dared to declare was large enough to " float the whole British navy without crowding," but there were a score of other places on the Bay that appeared better suited for a city. It is, to me, at least, one of the romances of the California Coast that the site of its greatest city was determined by the location of a Franciscan Mission, a building erected by the Indians and their priestly directors, for the avowed purpose of reaching the *spiritual nature* of the original inhabitants of the country. I see in that a prophecy, a forecast, a providence, and hope therefrom, the large, great, tremendous hope that San Francisco is ever to remain a city that will appeal to, and reach, the spiritual in all the children of men who come within its influence.

But to return to the arrival of the vessels. In June eleven of them arrived; in July forty; in August forty-three; in September sixty-six; in October twenty-eight; in November twenty-three; in December nineteen, a total of two hundred and thirty in seven months.

And what vicissitudes had they not passed through. Read the personal narratives of the men that came on some of these ships. Packed on deck like sardines because of crowded cabins; short of water; often short of food, or eating wormy pilot-bread that had to be rebaked to make it possible; with jerked beef in one case, at least, so tough, that it was dragged by a rope in the sea for forty-eight hours " before any attempt could be made to cook it or eat it without cooking. Sea-bathing may accomplish much good, but it never yet made tender Mexican jerked beef. Our supply certainly never tempted the most hungry shark in our course." On a diet like this one can well believe what one man wrote: " I would have been thankful enough for the mush with which grandfather's hogs are fed, and many a night would have been glad to get my mouth into the dirtiest puddle that Chapel Street ever saw." When these conditions were made worse by storm, by the rolling and pitching of the crazy vessels on tremendous waves, and by the discomfort of rain and sleet, spray, spume and the actual dash of angry waters we can imagine how eagerly these men looked forward to landing in the desired haven of San Francisco.

But there were scores of cases to which the hardships

I have recounted would have appeared as but pleasant changes in the day's monotony. One party chartered a small coasting schooner, provisioning " her mostly with rice and water. After thirty days' coasting, with the alternation of land and sea breezes, their rice being almost entirely exhausted, they found themselves but two hundred miles farther north on a journey of some two thousand miles. One of them, who was a Sabbath observer, sickened and died, and was buried on the shore. The small party then divided, a few continuing along the coast on foot, while the rest remained on the vessel and, after untold suffering from want of food and water, six months afterward arrived at San Diego, where the schooner was condemned as unseaworthy, and the company scattered, making their way to San Francisco as best they could, poor in pocket and broken in health and ambition. Those who landed pressed onward on foot, mostly through a barren and desert country, devoid of food, water or game, with their faces resolutely set towards the magnet of the golden mines. When game was to be had, even were it hawk or buzzard, it was killed and greedily eaten, — kind, quality, and cookery not being considered. Toads, lizards, and crows were alike welcome, and any sun-warmed and stagnant pool of water was considered most refreshing."

It requires a powerful imagination to picture those vessels anything like as they actually were. It was before the days when steamships were as common as railway trains. There were a few, of course, but the major part were sailing vessels. Not trim, new, handsome, well-equipped craft specially built for this new and important voyage, but many of them were old, ragged, unseaworthy hulks, leaking at every seam, that the impatience and cupidity of men had rigged up, glossing over with tin, wood, paint or even canvas the too-glaring deficiencies, and making up in bunting and hurrah what they lacked in seaworthiness and comfort.

And lest I be charged with *gross* exaggeration let me give one quotation, out of a hundred I might offer, in regard to the subject. Willard B. Farwell, writing in *The Century*, of August, 1891, after describing the vessel his party bought in 1849 to reach California in, and telling of their being becalmed near the equator, says:

"Some three miles away to the northwestward was another ship, which by her rig was unmistakably an American craft. Yet so flat was the calm that her signals hung idly against the halyards. A boat was lowered, and a party of us started for an equatorial visit to the stranger. She proved to be the *Aurora* from Nantucket, an old whaler, worm-eaten and dilapidated in her upper works, sorely afflicted with dry-rot, and looking as though she would not last to reach Cape Horn, much less to round that formidable point and complete her voyage. Compared to the *Edward Everett* she was a crazy old tub indeed. Months afterward, when our anchor was let go in the harbour of San Francisco we found ourselves within hailing distance of this same old 'blubber-hunter,' which had made the port nearly two weeks in advance of us! She was the type of a class of vessels that were pressed into service during the California excitement, not one of which was regarded as any longer seaworthy, but every one of which eventually made the voyage in safety, many entering ports with pumps going, and running directly upon the mud-flats of San Francisco harbour, only to be used as store-ships or broken up by the old junk men for firewood, or for the old iron and the rigging that remained."

It should not be forgotten, too, that the California Coast used to be the scene of whale-fishing on a fairly large scale. Captain Beechey in 1826 reported that he found seven whalers anchored at Sausalito, where they obtained fresh water, and cut firewood from Angel Island. That whales were not unplentiful is revealed by the fact that Julius H. Pratt asserts that in 1849 he counted, off the coast of Lower California, in one day, " a hundred and twenty whales of different kinds, one of which, about seventy-five or eighty feet long, swam just across our bow."

In 1855 there were over five hundred vessels engaged in whaling in the North Pacific, and Monterey had its share of the business. The entrance yard to the Mission in the city of Monterey is paved with the vertebrae of whales, and when I first used to visit the quaint old city, before it had begun to put on modern airs, there were several pairs of whale's jawbones, projecting in the air like the ladder poles of a pueblo Indian's *kiva,* used as gate posts. To this day schools of whales are often seen and encountered in Monterey Bay and elsewhere on the coast, their spouting attracting passengers crossing to Santa Catalina Island. A few years ago a monster whale came ashore at Long Beach, and its skeleton was preserved as a curiosity to those unacquainted with the size of these gigantic sea-mammals.

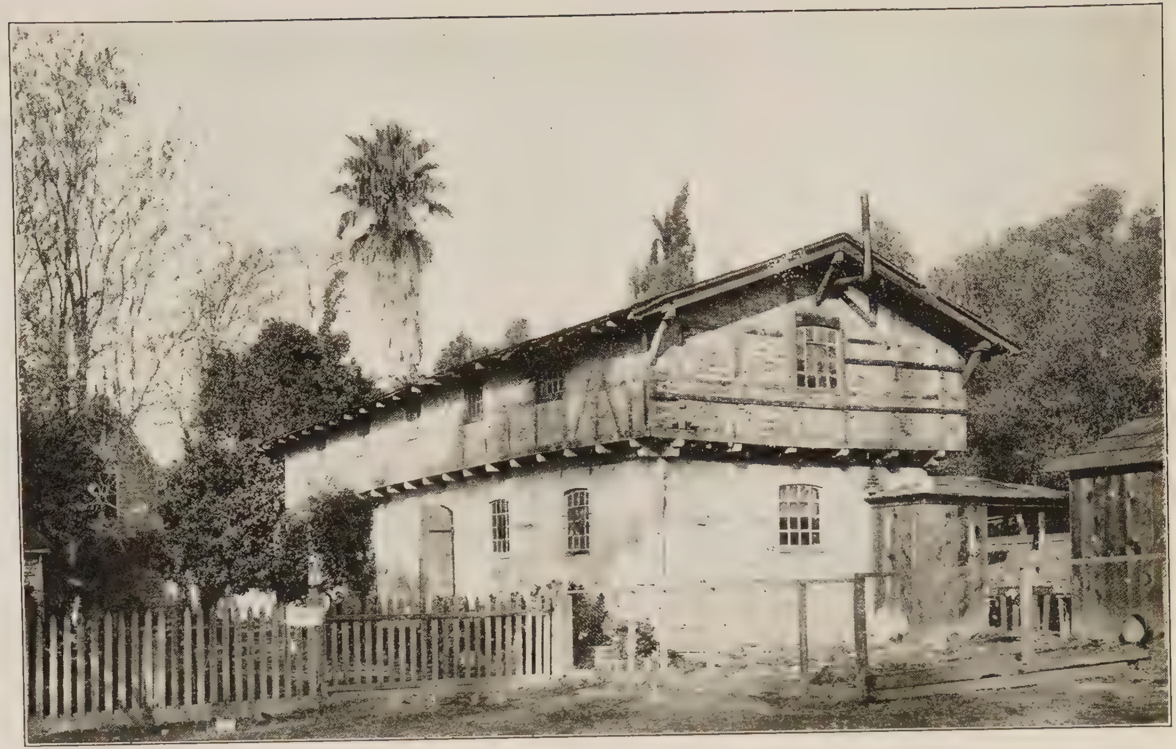
The fact that Russia looked with longing eyes upon the Coast of California, early in the nineteenth century, has left an extra touch of romance on its shores. Russian River, Bodega Bay, Sebastopol, Mt. St. Helena are all tokens of Russian occupation, and the ruins of Fort Ross, in Sonoma County, but sixty miles north of San Francisco is proof that they had some dreams of possession or empire. It may be well here to note that the original Russian name for the Russian River was Slavianka. Fort Ross was built in 1812, as a fortified trading-post of the Russian-American Fur Company. It originally had, or was intended to have, forty cannon, and there can be little question but that it was Russia's intention to use it as a base for holding the northern part of California against the claims of Spain. The Spaniards protested, also, later, did the Mexicans, when Mexico freed herself from Spain, and in spite of the fact that in 1824 the Russian government pledged itself against any acquisition of California territory south of "fifty-four forty." Nature, however, protested more vigorously than Spain or Mexico, and so effectively that in 1841 Captain Sutter was able to purchase Russia's interest and the Russians retired.

A portion of the twelve-foot adobe walls still remain but the walls of the old church were badly shaken in the 1906 earthquake. The roof, with its quaint cupola, are intact, though the walls have collapsed and allowed it to rest upon the ground. The hewn joists and rafters, spiked together with hand-wrought nails, are still sound and intact. The Commandant's house is used as a hotel for the few chance visitors who come to see the deserted glories of the place.

Was there no romance in the marvellous hiding of the Golden Gate from the hunting, curious, eager eyes of discoverers for two hundred and twenty years, as recounted in another chapter?

Even earlier than that, was it unromantic to see the ease-loving Indians of the coast construct their rude *bidarkas* or their *bolsas* (their dugouts and tule rafts) and paddle across the channel to the island beyond?

And even earlier than this was there no romance in the coming to these shores of the drifting tree-trunks



AN OLD ADOBE HOUSE, SONOMA.

of India, that somehow reached the seas of that Orient land and floated out far, far into the tropic seas, and then, as if seized by some fateful hand, slowly but surely, with much wavering but no misgiving, aimed for the Behring Sea, braved its ice and snow, passed through, and finally allowed a storm to carry them far ashore at Monterey, there to take root in drifted sand and people the peninsula with their unique, gnarled, weather-beaten, wind-tossed, storm-defying, Time-conquering cypresses? Judge Richards, of San José, has written a most interesting poem on this fact and a legend connected therewith.

There is romance, too, in the names of the Coast. Beginning with San Diego on the south to Cape Mendocino on the north they speak clearly of Spanish discovery, and many of them of the religion of the Spaniards. Cape Mendocino, with its conical sugar-loaf rocky point — the most westerly piece of land of the United States save Cape Flattery, on the Canadian border — is the one name that remains to us of those conferred by the first and original explorer of the coast. It was in 1542 that Cabrillo discovered San Diego Bay, which, however, he called San Mateo. Beset by foul and contrary winds, with cloudy weather and heavy fogs, an unusually early winter adding to the cold and discomfort, his vessels small and unwieldy, one being without a deck, the crew worn and disheartened by the privations and sufferings they had already undergone, it reveals the pluck and determination possessed by these early explorers that they stuck to their task as long as they did. We read in their log of "winds from the north-northwest, which did not let them carry a *palm* of sail," of a great storm which "struck them from the southwest and the south-southwest with rain and dark cloudy weather," and that "the Sunday following the tempest fell upon them with much greater violence." Later "the wind shifted to the southeast with great fury, and the seas came from many parts, which harassed them much, and broke over the ships, which, not having decks, if God should not succor them, they could not escape. . . . They suffered also in provisions, as they had only biscuit, and that damaged."

For the winter they lay by at the Island of San Miguel, — one of the Channel Islands, — and there, on the 3rd day of January, 1543, "departed from this life Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, captain of the said ships, from a fall which he had on the same island at the former time when they were there, by which he broke an arm near the shoulder." Yet even in the face of certain death he was dauntless and undismayed. The narrator tells us "he charged them much, at the time of his death, that they should not give up the discovery, as far as possible, of all that Coast."

Poor Cabrillo! His work unfinished, slain by an accident, buried in the sands of wind-swept San Miguel, no man to this day knowing where, Fate seemed to deal hardly with him, for, one hundred and sixty years later, when Vizcaino sailed up the coast he renamed most of the points and places named by Cabrillo and thus stole from him that honour so legitimately belonging to him. The Sierra Nevadas were not renamed. Cape Mendocino was discovered and named after Cabrillo's death and that name holds to this day. But as a rule Vizcaino made a clean sweep, and most of the names used to-day were given by him. He followed the old Spanish custom of bestowing the name of the saint of the day upon the place reached on that day. This is the source of the beautiful and romantic Spanish nomenclature along the coast, which even the most rabid hater of Spain and popery must acknowledge is far to be preferred to the rude, vulgar, and often disgusting names applied by the gold seekers of '49.

The Viceroy of New Spain, under whose direction Vizcaino sailed, was Don Luis de Velasco, Count of Monte Rey, and in his honour the Bay of Monterey was named, but Santa Catalina was named because it was on her day that Vizcaino first saw it. So with San Pedro, Point Concepcion and the rest. To those familiar with the Catholic calendar the progress of the expedition is clear.

For instance, they sailed into San Diego Bay November 10, 1603. Vizcaino's flagship was named *San Diego,* and the saint's day was November 12th, so he stretched a point in the slight discrepancy in time and named the bay after the patron saint of Spain, San Diego. The island of San Clemente (St. Clement) was sighted on, and named after, the saint's day, November 23rd; Santa Catalina (St. Catherine) November 25, while San Pedro (St. Peter) was the bay in which the ship anchored November 26th, the day of St. Peter. On the 4th of December they reached and named Santa Barbara, on the 8th Point Concepcion, so named for the day dedicated to the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin Mary; on the 13th they sighted the range of mountains which they named Santa Lucia (St. Lucy); while four days later they entered the Bay of Monterey, so named after the Count of Monte Rey, the Viceroy of New Spain at the time, who had authorized the setting forth of the expedition. The small river Carmelo, upon which later the beautiful Mission of San Carlos Borromeo was to be established, and which was to be the sainted Serra's home and his final resting-place, was so named after the Carmelite friars of the expedition. After a rest in Monterey Bay they sailed northwards again and on the 6th of January passed the Punta de los Reyes (the Point of the Kings), named from the fact that on this day are honoured the three magi or wise men who followed the star to the feet of Jesus, and who, tradition says, were princes or kings. On the 12th they sighted Point Mendocino, named after the Viceroy Mendoza, who had sent Cabrillo forth on his voyage of exploration sixty years earlier; while, after much buffeting, they reached, on the 19th, latitude 42°, in sight of a white point near high, snowy mountains. This point, the next day, they named Cabo Blanco de San Sebastian, from St. Sebastian, whose day is January 20th.

At this time the head winds became so severe and the crew was so reduced by scurvy that discretion dictated their return.

Dana made the Coast of California for ever memorable in his *Two Years Before the Mast,* that universal classic of "before the mast" life. Millions of people have seen, in the clear light of his vivid and California-stimulated descriptions, the Coast as it appeared in 1835, before any literary artists had wreathed their halos of golden glory about the theme. Santa Barbara, with its bay, mountains and old mission and presidio; the way the Sandwich Island sailors of an English vessel landed through the breakers; the first experience at loading hides and bags of tallow; the storm that drove them out of the bay; the wind they experienced off Point Concepcion; the way the Spanish-Californians used to come to the Yankee vessels and purchase their dry goods and groceries in the cabins; the Mexican presidios of San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey and San Francisco;

the Indians driving their oxen in the heavy and clumsy-wheeled *carretas;* the disgust of the sailors at learning they might have to remain two or three or more years on the California Coast; their dread of the *southeasters* that made anchorage in the bay of Santa Barbara unpleasant; their unloading hides over the slippery rocks at San Pedro; and then the arduous task of pushing or carrying them up the hill; Dead Man's Island; and many other things are made to pass in review before us like a series of moving pictures. Dana's pen was graphic and he has certainly added much to the romance of the California Coast.

It does not lessen the interest with which it is viewed to recall that it was Dana's powerful and realistic description of the cruel whipping given to two of his sailor companions off the California Coast that was one of the chief factors in changing the law and prohibiting this barbarous practice. Like the novel *Ramona,* that influenced the heart of the nation to a greater kindliness towards the Indian, *Two Years Before the Mast* led to a general demand throughout the whole country for a more humane treatment of sailors.

There is humour, as well as romance, in the change that has occurred on the Coast since Dana's day. When the sailors learned they were likely to be detained longer than they expected he wrote: "Here we were, in a little vessel, with a small crew, *on a half-civilized coast, at the ends of the earth,* and with a prospect of remaining an indefinite period, two or three years at the least. When we left Boston we supposed that it was to be a voyage of eighteen months, or two years, at most; but upon arriving on the coast, we learned something more of the trade, and found that in the scarcity of hides, which was yearly greater and greater, it would take us a year, at least, to collect our own cargo, beside the passage out and home, and that we were also to collect a cargo for a large ship belonging to the same firm, which was soon to come on the coast, and to which we were to act as tender."

The italics in the above quotation are mine. How would Dana feel to be on the Coast now? Would he regard it as half civilized and at the ends of the earth? Little did he foresee what the future of this Coast was to be.

Another remarkably interesting fact about the California Coast was first noted by Dana. And it is a great tribute to his accurate powers of observation that he noted it and deemed it of sufficient importance to be commented upon. He says: "After a few days we made the land at Point Pinos (pines), which is the headland at the entrance of the bay of Monterey. As we drew in, and ran down the shore, we could distinguish well the face of the country, and found it better wooded than that to the southward of Point Concepcion. In fact, as I afterwards discovered, Point Concepcion may be made the dividing-line between two different faces of country. As you go to the northward of the point, the country becomes more wooded, has a richer appearance, and is better supplied with water. This is the case with Monterey, and still more so with San Francisco, while to the southward of the point, as at Santa Barbara, San Pedro and particularly San Diego, there is very little wood, and the country has a naked, level appearance, though it is still very fertile."[1]

In Dana's day there were few, if any, lighthouses on the whole Pacific Coast from Cape Horn north to the Russian possessions. He speaks of their heaving-to

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[1] Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*.

POINT CONCEPCION LIGHTHOUSE.

after dark, "for fear of making the land at night on a coast where there are no lighthouses and but indifferent charts." Yet, while I do not recall the date of the erection of the old Spanish lighthouse on Point Loma, it seems to me it must have been in existence at that time. It still stands, useless and dismantled, a picturesque reminder of the earlier occupants of the land.

The Life-Saving Service of the United States now reports one hundred and six lights or lighthouses of one form or another on the California Coast. The first is seen as the seafarer approaches from the coast of Mexico. It guards, guides and warns on the end of Point Loma at the entrance to the Bay of San Diego.

Another interesting light is that of Point Concepcion where the "nose" on its upper side receives the cold, foggy breezes of the north, and on the lower the warm and caressing winds of the south, for the coast here makes an almost right-angle to the east, ere it proceeds on its southward way again.

A whole book as large as this could be written on the California lighthouses, the romance and picturesqueness of their location, their storms, their calms, their outlooks, and the experiences of their keepers, and it would certainly be a book of thrills, as well as instruction, were such an one prepared.

If one desires to read romance in connection with the Coast of California let him pick up any one of the *Reports of the Life-Saving Service* during the years it has operated on the Pacific Coast. Stories of thrilling wrecks and more thrilling rescues, where men and women were "snatched from the jaws of death," appear again and again. Here are the mere skeleton outlines of stories which appear in the 1913 volume. August 29, 1912, a garbage barge, *Lillebonne,* from Oakland, was over-turned by a strong wind and rough sea a mile offshore from the Point Bonita Station. Seven men were saved after a great fight, but one poor fellow lost his life, having gone down into the hold just before the barge capsized.

January 28, 1913, the coasting steamer *Samoa* ran ashore in a dense fog on Point Reyes. All the twenty-one men of her crew were saved by the prompt and brave action of the surf-men of the Point Reyes Life-Saving Station.

Three times Mr. Adolph Sutro has been rescued from possible death, owing to accidents to his hydro-aeroplane, when operating on or near San Francisco Bay. On the 18th of May six men, who had gone to gather mussels, on Mussel Rock, five miles down the coast from the South Side Station, were discovered to be marooned. It required skilled and brave work to rescue these men on a line, through the breakers, in the dark.

In the past ten years there have been two hundred and three vessels of different kinds stranded on the California Coast, and in every case there were elements of exciting romance.

This phase is not a pleasant one to dwell upon,— the wrecking of vessels, the destruction of property, the loss of precious human life. Yet it is not individual to California. There is no coast in the world that has no storms. This has no more than its share, and the advance of science in the invention of more and more delicate instruments, susceptible to all changes, will make it certain, by and by, that every vessel will sound its own warning when it is unexpectedly approaching shore, whether in the impenetrable darkness of the night or a dense fog. Means, also, may be found to enable a vessel to hold its own in the heart of the fiercest storms.

In the meantime one cannot help but feel his heart stirred if he chances to be on the Coast when a terrible storm is raging. He gazes with awe upon the power that moves millions of tons of water in gigantic, irresistible waves. He listens to the roaring of the surf, and the hoarse shouting of the winds and the shrieking of the gales and wonders whence they all come, whither they go, and what is the purpose of it all. Then, almost instinctively, he asks himself: What mighty power is this that can afford to expend itself on such tremendous storms and ocean turmoil? What is the *why* of it? The wisdom of our commercial and cupidously acquisitive age is ever prating of conservation of energy. We have wrestled with the problem of the lightning until we have harnessed Jove's bolts of light and power to our street cars, and confined them, like the Arabian Nights' genie, in a bottle, to drive our machines for sawing wood, hoisting mud out of river and harbour bottoms, lifting heavy cars of rock out of mines, and a thousand and one menial services. Now men are grappling with this "waste of power" — the sea-waves. They have dotted the Pacific shores with their water-wheels, wave-motors, current-fans and "thingamajig what-nots" to harness this power. They have dazzled the eyes of thousands with their mirrors and lenses, seeking to capture and confine the solar heat so that they can make it a servant of man's will and caprices. They would capture the wind-storms, as they have the waterfalls and mountain streams to make them turn their mud-wagons and drive their ploughs, but as yet sun and wind, wave and storm, are wild, untamed and free. Will they ever be subject to man? Who knows?

The earliest expedition to the Coast of California on the part of the United States was when Commander Wilkes, of the United States Navy, was ordered by Mahlon Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy, to undertake an extensive exploration of a large part of the world. His fleet visited Madeira, Brazil, Terra del Fuego, Chili, Peru, the islands of Polynesia, including the Sandwich Islands, New South Wales, New Zealand, Oregon, California, the Philippines, China, and home by the Cape of Good Hope. The expedition covered the years 1838 to 1842, and it was on the 19th of October, 1841, that the Commander reached the Bay of San Francisco. His reports are contained in several finely illustrated volumes.

The settlement was then Yerba Buena, and Wilkes evidently was not impressed by it, for he says: "The town was not calculated to produce a favourable impression on a stranger. Its buildings may be counted, and consist of a large frame building, occupied by the agent of the Hudson Bay Company; a store, kept by Mr. Spears, an American; a billiard-room and bar; a poop-cabin of a ship, occupied as a dwelling by Captain Hinckley; a blacksmith's shop and some out-buildings. These, though few in number, are also far between. When to this we add the sterile soil and hills of bare rock, it will be seen that Yerba Buena and the country around it are anything but beautiful. This description holds good when the tide is high, but at low water it has for a foreground an extensive mud-flat, which does not add to the beauty of the scene."

What would Commander Wilkes think if he could sail into "Yerba Buena Cove," and find there the marvellous city that occupies it to-day, — the mud-flats built up with sand and now covered with magnificent business buildings, hotels, factories and warehouses; and all the palaces of the rich, the more modest dwellings of the well-to-do, and the rude hovels and shacks of the poor, speaking of a population of half a million souls?

An interesting vessel sailed up the California Coast in 1846. Had a modern hydroplane from San Diego flown out to sea and hovered over her sails — as would be possible to-day — the aerial navigator would have heard morning after morning psalms and hymns and spiritual songs floating out over the placidly rolling waves. Women and children's voices, too, blended with those of men. Morning prayer was offered in loud and fervent tones, though not always in classic, or even pure English, and there were few days that passed when sermons were not preached. For this was the ship *Brooklyn,* bringing to California "Bishop" — afterwards plain Sam — Brannan and his colony of Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, whom Brigham Young had sent as an advance guard to people and possess California.

The gold discovery shook up their Mormonism somewhat, yet, as E. G. Waite truthfully says, it should not be forgotten that it was this shipload of early comers who "gave to San Francisco her first prayer-meeting, her first jury-trial, her first local advertising and her first newspaper."

It was down this Coast, too, that the romantic and foolish filibustering expeditions sailed for the establishment of a republic in the Peninsula or elsewhere in Mexico. William Walker, the man of Destiny, sailed from San Francisco on the 15th of October, 1853, and, though he had but forty-five men with him, ventured to capture just forty-five days later the Mexican port of La Paz and there declare the Independence of Lower California. The independence did not last long, for Walker announced the freedom of Sonora, and started to march across the Colorado River to free the land "from the attacks of the merciless Apaches." He was driven back by the hostility of the desert as much as by the Mexican soldiers, reached San Diego in safety, returned to San Francisco, was perfunctorily tried for violation of the neutrality laws, and as everybody foresaw, was acquitted. Lionized by the adherents of the South, who saw in Walker's ambitions a means of spreading the territory of slavery, Walker soon turned his attention to Nicaragua, and under pretence of a colonization scheme, sailed, with fifty-seven men, from San Francisco, May 4, 1855, for Realejo. By a series of remarkable political moves he became practical dictator of the republic for a short time, was finally ousted, and escaped to New York. Of his tragic end I have no space here to speak, save that historians generally concur in the opinion that had he had with him on his last expedition men of the rugged temperament and daring bravery of his California recruits his history might have been written differently.

Even in later days Jack London has added a stirring chapter to the romance of the California Coast by his stories of his boyhood's experiences on a sailing vessel in San Francisco Bay. His *Tales of a Fish Patrol* are thrilling and exciting and suggest a life little known to the law-abiding and peaceful citizens who have their pretty and beautiful homes around the Bay. In *John Barleycorn,* too, he makes us feel the thrill he himself experienced, when, a lad of fourteen, he found himself " inside his first ship, a smuggler, accepted as a comrade by a harpooner and a runaway English sailor who said his name was Scotty."

Somehow the Bay of San Francisco, with its great San Pablo Bay and its swift-running Carquinez Straits, have never been the same to me since I read of the

YELLOW-TAIL SALMON AND BLACK SEA-BASS.

adventures, real or fancied, Jack London's genius has made me see transpire there. Who could help feeling with him, when, a mere lad of fifteen, slaving and toiling ten hours a day in the Oakland cannery, he felt the "call of the bay" and responded to it: "I remembered my skiff, lying idle and accumulating barnacles at the boat-wharf; I remembered the wind that blew every day on the Bay, the sunrises and sunsets I never saw; the bite of the salt air in my nostrils, the bite of the salt water on my flesh when I plunged overside; I remembered all the beauty and the wonder and the sense-delights of this world of water denied to me."

Then, too, while I do not believe in war or battleships or navies, I felt the thrill of something — was it patriotism? — when the *Oregon,* built in San Francisco, was bidden sail down the California Coast and all the length of the Pacific shores of the American Continent, down to Cape Horn, to hurry and join the Atlantic fleet in its work of catching Cervera and the warships of Spain under his control.

And, later, I felt the same something when I saw the Atlantic and Pacific squadrons — stately vessels of the line, cruisers, torpedo boats and the rest — sail through the Golden Gate into San Francisco Bay, past Alcatraz Island, amid the huzzas of the more than half million spectators crowding the heights and hills and vantage points of the city.

From the commercial fisherman's standpoint the California Coast becomes a region of romance. From quiet, isolated, little known spots all up and down these rugged or peaceful shores, every night rude fishermen, in rude boats, using rude language, often meeting rude weather, sail out into the open sea, or near the kelp-beds where their catch is generally found. Black-bass, sea-bass, barracuda, sand-dabs, bonito, yellow-tail, Spanish mackerel and a score of other good food fish are brought in by the ton. Boxed and iced, they are shipped in every direction to the interior towns of California; and on the menus of the hotels, clubs and homes of Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming and even New Mexico and beyond, California fish are named as being served.

The sporting fisherman would require a whole book as large as this to begin to describe the fishing he is able to enjoy on the Coast of California, at Catalina Island and elsewhere. To such an one, or those interested, I refer to the various books of Professor Charles Frederick Holder, whose skill and experiences with the rod are equalled only by his fluent facility in recounting real " fish stories " that thrill and excite even those who know nothing of the sport.

The California Coast is a godsend to the people of the interior. It is their Mecca during the summer months. They flock to the various " beaches " by the scores of thousands, and these have sprung into existence during the past twenty years as by magic. There are so many of them it seems useless merely to name them, and to attempt even the briefest description of each one would occupy far more space than can possibly be given. Suffice it to say that San Francisco has its group, reaching from Tomales Bay on the north to Monterey on the south, and including Santa Cruz. The people of San Luis Obispo have their small group; Santa Barbara is sufficient unto herself; Los Angeles, its large group; Santa Ana and Orange a small group, while San Diego, Coronado. Ocean Beach and La Jolla form a unique group all to themselves at the southern extremity of the Coast.

Three Coast settlements have an enviable reputation among artists. These are Carmel-by-the-Sea, where a distinguished colony of literary people and artists have their summer homes; Monterey, where still others of the San Francisco group of painters come for their sea inspirations, and Laguna Beach, not far from San Juan Capistrano. San Juan Point, of Dana fame, has its group, many coming down for the summer from Los Angeles. Of course Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, San Diego and Coronado all have their attractions for artists, and I doubt not there are a score, a hundred, of delightful places where artistic inspiration may be found.

If I were asked to state how many real harbours the Coast of California possesses, my answer would be as follows: There are two great *natural* harbours, those of San Diego and San Francisco. There is one fair harbour rapidly being converted into a good *artificial* harbour by the United States government — that of Los Angeles at San Pedro. Then there are fair harbours, under good conditions, in Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Bodega, and Humboldt, the best of them all being the last named. Naturally there are lesser "ports" and "bays," but these are the principal ones, San Diego and San Francisco, however, being harbours that compare favourably with the noted harbours of the world. Each is more fully discussed elsewhere.

The California Coast is a busy coast, nowadays, for steamers are plying up and down all the time, carrying passengers and freight. Millions of feet of lumber are brought from the north down to San Francisco, San Pedro and San Diego, and thence shipped into the interior. And when one thinks of the trans-Pacific steamers, shuttling back and forth to China, Japan and far-away Australia, hopping to the Hawaiian Islands and the tropic islands of the South Seas, and of the other fleets that steam back and forth, up and down the coast to Mexican and South American ports, and then contemplates in imagination the day when the Panama Canal is opened and steamers and sailing vessels from the Atlantic Coast and Europe add their activities to those already here, there will be no denying that the California Coast has materially changed since Sir Francis Drake's, or Dana's days. Think of being able to take your stateroom in London, Dunkirk, Genoa or Constantinople and never leave the vessel until you land at San Diego, San Pedro or San Francisco.

It took Dana one hundred and fifty days — a large part of half a year — to sail from Boston to Santa Barbara in 1835. With the Panama Canal opened it can be done in fifteen days, or less.

I don't know whether the Canal will act upon one's conscience as Cape Horn used to do, for it will be recalled that Dana said it was a current expression in California when he was here that "a man must leave his conscience at Cape Horn."

It may be interesting to remind my readers of the great market these deep-sea vessels provide for the fruit, vegetables, meats, poultry, eggs, etc., produced in the fertile interior valleys. And this not only for what the ships themselves consume but also for the exchanges of commerce with the islands and countries of the further Pacific shore. These markets undoubtedly will be materially enlarged as the traffic of the world pours to and fro through the Panama Canal and California industries will reap a rich reward in the greater demand for her products caused by the cheaper and easier modes of transshipment.

CHAPTER IX

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

ALREADY the Channel Islands of California have become a definite influence in the life of the people of the Pacific Coast. They will speedily extend this influence until all the travellers and pleasure-seekers of the world will come under their allurement, for they are easily reached, are delightful for a long or short sojourn, winter or summer, and they afford unequalled opportunities for the yachtsman, hunter and fisherman.

The climatic conditions are remarkable. The winters are never severe, though cool and bracing as a New England late spring. The summers, however, are not hot, as most people naturally assume. They are cooler than any portion of the Atlantic Coast in the United States.

Charles Frederick Holder has well called them "Isles of Summer," and in his recent book[1] he says: "The perfect climate, in all probability, does not exist, but these isles of summer are wild flower gardens when the East is snow-bound, and, winter and summer, are great national playgrounds of the people. In winter one may bask in mild yet bracing air, and in summer find life in the open, with semitropical surroundings, yet without extreme heat or humidity. This cannot be better illustrated than by saying that from May to October, or for six months, the idler, angler, golfer, sportsman, or health-seeker will not experience a squall or rainstorm — comfortable, beautiful days following one another."

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[1] For a large portion of this chapter I am indebted to Professor Charles Frederick Holder of Pasadena, the author of *The Channel Islands of California*, a book of 400 pages and many illustrations, and to his publishers, A. C. McClurg & Company of Chicago.

Stevenson would have revelled in these Islands could he have visited and known them. Here is actually a former lair of pirates and smugglers, and customs officers and those whose duty it is to keep contraband Chinamen from improperly landing on the shores of California do not hesitate to declare that these Islands still afford opportunities for the illegal and nefarious practice of " running in " Chinamen whom the law says shall be kept out.

The knowledge of the number of these Islands comes as a surprise to most visitors. Those who visit San Diego and Coronado often see the three largest of the Coronados Islands, lying to the south, while those at Los Angeles learn of Santa Catalina and San Clemente, and in Santa Barbara of Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa, but few realize that, in all, there are twenty Islands.

San Miguel is the most western; then come Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, the Anacapas, and San Nicolás. These are generally known as the Santa Barbara group. Further down, opposite Los Angeles, known as the Santa Catalina group, are the Santa Barbara Rock, Santa Catalina and San Clemente. Then south a hundred miles are the five Coronados, while off to the west are the submerged remains of two islands — Tanner's Bank and the Shoal of Cortés.

The geologists inform us that these islands are the result of an abortive attempt of Nature to form another Sierra, doubtless at the time the Coast Range was uplifted from the primeval sea. They vary in size from Begg's Rock, which is a mere rocky mass often entirely

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SANTA CATALINA.

submerged, and Santa Barbara Rock, of a few acres, to Santa Catalina, twenty-two miles long and with an area of over fifty thousand acres.

Santa Catalina (or Catalina as it is popularly called by Los Angeles people) is the best known. For thirty years it has been the chosen ocean resort of the southern metropolis. Steam and electric cars convey one to San Pedro, where the great harbour of Los Angeles is being made, and from whence steamers cross the eighteen-mile ocean channel. During this trip one sees flying-fish dart in every direction, porpoises sport lazily in front of the vessel's prow, and whales are often seen spouting on either side. Generally it is an easy, comfortable ride; occasionally the sea is choppy and then the victim of *mal de mer* would better stay ashore.

Passing a pinnacle of rock, known as Sugar Loaf, rounding into the tiny harbour of Avalon, where the town of the island is located, the bay a perfect glassy sea, with a crescent beach backed by the hills which ascend in rugged majesty two or three thousand feet into the air, one feels instinctively that here is a place of romance as well as enchanting beauty.

First discovered by Cabrillo in September, 1542, again visited by Vizcaino on the 28th of November, 1602, who gave it its present name, granted by Mexico to Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, deeded by him to Nicholas Covarrubias, Sr., one of the picturesque dons of early days, sold to James Lick, the founder of the Lick Observatory, then to a California boomer, who cut it up into lots in the boom of 1885, then to a silver-hunting English syndicate, it finally came into the hands of the Banning Company, to whom its present development is mainly due. Here then, in its history alone, is romance galore. But if one only knew all he imagines *might* have happened here! Sir Francis Drake, that daring harrower of the Spanish in Good Queen Bess' days, may have often lingered here; there is no doubt whatever of the occupancy of the Indians whose rites were performed in a temple fully described by one of the priests of Vizcaino's expedition; the rendezvous, possibly, of pirates and smugglers both in Spanish, Mexican and later American days, it breathes of romance as the flower gardens of the South.

But the romance to the modern visitor lies in the sea-lions that sport upon its shores, the glass-bottomed boats that reveal the wonders of the sea-bed to inquisitive eyes, the remarkable fishing that has made Catalina famous to expert anglers the world over, the stage-ride over the rocky ribs of the island and the open-air Greek theatre, where a concert band discourses sweet music during the season and — remarkable fact — where those who take seats are not allowed to annoy their neighbours with their godless and inane chatter — a thing, I believe, known on or in no other concert-giving place in the United States.

The hotel is fairly good, and there are boarding-places, rooming-houses and tents for those who need them. Many residents have purchased lots and own their homes. Almost the first thing one does on arrival is to go out in one of the glass-bottomed boats. Dr. Holder's descriptions of what one sees are eloquent, graphic and accurate, and it is interesting to note that he is doubtless the father of this modern method of prying into the secrets of the deep.

" The entire island, nearly sixty miles around, is lined with a forest of Nereocystis, or kelp, a huge vine, whose leaves rise and fold and unfold in the water, the abiding-place of countless animals of all kinds. This fringe rises

A GLASS - BOTTOMED BOAT.

in deep water ten or twenty feet from the rocks, and inshore are myriad forms of algae of various colours.

" I once sent a diver down into Avalon Bay and followed him around in a glass-bottomed boat. It was a remarkable spectacle to see this man walking on the bottom of the sea, pushing his way through the kelp forest. After awhile he sat down, crushed a sea-urchin in his hand, whereupon the small fishes gathered about and fed from his palm. Then he opened a wire trap, which I had provided, placed the bait inside and held it for a moment, or until a number of fishes (gold perch) entered. He then closed the trap, and seeing game was snared, I pulled it up. Altogether this little act beneath the sea was very interesting. Here the kelp forms itself into a beautiful picture, its rich olive hue when it catches the sun looking not unlike a great band of amber against the vivid turquoise of the water, as deep water is so near the shore that often one can dive into blue water from the rocks.

" A common form in the weed is the giant California starfish, its white tubercles against the pink or red surface making it a striking figure against the green, red, or purple weeds. Near it will be seen the large California sea-cucumber lying on the rocks, prone and motionless, and near by the long-spined sea-urchin, very similar to the one of the Florida Reef, though not so long. With it is a small, pure white sea-urchin from deeper water, a charming contrast to the green weed that is in constant motion, undulating in the waves that affect even this quiet bay.

" We now drift over a rocky area where the water appears to be a pale blue. A reddish-yellow crawfish waves its serrated spines back and forth from a crevice, and passing before him is a hideous octopus, searching for crabs or anything that it can lay its tentacles on. This, without question, is the most fascinating animal to be seen through the glass window. Timid, constantly changing colour, hideous to a degree, having a peculiarly devilish expression, it is well named the Mephistopheles of the sea, and with the bill of a parrot, the power to adapt its colour to almost any rock, and to throw out a cloud of smoke or ink, it well deserves the terror it arouses. The average specimen is about two feet across, but I have seen individuals fourteen feet in radial spread, and larger ones have been taken in deep water offshore."

It is on this trip that visitors are taken to see the sea-lion rookeries at the east end of the Island, though they are to be found, also, on all the islands. These interesting creatures become very tame and are capable of being taught remarkable tricks. Many of my readers doubtless will remember a troupe of these " seals " which performed astonishing feats. They were captured on Santa Cruz. They would pass a ball, no larger than an orange, from one to another, poising it the whole time upon the tips of their noses. Then the trick was done with a large ball, and when it slipped to the ground, one of the seals " picked it up " by placing his nose underneath it, tossing it in the air and catching it on his nose, and thus carrying it securely. They also played with burning flambeaux in reckless abandon.

They are now protected by law, though occasionally a few are caught to be sent to zoological museums throughout the country. The capture is generally made at Santa Cruz, where the sea has made a breach against the high cliffs. Watching the waves the boatmen wait until they have a chance to jump ashore. The " catchers " are cowboys, trained to the use of the riata. They drive the creatures back until they find themselves caught in a *cul de sac,* when they rush forward and charge their tormentors. As Dr. Holder says, it requires no little nerve to stand and face the open mouths of the roaring animals, as they come on with a peculiar galloping motion. But now is the time to throw the riata. As soon as the noose falls over the lion's neck, or elsewhere to give a good hold, the men dash for the rocks where they can get a turn with their ropes. For these animals are vigorous and tremendously strong. Some break away, biting the ropes apart, others slip the ropes off. All seek to reach the water and " the men have to be active to escape the horde of crazed animals (some of which weigh one thousand pounds) which come sliding down the kelp toboggan. After a long struggle the sea-lions are mastered; the ugliest are gagged, bound, thrown over, and towed to the boxes, into which they are placed. Later they are hoisted aboard the launch and carried to Santa Barbara, from which place they are shipped to museums or zoological gardens all over the world."

The coach-ride over Catalina is one of the famous rides of the world. Mr. George Greeley, of Pasadena, is as famous in his day, as a driver, as Hank Monk was in Horace Greeley's day. I am not aware that there is any relationship between the coachman of to-day and the great editor and statesman, though it is a little singular that a Greeley no longer asks to be driven but drives himself. The up grades are always taken on a walk, but when the descent begins the passenger would do well to hold on, for when Greeley lets go, — or perhaps it should be written " lets 'em out," — the sensation is as near to that of being in a dirigible balloon that " bumps " something now and again as anything I can suggest. The horses enjoy it, so does Greeley, so does the passenger if he be fearless and trustful. This is called "Catalina tobogganing."

But it is the fishing that has made the chief fame of Santa Catalina and the other Channel Islands. Dr. Holder is as enthusiastic an angler as he is charming as a nature writer. When he first came here nearly thirty years ago he found it to be the meeting-ground of many great game fishes caught nowhere else, and many indigenous to the locality. He found the leaping tuna, the long-finned tuna, the yellow-fin, the white sea-bass, the leaping swordfish that jumps and outfights the tarpon, the yellow-tail, and many others, any one of which would alone make any place famous. Being a thorough sportsman, he set to work to put a stop to the indiscriminate slaughter of these game fish. For the tuna used to be "harpooned, caught with ropes, shot, perhaps with bombs, or trapped in nets of rope." In 1898 the Tuna Club was organized to secure fair play for these oceanic game fishes. In his first annual address as president, Dr. Holder said among other things:

"A year ago boats left Avalon Bay with from four to ten heavy hand-lines, and tunas and yellow-tail and sea-bass were slaughtered by the ton and thrown away. To-day by your example not a boatman of Santa Catalina will permit a hand-line in his boat. All use rods and reels and the lines specified by the Club, and the result is that few fish are wasted, the catch is reduced two-thirds, and the sport is enhanced by the use of rod and reel."

An interesting chapter could be written alone on each of the larger and smaller game fishes of the islands, and Dr. Holder has written many scores of pages giving accounts of the various catches of these fish. Some of these have been exciting in the extreme.

LANDING A SWORDFISH, CATALINA.

Brief references, however, to the other islands, must be made. The Coronados are in Mexican waters, though few are aware of that fact. They rise out of the pearly-faced sea — seen from Hotel del Coronado — like three barren mountains from an alkali plain. One of them has a decided resemblance to a gigantic figure of a recumbent crusader in some European cathedral. The one to the northwest is known as Cortez. It is four hundred and sixty-seven feet high; that to the southeast is six hundred and seventy-two feet high. At times they appear very close to Hotel del Coronado.

" They are extremely rough and barren. One has an attractive little harbour where small boats find refuge; but the cliffs are steep, and hard climbing is necessary to reach the summit. Surrounded by forests of kelp, they afford a refuge for myriads of rock-bass, sheepshead, and whitefish, while the great black sea-bass affords famous sport for the tourists who congregate at Coronado Beach very nearly opposite and in plain view.

" On the rocks seals, sea-bears, sea-lions abound; and formerly sea-elephants made the place their home; while numerous birds breed here including pelicans, gulls, and petrels."

" Off to the west of the Coronados, nearer San Clemente, are two banks named after Cortez and Captain Tanner, U. S. N., which have aroused much speculation as ' lost islands.' Many a romance has been written with these banks as the foundation. Here it is supposed once stood a Pacific Atlantis. It is unfortunate to have to destroy so alluring a tale, but the stories of cities and ruins seen down through the clear water are pure fiction. The only population of the bank is a remarkable variety of fishes, winter and summer; indeed the Atlantis of Cortez and the Bank of Tanner doubtless are the winter homes of many of the summer fishes of the inshore islands.

"Tanner Bank, called the 'lost island,' covers an area of about fifteen miles in a west-northwest and south-southeasterly direction, and is about four miles wide. Its shallowest portion comes to within about one hundred and sixty feet of the surface and there is deep water all about it equalling two-thirds of a mile in some places, showing that there is a virtual mountain of the sea. It can be found readily by yachtsmen and fishermen.

"Cortez Bank, which lies to the south, is the real 'lost island,' as this submerged mountain rises from water over half a mile deep to within fifteen feet of the surface, and has an area of about twenty-five miles long and eight miles wide.

"At some points the depth is six hundred feet, but the shallow portion is over Bishop's Rock at the southern portion of the bank."

San Clemente is undoubtedly the overflow of a great volcano. There are vast lava beds where the molten rock poured out into the sea. One lava mass is known as Cape Horn. The island is eighteen miles long as the crow flies.

"Its forty or more miles of coast is mainly of rock covered with an assortment of seaweed, the abode of countless shells and mollusks, hence the haunt of vast numbers of fishes The water about it is deep, very few shallows being found, and the chief anchorage for anglers is on the slope of the island mountain as it drops away into deep water, or upon some minor peak which branches out from it. This ensures a vast concourse of bottom-feeding fishes; and as the island is well offshore, in the line of fish migration, it abounds in roaming fishes, which come in large numbers and spend the summer on the feeding and spawning ground of their choice."

"Next to San Nicolás, San Clemente is the most distant island from the mainland, but being nineteen hundred and sixty-four feet high (Mount Cortez), it stands out a conspicuous object in clear weather to the yachtsman. From Point Loma near San Diego the run to the southeast end (Cape Pinchot) is sixty miles, and the course would be two hundred and eighty degrees true west, one-half south mag. from Point Loma. From Santa Catalina, the nearest outfitting point, the run is about thirty miles to the east end; twenty to Howland's. The channel is rough for small boats; to make it in comfort the start should be made from Avalon at four in the morning, thus avoiding the strong midday and afternoon wind which sweeps down the wide open San Clemente Channel from the open sea."

Anacapa is called the "ever-changing island," for it is so strangely made up that it presents constant changes of a most peculiar character to the passing vessel. This has led to many conflicting descriptions of it.

"It is doubtless an island in the last stages, fighting for its life, though it may never have been larger; and it is interesting to land and note the ravages of the sea. It is the most easterly of the Santa Barbara group and is not over eleven miles from the main land or Hueneme Light, at the nearest point. To all intents and purposes it is one island, Anacapa, but when you land or cruise about it, near inshore, it mysteriously divides itself up into three or more islands; doubtless the divisions have been eaten in by the gnawing tooth of the sea. The island forming the east end is the lowest; about a mile long and a fourth of a mile wide, with an altitude of about two hundred feet.

" The middle island or link in the Anacapan chain is nearly three hundred and twenty feet high, one and three-quarters of a mile long, one-fourth of a mile wide. The largest island lies to the west. Its peak, nine hundred and eighty feet high, can be seen thirty-five miles offshore when the day is clear and hot. The others can be sighted from fifteen to twenty miles away, and are so flat or peculiar that they appear like strange exhibitions of the mirage. The little channels which divide the islands are tempestuous places in storms when the sea rushes through and climbs the shores, flinging the spoondrift and flying scud far into the interior and starring the beetled cliffs with incrustations of salt."

On the way out to San Nicolás from Santa Catalina one passes by Santa Barbara Rock. It is the outermost of all the islands, fifty-three miles from the nearest mainland or forty-three miles off the west end of San Clemente. It is " about eight miles long, extending east and west, and has an average of three miles in width, though it seems more than that when butting into the wind and flying sand. In the centre is a hill or mountain rising to an altitude of about eight hundred and ninety feet, a conspicuous object from many miles away."

" Just as at San Clemente, there is at San Nicolás a volcanic cone off the west end, a most conspicuous landmark in clear weather, but extremely dangerous in thick weather, as it is eight miles northwest from the west point of the island and is forty feet high. It is the top of a mountain rising from the sea, and with nothing to warn the mariner on a dark night except his presumable knowledge that Begg's Rock is somewhere about. There should be a bell buoy here. You can see Begg's Rock ten miles off in clear weather. It is protected by a circle of nereocystis, or kelp, and a reef runs north and south from it almost three hundred feet in each direction. That it is a singularly dangerous peak is evident from the fact that at night a ship might take a sounding of sixty fathoms and five minutes later crash on to Begg's Rock."

" From the sea, Santa Cruz Island is a jumble of lofty hills and mountains, with deep gorges and canyons winding in every direction. Hidden away in the very heart of the island is an ideal ranch, with a pronounced foreign atmosphere, in a climate as perfect as that of Avalon on the island to the south."

In the heart of the island is a wonderful valley as enchanting as The Valley of Diamonds. It is invisible and unsuspected from the sea. Few, even of Californians, know of its existence. Surrounded by stupendous precipices and rugged mountains slopes, there are " masses of verdure, rows of vines laden with grapes, acres of green gardens, plume-like eucalyptus trees, besides walnut, fig, and others."

Over sixty men are required to care for it. There are two ranch houses covered with plaster and whitewashed, each with " a small veranda and iron balconies wherever there is an excuse to place one. In front of each is a small, old-fashioned garden, with narrow winding walk, filled with fragrant old-fashioned plants."

" Not far from the house is a little chapel, where services are held, and to the west are the great corrals for the horses, the shops for the wagon-makers, blacksmiths, tool-makers, etc.; for nearly everything used on the ranch is made here, even the ornamental iron railings. Over the big stable is the island clock — a peculiar sun dial, ornamented by some of the men. Beyond are the quarters of the wine-makers and their dining-hall. In the latter is a list of rules, in Italian, as follows: 'Do not throw bread upon the floor.' 'Eat your soup; it is nutritious food.' 'Do not criticise your neighbour at meals.' 'Do not talk loud.'" etc.

On the north coast at Point Diablo is the famous Painted Cave. It is entered through a striking Gothic arch, and is one of the most wildly romantic spots imaginable.

"It is well called the Painted Cave," says Dr. Holder, "as the salts have dyed or coloured it in a fantastic manner, in brilliant yellows, soft browns, reds, greens, and vivid white. The first room opening from the sea may be sixty or seventy feet high, the walls beautifully coloured or painted. From this room we pushed the boat in and in until we came to a dark door opening somewhat but not much larger than the boat. As we approached, a wave came rolling in, sobbing, hissing, groaning in a strange uncanny manner, and I noticed that as it swept in, it almost closed the entrance. It was not an alluring prospect, and I did not wonder that the men displayed so little curiosity. There was but one thing to do. We pushed our boat as near the hole as possible and waited for the next roller, and as it filled the entrance we pushed in immediately after it and got through before its successor came along, a proceeding easily accomplished. At once we were in almost absolute darkness, a small vivid eye of light representing the entrance. It has been my good fortune to hear some singular noises in my day, but the pandemonium, worse confounded, in this cave under the mountain of Point Diablo at times exceeded anything I had ever heard.

"We had made a flambeau of waste, and tying this to a stick endeavoured to see the roof or ceiling; we also attempted to sound the cave, but all to no purpose. I should imagine it was one hundred feet across. I found on the side a ledge, and beyond, and under this, were other caves or passages through which the water went roaring, hissing, and reverberating in a series of sounds which I could easily understand would demoralize any one with weak nerves. There were two ladies with us: Captain Burnham and I rowed, and our fair passengers were animated with a desire for investigation. I am rather inclined to explorations myself, yet I could not but think that if a particularly heavy earthquake should occur at that time and lower the entrance a foot or two, we should be imprisoned beneath the mountain. As I stepped out on the shelf, screams, yells, and shouts seemed to come from the dark unfathomed caves beyond, and all the evil demons of this sea cave apparently sprang to life. At the same time a particularly big wave came in, filling the entrance completely, and as it went reverberating on into countless other caves, it released myriads of reverberations and echoes until the sound was deafening, confusing, and appalling.

"The cave was a sea-lion's den. When I stepped on to the ledge I dislodged several by almost stepping on them in the dark, and their barking protests as they dashed out added to the volume of sound. As they swam beneath us the water blazed with phosphorescence, turning the place into a veritable witches' caldron. I crashed two planks together to find out what sound really was, and we could hear it bounding off and far away into the interstices of the mountain in an appalling series of sounds.

"Watching our chance, we reversed the operation; the moment a wave came in we pushed the boat through into the dazzling sunshine.

"If I should attempt to designate the most striking feature of Santa Cruz I should name its caves, as the entire coast on the water line appears to be cut and perforated by the gnawing sea. Some are large and open; others spout water and air with undisguised ferocity; some merely hiss, growl, and moan as the sea rushes into them; while others again appear so far beneath that the compact merely shakes the rock with a dull heavy reverberation.

" The cave known as Cueva Valdez, toward the east end on the north side, is quite as remarkable as the Painted Cave. It is partly on land, and will hold several hundred people. One entrance opens on the little bay, really a very good harbour; the other on a sandy canyon that leads up into the mountains; and there is a trail along the rocky shore to the east."

" Santa Cruz is one of the largest of the islands, its long axis being parallel to the neighbouring mainland shore. It is twenty-one miles long, extending almost east and west, with an average width of five miles. On the western end a commanding peak rises to an altitude of half a mile or more, or, to be exact, two thousand four hundred and seven feet. Another peak on the east end is fifteen hundred and forty-nine feet high. Santa Cruz has a number of peaks with respective altitudes of thirteen hundred and twenty-nine, thirteen hundred and seventy-four, fourteen hundred and ninety-six, and fifteen hundred and forty-nine feet. On the northern ridge there are peaks of eighteen hundred feet, twenty-four hundred and seven feet, and twenty-one hundred and forty-four feet."

In climate this island compares most favourably with any part of the Riviera, as here are none of the hot winds of Africa or the cold breezes from the Maritime Alps. The eastern end, San Pedro Point, is twenty-one and one-half miles from Santa Barbara and four miles from

Anacapa; and the deep riotous little channel abounds, as I well know, in game bonitos, great schools being seen everywhere on clear days.

Santa Rosa is but five miles from Santa Cruz and is owned privately. From its highest peak, Monte Negro, fifteen hundred and sixty-five feet, an imposing view may be obtained. "Its shores are high, precipitous bluffs, abounding in great caves and little bays, but there are no really good harbours. The east end is rocky and dangerous, as two-thirds of a mile out a rocky cone arises to within sixteen feet of the surface, and about two miles away there is a shoal with less than thirty feet. About two and a half miles from East Point there are sand-dunes two hundred and fifty feet in height, always changing in the strong wind, and once the home of hundreds of natives, who have left tons of abalone shells to tell the story. The extreme northern end of the island is known as Carrington Point; for nearly a mile it faces the sea with a bold and menacing front at least four hundred feet high, a notable sight from a long distance. Nearly the entire island is surrounded with nereocystean kelp, which constitutes a refuge for innumerable fishes."

"San Miguel, the property of the Government, lies to the west of the Santa Barbara group, and is so near Point Concepcion — but twenty-one miles distant — that it is more exposed to the winds than the others, and is a most dangerous place for shipping.

"But three miles from Santa Rosa across a turbulent channel this island, seven and one-seventh miles long, east and west, rises in two peaks in the centre eight hundred and sixty and eight hundred and fifty feet high. It has few beaches; its shores are bold and rocky; and the western end when the wild wind comes tearing in, is the true lair of the sand-dune. There are no trees, and few bushes of any kind, the chief verdure being grass of a long coarse variety which thrives here. After the rains wild flowers of various kinds appear, and the assumption is that years ago San Miguel may have been well wooded like the rest of the island, but now is being blown into the sea."

CHAPTER X

CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE

No romance equals the truth of the charm and delight of California's climate. Summer as well as winter, spring as well as autumn, — alike are alluring, healthful, restful. It is true that the topography of California is so varied that it *reproduces the climate of every State in the Union.* This statement may seem to many to be incredible, yet it is easily susceptible of proof. In our "Glimpses of the Land" we saw that California contained the highest peak, and also the lowest valley, in altitude in the United States. Between these two extremes ranges every possible climate, although it is not altitude alone that determines climate. California possesses glaciers and a desert that out-Saharas Sahara. It has regions where from a hundred to two hundred inches of rain fall annually, and others where not more than an inch totals up the year's supply. Flowers, fruits and vegetables grow perpetually somewhere in the State, yet there are regions where for scores of miles the horses must wear snow-shoes or they would sink into snow-drifts and be lost.

I know of no country that is so all-embracing in topography and climate. It is truly a cosmos within itself. This is nothing to boast of as though it were something personally achieved. Nor is it something to be offended at, if, in stating the facts, the Californian seems to be boastful. He had nothing to do with its making. He found it here, and accepts with gratitude, let us hope, that with which the gods have favoured him.

Ever since Joaquin Miller wrote his *First Families of the Sierras,* and gave the world his inimitable picture of the scrubby little "judge" who on all occasions attributed every achievement to "the glorious climate of Californy," the expression has been common. It has often been quoted in derision, or supposedly subtle sarcasm, for, of course, California does not please everybody. It is even recorded, somewhere, that one of the angels or archangels became dissatisfied with the conditions of the celestial city and he is now — elsewhere. There are disagreeable features in California, and such a wholesale variety that it would be singular, indeed, if some one at some time did not happen upon a climatic manifestation of which he disapproved. Climates, like men, must be judged by their averages, and the California average is extraordinarily high. In my *Through Ramona's Country* I recount my New Year's Day experiences on many occasions, enjoying the snow of Mt. Lowe, the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena, and a swim in the Pacific, all within the short space of three hours spent for actual travel.

Take the question of rain in California. The impression has gone forth that we have a "rainy season," when we are deluged, while during the rest of the year we are parched dry. The fact is we have far less rain, generally speaking, than, say, any of the New England, Northern, Middle West, or Southern States. Through a large part of California the rainfall is limited, from, in San Diego, where the seasonal average is ten inches, and Los Angeles, where it is nearer seventeen inches, to seventeen in 1910 and twenty-nine in 1911 in Sonoma County, and twenty-two in Contra Costa County. By

Chariot Race, Tournament of Roses, Pasadena.

this I do not mean to say that it is exceptional for it to rain more than this anywhere in California. There are regions where over a hundred inches fall, and some that exceed even this figure. But the average *residence* sections do not have, at the most, more than twenty-five to thirty inches in the year. Even Santa Barbara, which faces the South Pacific, has an annual rainfall of only eighteen inches; Ventura, the next county south, sixteen inches, though the year 1884 recorded thirty-eight inches. On the other hand, Kern County, at the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley, except in the mountains, averages about six inches; San Bernardino County, still further to the south and on the other side of the range, varies from two or three inches on the desert, to twenty inches or more in the mountains; while at Sacramento the mean average for thirty-three years gives nearly twenty-one inches, and Shasta County, at the head of the Sacramento Valley, reaches an average of thirty-six inches.

There is that in the climate of California — or is it the climate? perhaps it is something more subtle than climate — that makes one feel *different*. The primness, the stiffness, the formality, the reserves of life seem to fall from one. A new spirit takes possession of the whole nature. There is an expansion of soul, a freedom of spirit, an exuberance of fancy, a springing forth of spontaneous naturalness that carries one away from the crystallized formalism of the older and staider sections of the country. The old feel young, and the careworn joyous, burdens drop away from the spirit as the clouds flee before the California sun. The pure blue sky is symbolic of the clear and speckless arch spreading over the soul; the clarity of the atmosphere of the new insight into life. The wild and delirious singing of the birds is but indicative of the new and unrestrained songs that spring up in the heart; and the sweet odours of the ten thousand times ten thousand flowers but fill the soul with unquenchable desires to make fragrant the barren and flowerless lives of the unhappy and unfortunate. It is a blessed land, this California land where the wine of life flows so richly and fully through the veins of the soul as well as of the body, where manhood becomes more vigorous and strong and womanliness more gracious and tender, where childhood offers so much more to the budding life, and the young man and maiden live in a perpetual springtime.

It was this "atmosphere," this intangible spirit that led one of our poets to sing:

"It is not your mountains or magical chain
Of islands dim purple, or even the sea,
With gay racing billows by day, and by night
His monotone chant to uncomforted souls.
Not these, but the Spirit of these, but the breath,
The reviving, the incomprehensible Air
That we float in, and live in, and love till we die."

Think of the climate that called forth from the poet this practically truthful description, and think of days like this, when children may be out of doors studying their lessons most of the days of the year:

"More perfect than a string of pearls
We hold the full days of the year;
The days troop by like flower-girls,
And all the days are ours here.
Here youth must learn; here age may live
Full tide each day the year can give."

Of its winter climate listen to this absolutely true song of Joaquin Miller's, sung of San Diego:

My sunclad city walks in light
And lasting summer weather;
Red roses bloom on bosoms white
And rosy cheeks together.
If you should smite one cheek, still smite
For she will turn the other.

The thronged warm street tides to and fro
And Love, roseclad, discloses
The only snowstorm we shall know
Is this white storm of roses —
It seems like Maytime, mating so,
And — Nature counting noses.

Soft sea winds sleep on yonder tide;
You hear some boatmen rowing.
Their sisters' hands trail o'er the side;
They toy with warm waves flowing;
Their laps are laden deep and wide
From rose-trees green and growing.

Such roses white! such roses red!
Such roses richly yellow!
The air is like a perfume fed
From autumn fruits full mellow —
But see! a brother bends his head,
An oar forgets its fellow!

Give me to live in land like this,
Nor let me wander further;
Some sister in some boat of bliss
And I her only brother —
Sweet paradise on earth it is;
I would not seek another."

Now see how Edward Rowland Sill sings his own song to the same stimulating theme:

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

" Can this be Christmas — sweet as May,
With drowsy sun and dreamy air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

"Has Time grown sleepy at his post,
And let the exiled Summer back,
Or is it her regretful ghost,
Or witchcraft of the almanac?

"While wandering breaths of mignonette
In at the open window come,
I send my thoughts afar, and let
Them paint your Christmas Day at home.

"Glitter of ice, and glint of frost,
And sparkles in the crusted snow;
And hark! the dancing sleigh-bells, tost
The faster as they fainter grow.

"The creaking footsteps hurry past;
The quick breath dims the frosty air;
And down the crisp road slipping fast
Their laughing loads the cutters bear.

"Penciled against the cold white sky,
Above the curling eaves of snow,
The thin blue smoke lifts lingeringly,
As loath to leave the mirth below.

"For at the door a merry din
Is heard, with stamp of feathery feet,
And chattering girls come storming in,
To toast them at the roaring grate.

"And then from muff and pocket peer,
And many a warm and scented nook,
Mysterious, little bundles queer,
That, rustling, tempt the curious look.

"Now broad upon the southern walls
The mellowed sun's great smile appears,
And tips the rough-ringed icicles
With sparks, that grow to glittering tears.

"Then, as the darkening day goes by,
The wind gets gustier without,
The leaden streaks are on the sky,
And whirls of snow are all about.

" Soon firelight shadows, merry crew,
  Along the darkling walls will leap
And clap their hands, as if they knew
  A thousand things too good to keep.

" Sweet eyes with home's contentment filled,
  As in the smouldering coals they peer,
Haply some wondering pictures build
  Of how I keep my Christmas here.

" Before me, on the wide, warm bay,
  A million azure ripples run;
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay
  Their shining lances to the sun.

" With glossy leaves that poise or swing,
  The callas their white cups unfold,
And faintest chimes of odour ring
  From silver bells with tongues of gold.

" A languor of deliciousness
  Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;
And in the blue heavens meet, and kiss,
  The loitering clouds of summer-time.

" This fragrance of the mountain balm
  From spicy Lebanon might be;
Beneath such sunshine's amber calm
  Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

" O wondrous gift, in goodness given,
  Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
An' earth so fair — so close to Heaven,
  'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

" And we — what bring we in return?
  Only these broken lives, and lift
Them up to meet His pitying scorn,
  As some poor child its foolish gift:

" As some poor child on Christmas Day
  Its broken toy in love might bring;
You could not break its heart and say
  You cared not for the worthless thing?

"Ah, word of trust, His child! That child
Who brought to earth the life divine,
Tells me the Father's pity mild
Scorns not even such a gift as mine.

"I am His creature, and His air
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
The angels' song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is Holy Land."[1]

Of the summer climate equally enthusiastic songs have been sung, and powerful encomiums written, but few strangers know or believe this. They are so carried away with the incomparable winters that they cannot realize or believe what the summer brings. Yet, as I have shown elsewhere, experience demonstrates that the California summers, in chosen localities, are even superior to her winters.

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[1] From *Poems by E. R. Sill.* By kind permission of Houghton, Mifflir & Co., Boston, Mass.

CHAPTER XI

IN AND AROUND THE GOLDEN GATE

The very name "Golden Gate" suggests romance and beauty. Of the latter it has its sufficient quota, as all who have seen it from the Berkeley Hills have declared, when they have been fortunate enough to catch the view as the setting sun slowly fell directly between its rocky walls and blazed its path of golden glory from the hills, over the bay, through to the far-away horizon, with enough glowing gold spilled over the Gate's own rocky masses to transmute them into a scene of transcendent beauty.

Frémont named it in 1846, as he stood on the hills at what was afterwards Joaquin Miller's "Hights." He says: "Approaching from the sea, the coast presents a bold outline. On the south, the bordering mountains come down in a narrow ridge of broken hills, terminating in a precipitous point, against which the sea breaks heavily. On the northern side, the mountain presents a bold promontory, rising in a few miles to a height of two or three thousand feet. Between these points is the strait — about one mile broad in the narrowest part. and five miles long from the sea to the bay. To this Gate I gave the name of *Chrysopylae,* or Golden Gate; for the same reasons that the harbour of Byzantium (Constantinople afterwards) was called *Chrysoceras,* or Golden Horn."

In a note Frémont adds: "The form of the harbour and its advantages for commerce, and that before it became an entrepot of Eastern commerce, suggested the name to the Greek founders of Byzantium. The form of the entrance into the Bay of San Francisco and its advantages for commerce, Asiatic inclusive, suggested to me the name, Golden Gate."

These authoritative statements, therefore, do away with the explanations of the name evolved out of the self-consciousness of certain people who were assured it was so called because of the gold found in the State, or because of the gold of its poppies. For Marshall did not discover gold until nearly two years later than the name was applied.

Hence it may be regarded — from one standpoint — as another of the unconscious prophecies that California has been the subject of ever since men have written about its glories and possibilities. Frémont would be dazzled with the commerce that now pours in daily through his Golden Gate, and he surely would be entranced could he stand on Alcatraz Island and see the marvellous buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition covering an area, part of which, when he first saw it, was the barren, rugged shore of the Gate, and another part a sand-spit covered by the shallow water of the bay.

In site and environment, as well as in history, San Francisco is romantic, and its beauty is unquestioned. On varied ground, rising to its many hills — Rincon, Telegraph, Russian, Buena Vista, Strawberry (in the Park), and Nob (so called because of the "nobs" or millionaires who built their residences upon it), are all noted hills, and Lone Mountain, Twin Peaks, Bernal Heights and Mt. Parnassus are more dominant hills beyond.

In the early days of American occupancy there were many other hills, but as most of them were of sand they were removed as the city's needs required. In those days vessels used to anchor by the side of where Montgomery Street now is. Market Street was a great, long sand hill that reached to the foot of the peak five miles away. The first steam-paddy, or shovel, used in California was brought for the purpose of shovelling that sand into cars which took it to the bay and there dumped it; and upon the filled-in space the city from Montgomery Street to the present bay front has been built.

The hills and rises overlooking the Golden Gate have all been seized and built upon by those who appreciate fine views. For here the æsthetic senses are satisfied to the full. The rolling tide of the incoming or outgoing waters at one's feet, glistening and dancing in the sunshine, the green slopes of the hills on the opposite shore, crowned by the tree-clad Mt. Tamalpais above, the whole enlivened by the incoming or outgoing coast steamers, Oriental liners, lumber or fishing smacks, freight and oil schooners and pleasure boats, many of them with white sails set and filled with the breeze, make a scene of incomparable charm.

There are few large cities in the world that comprise terraced hills within their borders, and yet that are surrounded on three sides by deep water that allows the ready handling and manœuvring of warships and deep-sea vessels. Yet San Francisco is so situated. It is on the Pacific Ocean, on the south side of the Golden Gate and on the Bay. Its only land entrance is by way of the peninsula on the south side. This is enough to set it off as a city by itself, a rare, remarkable city in location that should make of itself all that Nature has made possible. Think of the inspiration that must come to a people whose every view from window, porch, house or hill top is of the great Bay, the swelling tide of the Gate, or the illimitable stretch of the Pacific.

Nor does this end the blessed environment. Beyond the Bay lie the orchards and rich pasture lands of Contra Costa, Marin and Santa Clara Counties, and the eye sees Mt. Diablo, Mt. Hamilton, Loma Prieta, and on rare occasions even the dreamy, hazy, filmy suggestions of the far-away snow-clad Sierras.

Then there are the islands, close by, in the bay, — Alcatraz, Yerba-Buena, Angel and the rest, with the ferry-boats shuttling to and fro, to Oakland, Richmond, Sausalito, Tiburon, and further up to Mare Island and the Sacramento River.

While entirely different from the city of the psalmist's exuberant song, there is no denying that " beautiful for situation is this city," and that many regard it as the " joy of the whole earth." Some of her citizens have recognized this. While there is as much mean commercialism in San Francisco as there is in every other city of its size, — and it will never rise to its possibilities until these adverse elements " die off," — there have always been a few who had the enlarged vision as to what their city might become. James Lick did something to beautify and adorn it; Adolf Sutro bound the sand hills together, built the Cliff House and embattlemented Sutro Heights, making them free to the people, won a five-cent road out to the beach, and besides, planted a million trees (more or less), and thus made possible a dense forest in the heart of the city. Others have done the same, to greater or lesser extent, though it is much to be deplored that San Francisco had not the courage and daring, the judgment and enthusiasm to seize the opportunity the earthquake and fire of 1906 forced upon it, and follow, as far as was possible, the plans for the adornment of the city suggested by D. H. Burnham, who, in 1904, had been requested and engaged to formulate such plans. It would have required almost superhuman courage, but had they dared, San Francisco would, by that one act alone, have placed herself in the very forefront of the cities of the world, and in a few decades have more than won back all she had risked, or spent. But far be it from me to criticize, in any other than the kindest spirit, a city that was so stricken as San Francisco. Her glorious resurrection after her so near destruction is one of the wonders of the ages.

The great divisions of San Francisco are I, the Water Front, II, South of Market St., III, the Presidio district, IV, the several residence sections, V, the Latin Quarter or Little Italy, VI, Chinatown, and VII, the Cliff House. Each is worth a little personal attention.

I. The Water Front. This is the main gateway to San Francisco. All the transcontinental railways land their passengers on the eastern shores of the bay — at Oakland, Richmond, etc., and bring them to the city by ferry. The wharves of the Pacific liners are close by, from which steamers sail to the farthest ends of the earth. From this water front Charles Warren Stoddard sailed to visit the South Seas, where he wrote his marvellous *South Sea Idylls;* Mark Twain went to Hawaii and wrote the sketches that helped give him his fame; Robert Louis Stevenson left for the South Seas, where he lived his last years; and Jack London started on his *Snark* trip. The North Beach is a historic spot in San Francisco annals, and it is picturesque to the visitor of to-day. Greek and Neapolitan, Portuguese and Chinaman cluster in their varied boats, around Fisherman's Wharf, and if the weather be just right, you can shut your eyes, forget for a moment you are on the Pacific

Ocean, open them again and be fully assured you are back in Naples. Sounds, sights, figures, vessels, words, colour and atmosphere are all Neapolitan. It is adjoining North Beach that the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds are located.

Swinging around to the south again, passing the Ferry Building, at the other end of the Water Front, is China Basin, and South San Francisco. Here is Hunter's Point Dry Dock, the largest in America, and midway between it and the Ferry Building are the Union Iron Works, where the *Ohio* and *Oregon* were built for the United States navy.

II. " South of Market " is the euphemistic method of describing the crowded, rougher, poorer section of the city, as the Barbary Coast is the euphemism for that portion of the Water Front where the Jack tars of all nations carouse, drink, dance and revel.

III. The Presidio district naturally centres at the presidio, or fort. This is the Army Headquarters for the Department of California. It is a glorious park of 1,542 acres, overlooking the Golden Gate, where are the officers' homes, the quarters for the soldiers, the parade grounds, and the ominous-looking guns that threaten improper comers.

> " War keeps his dreadful engines at command,
> With frowning brow and unrelaxing hand . . .
> A tiger sleeping on a bed of flowers,"

as San Francisco's poet-mayor so graphically worded it. Now while, officially, it has nothing to do with the Presidio, there is a superior residence section adjacent to the reservation that one's automobile should pass through either before or after the Presidio trip.

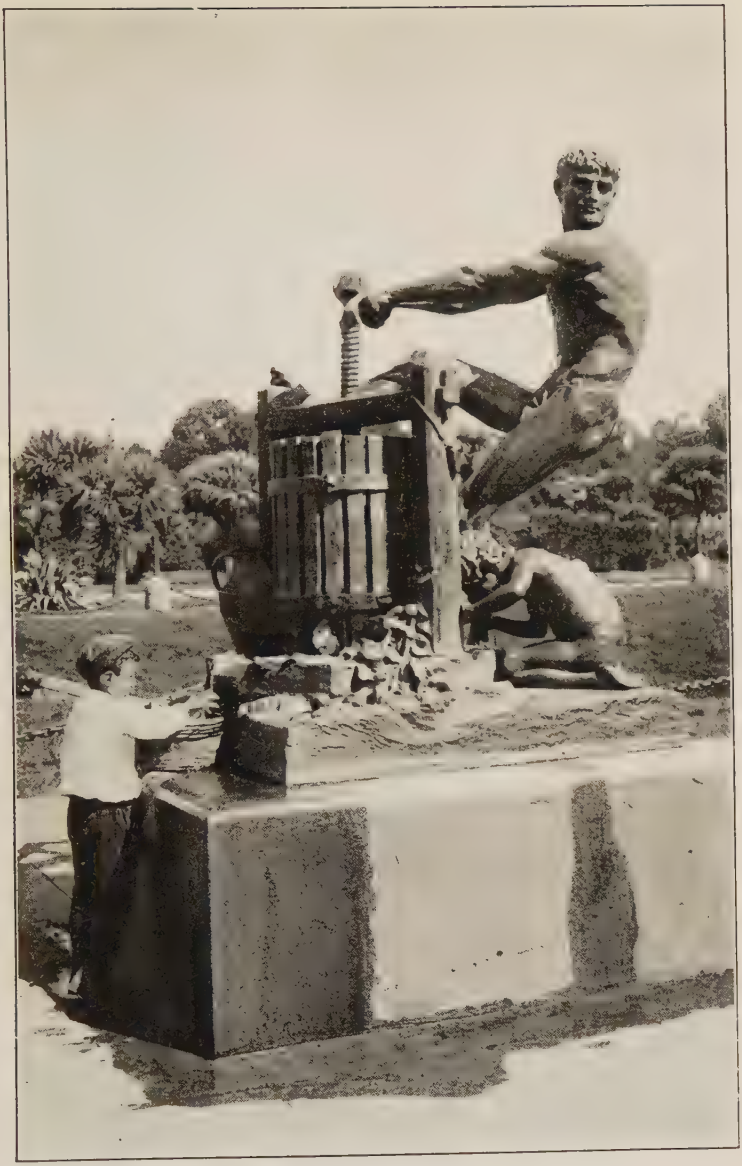
IV. Then the various residence sections are interesting to those who care about the architecture of a city's homes, and a knowledge of their sites and environment. San Francisco is remarkably fortunate in this matter, though it is scarcely within my scope to enter into detail upon the subject.

V. But when it comes to Little Italy, that is another matter. These "city within a city" sections are always fascinating to visitors. Partially on Telegraph Hill, and the streets that radiate therefrom, is this Latin Quarter. Here you hear the tongues of the Mediterranean and smell the cooking of the lands thereof. Spaghetti and red wine abound and garlic is not forgotten.

VI. But most interesting of the quainter side of San Francisco life is Chinatown — a new, rebuilt, remodelled Chinatown since the 1906 fire, but still Chinatown, distinct, separate and individualistic. As Allan Dunn wrote: "Many deplore the passing of the Old Chinatown with the fire. The weird fascination of underground cellars, where gamblers played behind labyrinths of barricaded doors and passages, where the atmosphere was fetid with lack of sanitation and the reek of opium, and strange, long-kept edibles, where slave girls were celled, bartered or murdered at will; of polluted dens where degenerate wrecks sought solace in poppy-vapoured dreams — all that is gone — but the Chinaman . . . has not changed many of his spots." And elsewhere he says: "Chinatown holds, it would seem, great interest with great mystery. With somewhat of superstition and lethargy as regards the world's affairs eliminated with his queue, the transplanted Chinaman is not so great a puzzle as of yore. We wonder at many of his superstitions, his peculiarities of palate, his ideas of musical scale, limitations of theatrical staging and the like, but we know and understand something of his beliefs and customs, have an admiration for the broad tenets of his religion and many of his achievements in the arts and sciences; and we of the West and those who have more than superficially visited the Orient, esteem him as a person of honour, of excellent family traits and a man of parts."

But though the queue-clipping edict had its strong influence in Chinatown, and many a Chinaman of the older order can be seen, in brocaded trousers and coat, be-felted shoes and button-topped hat, "feeling at the back of his head at the place where his hair ought to be" and is not, you may still see the dragon in Chinatown, hear the clashing cymbals and clang of gongs, squeak of fife and fiddle, smell the incense and all the strange and fishy smells, and see the temples, bazaars, food stores, barber-shops and the like of the older civilization. But do not be tempted to talk "pigeon English" to the store-keepers, or you may be charged an additional fifty cents for your want of perspicacity, although your servitor may respond in kind with a gravity and imperturbability equal to that of the proverbial "boiled owl."

VII. The Cliff House for half a century was the outpost of American civilization on the west. It was the place of high revelry in the days of gold, the days of old, and the days that immediately followed those of '49. The present building is the fifth, although the first, in 1858, was named Seal Rock House. The second was called Cliff House. It was erected in 1861. The present is a concrete structure, and its chief charm is that it is built on the edge of the cliff immediately overlooking the Seal Rocks, where barking, swimming, diving, clumsily-walking sea-lions revel and enjoy the dashing waves or catch the fish that come near by. All the moods



WINE PRESS STATUE, GOLDEN GATE PARK.

of ocean, too, from wildest storm to Nirvana-like calm, may be enjoyed from the Cliff House, and I have spent hours, at different times, watching the varied shipping coming out or going into the Golden Gate near by. The excellent hotel service of the place does not in any way detract from its scenic advantages.

Immediately behind the Cliff House are Sutro Heights, on which the builder of the Sutro Tunnel, and the former mayor of the city, erected his home. The grounds have always been open to the public.

On one side of the Cliff House are the Sutro Baths, large, commodious and supplied with sea-water; on the other stretches the beach, which for years has been growing in favour as a resort for the picknickers, pleasure seekers and children of the city. Every Christmas Day, too, the Olympic Club here takes its annual bath, run and jinks on the beach, the moving picture of which is shown the world around, as a proof of California's attractive climate.

Not far away is the Life Saving Station.

The Great Highway is the Beach Boulevard for automobiles that begins at the Cliff House and extends for miles south, and is but one of many of the delightful roads that belong to San Francisco.

But, undoubtedly, the chief glory of the city is its Golden Gate Park. And well it may be. Under the control of a superintendent, Mr. John MacLaren, who is an indefatigable worker and a genius in dealing with plants, trees and flowers, this thousand acre patch has grown, in forty years, from a wild waste of sand hills to one of the most attractive and pleasing parks of the world. There are a Temple of Music, Child's Playground, Japanese Tea Garden, Museum (in a building that remains as a memorial of the Midwinter Fair of

1894), Academy of Sciences, Conservatory, Aviary, Zoological paddocks, several lakes, an observatory, Roman bridges, monuments galore, Stadium and athletic fields, Tennis, Baseball, Football and other recreation grounds, Windmills and a Chalet. Another interesting feature is the Norwegian sloop *Gjoa,* the famous vessel in which Captain Amundsen made his historic northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 1908. The people of Norway presented it to the City of San Francisco.

After the great fire (1906), this and the other parks of San Francisco sheltered fully two hundred thousand of those who were made homeless, and on June 2d the Commencement Exercises of the schools were held at the outdoor Temple of Music, and 1,700 pupils received their certificates of graduation.

There are numberless smaller parks in the city, the most interesting and historic being Portsmouth Square, formerly the heart of Yerba Buena. Near the corner of Dupont and Clay Streets was the house of Jacob Leese, where, in 1836, the first Fourth of July celebration was held, and, in 1840, the first child born of American parents saw the light. The first hotel, custom-house, church, school-house, bank, store and newspaper office were built around it, or near by. It received its name from the fact that on July 8, 1846, the American flag was first raised here from the United States sloop-of-war, the *Portsmouth,* Captain Montgomery commanding, whose name was conferred upon the street one block east. It was the city's centre during that wild epoch of the gold days. Here were the gilded palaces of gin and chance to which the miners flocked, and, strange to say, in 1850 a procession of Chinese marched around it, when the city bade them welcome. This was prior to the sand lot agitations which culminated in the formulation by Congress of the Chinese Exclusion Act. In 1851 one of the Vigilance Committee hangings took place on one of the overhanging beams of the Custom House. Here in 1879 the well-beloved Stevenson used to come and sit. Hence the unique monument to Stevenson that now stands there, designed by Bruce Porter and Willis Polk.

Union Square is nearer the present business heart of the city. The St. Francis Hotel is at one corner. Its chief attraction is the slender and graceful Dewey Column, surmounted by a figure of Victory holding a laurel wreath, designed by Robert Aitken, a San Francisco sculptor of world-embracing genius.

The most historic building of the city is the Mission, dedicated to the founder of the San Franciscan order, and from which the city gains its name. Mr. Zoeth Eldredge, an enthusiastic and painstaking historian of the city, has written two excellent volumes on *The Beginnings of San Francisco,* which afford fascinating glimpses of its life in those ancient (though chronologically not far away) days. Though a new and pretentious church edifice close by was shaken down in the earthquake of 1906, the old adobe building still remains, a memorial not only of the faith and devotion of the padres, but of the satisfactory and conscientious work of the Indians In the cemetery adjoining it are a number of interesting monuments, two of which are to Cora and Casey, hanged by the Vigilance Committee of 1856.

One has little space in a book of this character to speak of the ordinary hotels of cities, yet San Francisco has two hotels that are so out of the ordinary that they cannot be ignored. The Palace Hotel, for twenty years after its erection, was the largest hotel in the world. In its unique inner court the carriages of citizen and visitor, traveller and passing statesman used to be driven, greeted by the blare of welcoming band. Now, remodelled after the 1906 fire, the élite of San Francisco meet there for their daily greetings, society functions and afternoon teas. The kitchens of the Palace are marvels of ingenious arrangement, and in the barroom (I wish it were in a better place) is that striking picture of Maxfield Parrish portraying with the power of genius Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin.*

The Fairmont Hotel is that dominating structure of marble that rises triumphant, on Nob Hill, over all the rest of the city, and that one first sees, whether he arrives in San Francisco by the Coast Line up the Peninsula, or from the ferry-boat on the Bay. It was built by the heirs of James Fair, one of the Comstock magnates, hence its name.

There is no time when San Francisco wears such an air of romance, to me, as at night time, and it should then be seen from the ferry-boat. Here is Gelett Burgess's description: "There it lay, a constellation of lights, a golden radiance, dimmed by the distance, San Francisco the impossible, the City of Miracles. Of it and its people many stories have been told, and many shall be; but a thousand tales shall not exhaust its treasury of Romance. Earthquake and fire shall not change it, terror and suffering shall not break its glad, mad spirit. Time alone can tame the town . . . and rob it of its nameless charm, subdue it to the commonplace."

In its surroundings and tributary country San Francisco is remarkably fortunate. Strange to say, as compared with Los Angeles, it seems singularly deficient in coast resorts. For years its Cliff House Beach, and far-away Santa Cruz and Monterey were its chief ocean attractions, with a few sparsely visited nooks of charm

THE FAIRMONT HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

and beauty to the north, as Tomales Bay. Of late years, however, since the opening of the Ocean Shore Railway, which runs forty miles south, several places have been started, destined to grow into fame. Chief of these is Montara, with three or four others running close behind.

The chief mountain resort, close to the city, is Mt. Tamalpais, on which is the most crooked railway on earth. It turns, — not a somersault, — but a double bow-knot, and in a little over eight miles, and an ascent of 2,500 feet, has over two hundred and eighty curves. It was built in 1896, and is a standard broad gauge road. Its peculiarity is that the engine wheels clamp the rails as they progress. There are no steeper grades than seven per cent., but it is one of the famous mountain railways of the world. It crosses deep-cut canyons in the mountain where every slope is rich with the foliage of redwoods, madrones, oaks, laurels, sycamores, manzanita, sages, and a hundred forms of daintily-flowered chaparral.

A little on one side from the summit are the Muir Woods, given by Congressman Kent to the government, and named after California's famous scientist-naturalist-author, John Muir. The redwoods are of fine proportions and exquisite symmetry and thousands visit them every year.

But, necessarily, the chief charm to most of those who make the ascent of Mt. Tamalpais, is the view from the summit. It is wide and expansive — the ocean, with the Farallone Islands on the one hand; the wild, rugged coast, and the beautiful valleys of San Mateo County on the north, with Mt. St. Helena, fifty-six miles, and Mt. Shasta, three hundred miles away, snow-crowned and majestic, often in sight. If the day is clear enough to reveal Shasta, the eye may generally follow down, to due east, the course of the Sierra Nevadas, where Mt. Diablo and Mt. Hamilton in the nearer ranges come into sight. On the south the horizon line is met with the Santa Cruz range, the chief peak of which, Loma Prieta, dark and gloomy, fifty miles away, is the dominating landmark. Shut in by these encircling mountains is some of the most fertile, varied and interesting country of California. Sonoma and Napa Counties, with their marvellously fertile valleys; Marin County, with many picturesque and dainty growing suburban towns; prosperous Richmond, started little over ten years ago as the terminus of the Santa Fé Railway, and speedily made the home of the Standard Oil Company's refineries and distributing and receiving plants and pipe lines, the Pullman Car Company's shops; Winehaven, the plant of the California Wine Association, etc., and now the chief city of Contra Costa County, Berkeley, Oakland, Piedmont, Alameda, the southern arm of the Bay as far as beautiful San José on the south, while so close, it seems as if one might almost toss a ball into a maze of miniature streets lies San Francisco on its hills, serene, indifferent to fate, the proud mistress of the Golden Gate.

All these places — and many that I have not named — should be visited, and must be, ere one can know California. Oakland, on the eastern shores of the bay, is a city that is now enjoying its business and commercial renaissance. For years it seemed to be resting, but during the past eight years it has leaped into new life and surprised itself with the vigour and strength of its new-found powers. A most graphic, powerful and fascinating account of the growth of Oakland and its suburban sister of Piedmont is given by Jack London in his *Burning Daylight*. While possessing all the charm of vivid fiction it is largely based on facts, and thus read

LAKE MERRITT, OAKLAND.

gives the most satisfactory account of the growth of Oakland that has ever been penned.

The city has built a majestic city hall that towers like a supreme mountain peak above its fellows, 377 feet above the street; and it has a magnificent two million dollar hotel that is a pride and a delight. For years its water-front was dominated by the Southern Pacific Company. Then by a happy suit, unintentionally started, the control was given back to the city. The result is that Oakland is now reclaiming hundreds of acres of low-watered land hitherto useless in the bay. It recently voted bonds for over two millions and a half for harbour improvements and intends soon to be one of the greatest shipping ports of the Pacific Coast.

Oakland possesses the only cotton mills west of the Rocky Mountains, and all the California grown cotton is here manufactured into woven goods. Three systems of transcontinental railways give passenger and traffic service to the city, 1,607 trains running daily in and out of its terminals. It is unique in the possession of a water park of 170 acres, Lake Merritt, within its city limits. Two parks line its shores and a beautiful boulevard makes its placid waters accessible to all.

Berkeley is a purely university residential city, and its life is dominated by the State University. Piedmont is of much later growth, and is entirely built up of the fine homes of the wealthy. Its park is of a superior order and the Art Gallery, one of the best in California.

Alameda is another of the trans-bay cities that cannot be ignored. The county seat of Alameda County, it has felt the recent impulse to new growth experienced so largely throughout the State. It is really a suburban city, having swift and frequent electric connection with the ferry-boats to San Francisco, with the added advantage of a rich tributary " back country." The location, however, is practically an island, hence it has the perfect healthfulness that comes from perfect drainage and a moving salt water environment. Much of its commercial transportation is by water, and it is acquiring title to all its water-front. Being so highly advantaged in relation to the Bay, Alamedans rejoice in boating, yachting, swimming and other water clubs, girls as well as boys having their full opportunities in these safe waters. Another charm is found in the great number of houseboats that anchor in the quiet waters of the small nooks and bays along the shore.

This is also a large feature of the pleasant life of the people of Tiburon, Sausalito, Belvidere and other favoured locations on the north shore of the Bay of San Francisco. Hundreds of people quit their houses in the summer months and move to their " pleasure arks," where they at once become aquatic dwellers with all the privileges of close proximity to the city of their daily labour or nightly enjoyment.

The peninsula country, south of San Francisco, is fully deserving a chapter in this book, but space forbids. There are many residence cities and towns, like San Mateo, Burlingame, Redwood, Palo Alto, Mountain View and Santa Clara, between San Francisco and San José. This latter is the oldest town in the State, having been founded as a Spanish pueblo in November, 1777. While several *Missions* were established prior to this time, this was the first definite *pueblo* or town. The chief city of the Santa Clara Valley, it has always been of considerable importance, as the surrounding tributary country is of the richest character. It possesses a fine tourist hotel, the Vendome, situated in its own park, and is the starting-point for the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton.

HOUSE-BOATS, ALAMEDA.

These are but cursory and rapid glimpses of some of the "high lights" that catch the eye as one glances around the region of the Golden Gate. No one is more aware of its inadequacy than myself, and the disappointed reader must realize that all that is possible in a limited work of this description is to give him the outline or skeleton which he must fill in or clothe by further investigation and mental acquisition.

CHAPTER XII

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL AT SACRAMENTO TO MT. SHASTA

EQUALLY romantic, beautiful, progressive and varied with the San Joaquin Valley is the Sacramento Valley. Though not quite so long in mileage it is about equal in acreage, being nearly two hundred miles long and varying in width up to sixty miles. It has passed through the same history as its southern compeer. First granted by the Spanish or Mexican government in vast tracts, most of which were confirmed when it came into the hands of the United States; then long used as mere cattle ranges, wild pasture and for wild hay; next it became the scene of grain-growing operations on a gigantic scale. Here it was the steam-plough and the twenty, twenty-six, thirty horse-propelled header and thresher, or combined harvester as it is now called, was invented and first used, and here for the mechanical manipulation of these vast areas, steam and oil burning engines are constantly being perfected for reducing the labour of man.

Now, however, most of the large ranches have been broken up and subdivided into tracts as small as twenty, ten and even five acres. A vast agricultural population is pouring in and the Sacramento Valley is now undergoing the greatest transition in its history. One's pen can scarce keep up with the marvellous changes that a year brings forth, and even to Californians, some of the

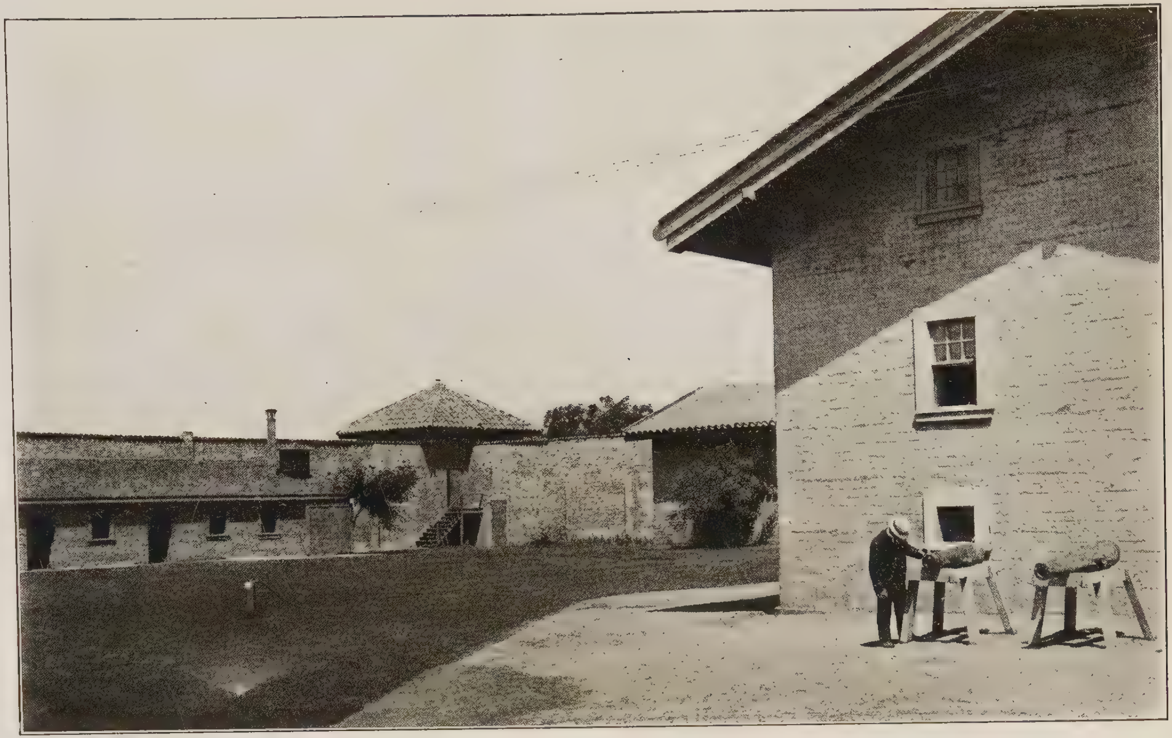
THE CAPITAL, SACRAMENTO.

developments are upon lines that create surprise bordering upon incredulity.

For instance, when the severe frosts of 1912-13 attacked the citrus crops of Southern California, two or three of the most extensive and progressive growers left that much heralded and highly favoured section, bought large areas in the foothill regions of the Sacramento Valley, where careful observations for years had revealed thermal belts never known to be seriously affected by low temperatures. One man alone proceeded to set out five thousand acres to citrus fruits, most of which is now accomplished. Here, though five to six or even seven hundred miles north of his former orange orchards, he will secure his crops nearly two months earlier, and thus be practically assured of his market before frosts are at all likely to appear. Orland, nearly a hundred miles further north, has been shipping its oranges for several years by Thanksgiving Day, and receiving the higher prices that come from being thus early in the markets.

The natural gateway to this inland empire is Sacramento, the capital of the State. Formerly in the heart of a grant made by the Mexican Governor Alvarado to General John A. Sutter, in 1839, which became the objective point of emigrants to California before the discovery of gold, it was naturally the best known interior settlement in the whole of California when that wonderful find occurred. Add to this that Marshall was in Sutter's employ when the gold was picked up, Sutter's Fort (as his home place was called) was as much on the lips of the argonauts as was San Francisco. The city grew up near by as a matter of course, and was named Sacramento after the river. The securing of the State capital was not accomplished without effort, several other strong rivals for the honour and emolument contesting Sacramento's claim. But the matter was finally settled by the act of 1852. In 1856 it was decided to build a state capitol, but not until 1860 was work begun. It was originally limited to cost not more than half a million but appropriations grew until the building as it now stands has cost not less than seven millions. It is one of the handsomest and most imposing of the older state capitols of the country, but California is now growing somewhat ambitious for a new, larger and more modern structure. The grounds in which it stands, however, are beyond compare. A park of thirty-three acres, with over one hundred and twenty varieties of trees and shrubs gathered from all parts of the world, with added varieties in the half-acre Memorial Park adjacent. The trees of the Memorial Park were gathered from the battlefields of the Civil War and other places of fame in American history. One of the buildings of great interest near the Capitol is the State Insectary. It has been found that several of the pests which afflict the citrus and other profitable crop-bearing trees of California are preyed upon and kept practically under control by certain insects. These are gathered from all parts of the world, and here bred and distributed where they are most needed. To many visitors it is an unique plant, and when they learn that distinguished entomologists from France, Spain, Japan, South Africa, the Island of Formosa, etc., have visited America purely to study the methods followed at the Sacramento Insectary, their respect for " bug-breeding " is at once materially increased.

One of the interesting historic spots of the State is Sutter's Fort, in the heart of the city. Built soon after General Sutter's arrival in 1839, it saw many thrilling



SUTTER'S FORT.

pages in the State's early history. Here the remnants of the Donner party were brought after their fearful winter at the lake which bears their name. Here Frémont came and consulted with the doughty Swiss in regard to the Bear Flag revolution, and seizing the country for the United States. To secure lumber for Sutter's operations Marshall built the mill and constructed the mill-race at Coloma, on the American River, some forty-five miles away, as is elsewhere recorded, which led to the discovery of gold. This discovery ruined Sutter, though it laid the foundations upon which the city of Sacramento was later built.

In the early history of the State, when placer-mining was at its height, Sacramento suffered fearfully from the washing down into and filling up of the river with the sand, silt and other débris carried away in the process. This " slickens " soon bid fair to cause the entire destruction of the city. Litigation was commenced to prohibit placer-mining as a menace to the agricultural interests of the State, and after a long and hardly fought series of contests the latter won and placer-mining practically became a thing of the past. Sacramento, however, built great levees to protect itself from being swamped at flood times and now the river is generally perfectly under control.

Placer-mining was a most picturesque method of extracting the gold from the hillsides. It used the gigantic force of hydraulics, skilfully applied, to do the work of thousands of men in digging away the earth and washing it down to the sluice-boxes, where any gold it contained was arrested on the riffles. Water was conveyed under great head into brass nozzles like those used by our modern fire departments. From the Southern Pacific Railway at Dutch Flat one may see the effect of this style of mining. The whole contour of the country was changed, and though Nature has kindly covered up many of her scars, enough still remain to show the harshness of the treatment.

Now, however, by means of the dredger a similar upheaval of the country in certain districts is taking place. At Oroville and Chico — or near by — and several other localities in the Sacramento Valley, it is being successfully used to extract the gold. The process is new, though it is merely a modern application of old methods. The dredger bites into the face of the country with steel buckets which run on an endless belt. The " pay dirt " is thus carried to the hopper, where the stones are sifted out. Water then washes the earth over the riffles where the gold is caught. By damming up the space occupied by the dredger there is no escape of " slickens " to fill up the river-beds, hence the old complaint against hydraulic mining is not raised. But as this process destroys the face of the country over which the dredger passes, leaving the uncovered piles of boulders like bare skeletons as the marks of its passage, there are those who contend that it is of such permanent injury to the land that it should be prohibited. Millions of dollars, however, are now taken out annually by this process, and there would undoubtedly be strong opposition to any prohibitory legislation.

It should be noted that, while to those who see the land after a dredger has gone over it there seems no possibility for its further use, experience has demonstrated that it can profitably be planted to eucalyptus. The dredger overturns the earth to a great depth and when the soil is replaced the boulders are generally on top. This has the same effect as extraordinarily deep ploughing, and the contention is that, if compelled, the

A GOLD DREDGER.

dredgers might so redeposit the soil, making it sufficiently cover the rocks as to put an end to even the temporary devastation that seems inevitable. In the case referred to, however, the eucalyptus were planted among the rocks, and have thrived abundantly.

It is chiefly to its agricultural and fruit-growing industries and the development of the small ranch or farm out of the vast holdings that formerly held back the Sacramento Valley, that one must now look for its continued material advancement. Vast sums of money are now being expended by great corporations and private capitalists in putting in irrigation systems that mean the entire change of thousands of acres of this rich and fertile land. Alfalfa thrives wonderfully and stock raising and dairy farms are profitable.

Hops, too, find their natural habitat in the Sacramento Valley. Crops to the extent of millions of pounds are grown annually within view from the dome of the Capitol at Sacramento.

It is a surprise to many to learn that the Sacramento Valley is the largest producer of almonds in the world. Three counties alone produce more than all the rest of California, and the quality is exceptionally fine, the nuts being large, rich in flavour and fine in texture.

All the deciduous fruits grow to perfection and garden truck, small berries and asparagus are canned by the thousands of tons as well as shipped for the great markets of San Francisco, Oakland and other large cities.

The olive thrives well almost all over the State, but it reaches a high degree of perfection in the Sacramento Valley. Indeed one of the largest producers in the world is a woman, who by personal attention and methods has developed a wonderful business. The olives of California are seldom, scarcely ever, picked green. They are allowed to ripen fully on the trees. This develops a rich sweetness and a food value totally unknown to the green olive of European commerce, and the eating of which is confessedly an acquired habit. No one contends that the green olive has the slightest food value; it is merely a relish, a useless and, indeed, harmful luxury, as it is indigestible. But the ripe olive is full of nutriment, besides having a sweet and delicious flavour, when properly cured. The California habit of eating the ripe olive *as a food* is extending throughout the East with increasing rapidity, and the result is the speedy enlargement of the olive industry. Olive crops have already been contracted for, at large prices, for ten and even twenty years ahead, and a vast amount of new planting is being done annually. There are few sights more beautiful than that of an olive orchard when the crop is ripe, the deep brownish black of the fruit contrasting delightfully with the silvery green of the leaves.

At Orland, in the upper portion of the Sacramento Valley, is the only Californian manifestation of the beneficial activities of the United States Reclamation Service. A large dam was constructed in the Coast Range, from which the water is conveyed to fourteen thousand acres of land at and near the town.

In the higher foothills, above the orange belt, apples and pears thrive famously. The former seem to need the tang of a little winter to develop their juicy qualities and the apples of this valley find a ready market because they possess those desired essentials.

The Sacramento Valley is so wide in some portions that it has two and even more lines of railway to supply its needs, one on the east side and the other on the west. It is also blessed with abundant water transportation, the Sacramento and Feather Rivers being navigable for freight and passenger steamers as high up as Marysville, which constantly ply to and fro from San Francisco.

Marysville, like Sacramento, owes its origin as a city to the influx of the gold seekers, for the Feather River, the upper reaches and the tributaries of the Sacramento were rich in the precious nuggets and dust. Chico is another of the famous cities of the valley, having been laid out by General John Bidwell, who came to California in 1841 with the first overland wagon train. But from one end to the other, on both sides, towns and cities are growing into wealth and commercial importance. There are ten valley counties and all are progressive and fully in accord with the modern spirit of improvement and highest development, and to do them justice would require a book of this size for each one. And in addition there are counties partially or wholly back in the Sierras overlooking the Sacramento and which scenically are its chief asset.

Here as in the San Joaquin, the valley dwellers are blessed not only with the life-giving water from the mountains, but they find in them their constant æsthetic delight, their scenic enjoyment. Amador, El Dorado, Placer, Nevada, Sierra, Plumás and Shasta are all mountain as well as valley counties. How rich in canyons and ridges, peaks and summits, which delight the eye and stimulate the soul of man, as well as in mines, crops, pastures and herds, few strangers to them can conceive.

Chief of all the mountain peaks in the northern part of the State, and in the impressive grandeur of its solitary estate, chief of all California, is Mt. Shasta, which may be regarded as the sentinel and guard of the northern pass into the Sacramento Valley.

Mount Shasta is the Fuji-San of California. It has not yet been made sacred, but that is because the Californian is neither as religious nor practically wise as is the Japanese. It stands out dignified, solitary, majestic, impressive, fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-four feet above sea-level, and from the moment one gains his first glimpse of it in ascending the Sacramento River Canyon until he bids it adieu on crossing the Siskiyous it dominates and controls him. As the train winds from side to side of the canyon, and the canyon itself makes its sinuous curves in the heart of the hills the great snow-clad summit appears, first on one side, then on the other, and the traveller rushes from window to window, eager not to lose sight of so glorious a mountain altar for a single minute.

An altar it surely is, for it lifts up men's hearts to the sun-lit sky, to the serenity of the stars, to the pure blue of the atmosphere, to the majesty and strength, the nourishment and beauty it contains. It would be well could ten thousand new men be taken daily from our cities and set down at the foot of such a mountain as Shasta and bid remain there for a full twenty-four hours. They should see a sunrise flame on the summit an hour before it reached the valley; watch the whole process so wonderfully described by Joaquin Miller:

> " Where the Sun first lands in his newness,
> And marshals his beams and his lances,
> Ere down to the vale he advances,
> With visor erect, and ride swiftly
> On the terrible night in history,
> On the terrible night in his way,
> And stays him, and, dauntless and deftly,
> Hews out the beautiful day
> With his flashing sword of silver."

They should watch the colourings, changeful and varied, as the sun makes his stately march through the heavens. They should hear the birds sing and see them fly to and fro, up and down in their simple happiness; they should glimpse the soaring eagle, vulture and hawk high in the flawless heavens and know the ease with which God's feather-clad messengers cleave the sky; they should smell the incense of cedar and pine, fir and tamarack, spruce and juniper, and the commingled odour of a million million flowers and all the sweet scents of clover and timothy and bunch grass and tules as they ascend in a tribute of thankfulness, praise and gratitude; they should hear the myriad "lobgesangs" of ten thousand times ten thousand tiny beings of earth and sky all joining, though unconsciously, in the glorious paean of melody and harmony; then they should see the master artist paint his vivid sunsets — not a fixed canvas, but a moving picture of divine colourings, splendid, gorgeous, enthralling — and finally feel the sable serenity of night at a kingly mountain's base.

> "'Tis midnight now. The bent and broken moon
> All batter'd, black, as from a thousand battles,
> Hangs silent on the purple walls of heaven."

But before they saw the sunset I would demand that they climb to the virgin snow-fields on Shasta's rugged sides, and see the husbanding care with which every snowflake is guarded, packed down, stored with every other snowflake, so that stormy winds cannot wrest them away from the peaceful beds in which they lie; then I would bring them to springs below, bubbling forth from solid rock, out of soft cienega, or trickling from sloping bank; they should see the melting snow tumbling down — as Major Powell graphically phrases it — "the mountain-sides in millions of cascades. Ten million cascade brooks unite to form ten thousand torrent creeks; ten thousand torrent creeks unite to form a hundred rivers beset with cataracts; a hundred roaring rivers unite to form the Colorado."

To a lesser extent than to the Colorado these words apply to the Sacramento, all of which I would have the city men see, know and, as far as possible, understand.

They should follow the brooks, creeks, and smaller rivers until they merge into the dashing, sparkling, roaring McCloud and the Sacramento. Even then they should not rest, for I would urge them on and they should see the water taken out and used to turn the water-driven dynamos that supply the light and power for towns and cities hundreds of miles away, thus adding to the comfort and power of man; and then they should see these waters poured forth into giant canals and smaller laterals, through head-gates into distributing ditches where trees and vegetables, alfalfa and timothy by the thousands of acres, hundreds of thousands, eagerly drink of the nourishing stream and pour forth a compensating flood of train-loads of almonds, walnuts, peaches, nectarines, plums, prunes, oranges, lemons, and hay for the feeding of the sons of men and the financial enrichment of their producers.

I would thus practically have them learn the nourishing power of a mountain, see the life-giving streams that flow from its bosom, grasp and fully understand why the Indian calls all snow-tented mountain summits the maternal breasts of the valleys below. Such mountains receive but to give. They glean each snowflake from the sky and eagerly hoard them but to pour them forth in generous life-sustaining flood later on, when, in his ardour of wooing the Earth to be fruitful, the Sun would parch and dry and wither.

Oh! marvellous wisdom of Nature; divine controllings of clouds and mountain barriers, of rain-fall and

THE SACRAMENTO RIVER IN THE SACRAMENTO CANYON.

snow-fall, of temperatures and elevations; of sunshine and shadows. Ardent sunshine lures the ocean's waters to soar in cloud-made aeroplanes o'er valleys and foothills; mountain barriers arrest their eastern progress and pile them up in fleecy billows upon an amethystine sky; barometric pressures raise or lower temperatures and rain or snow falls upon the receiving heights; snow is eagerly hoarded in accumulating banks; granite summits shadow them from sun and wind; warmth and cold solidify these banks from fleecy snow to close-packed *névé* or crystal ice; ardent heat slowly melts *névé* or ice and sends tinkling music of gentle water's flow until roaring, tumbling creeks have formed and rivers are made to flood the thirsty valleys a hundred, twice a hundred miles away with vivifying life and fructifying power.

Should the insensate mountain surpass man in its intelligent receiving and whole-hearted giving? Is there here no analogy for man's instruction? Is the mountain to be a nourishing power and man selfishly to absorb for himself all he receives?

As the writer of the Hebrew proverbs sent man to the ant, so would I send men to the mountains that they might learn of them and be wise. I would let the giving streams sing in their ears the eternal truths that *there will be no pockets in their shrouds,* and that

> "All they can hold in their dead cold hands
> Is what they have given away."

Mount Shasta is an enduring teacher of unselfish giving, a never-silent asserter of the truth that man receives but to give — he is God's steward, and the higher his intellect and skill allow him to reach into the blue of the heavens to arrest the wealth-laden clouds, the greater is his responsibility as well as his glorious *opportunity* to *give,* GIVE, of that which has so generously come to him.

Is there no romance here? Is there no beauty? Oh! romance of the teachings of the silent snowladen summits; beauty that flows from the generous givings of the mountain-heights. Many a blossom-laden orchard, fruit-laden tree, smiling field, fertile foot-hill, prosperous farm, happy child, thriving farmer, contented wife, with all the dainty, robust, exquisite, rugged beauty and thrilling or quiet romance connected therewith, springs from the storm-scarred battlements of Mount Shasta. Hence we hail the majestic mountain of the ages as a radiant centre of Beauty and Romance.

Even one day of such experiences, to money-sordid men, selfish men, haughty men, ignorant men, city men, would be a blessing, a revelation, a vision, and if the one day could be made thirty, they would feel in themselves new impulses, new desires, new aspirations, new ambitions for purer, better, more helpful things than mere victory in the strife of trade and commerce.

How Shasta has stimulated the poet! Joaquin Miller used to live in its shadow. One of his earliest books he called *Shadows of Shasta;* and one of his first poems was commenced 'neath its inspiration. In and around its valleys Keith painted some of his greatest pictures, and Thomas Starr King and other famous orators have gained from it lessons to teach to their fellows.

The easiest approach to Shasta is on the Southern Pacific Railway, which reaches it by way of the Sacramento Canyon. There is also an automobile road covering practically the same ground. Leaving Redding the valley is soon merged into the narrowing canyon. All the way up the scenery is increasingly interesting, and

CASTLE CRAGS.

one desires to stop at a score places, each famous to its own group of annual visitors.

But undoubtedly one of the most delightful and restful places of the Shasta region is Castle Crags Resort. It is not a camping-out place, but is unique in that it consists of log cabins, scattered about in pleasing confusion among the trees, on the hilly slopes, around a common centre, where dining-room, club-house, social hall, etc., are located.

Castle Crags itself — from which the resort takes its name — is a towering, jagged ridge of granitic upthrust, rearing its bristling spires about four thousand feet above the Sacramento River, — which is here at an elevation of about two thousand feet, — and clearly seen from Castle Crags Resort, Shasta Springs, Dunsmuir, Castella, and several other points along the railway.

The formation is not uncommon in the High Sierras, and several similar masses are to be found, as for instance, Cathedral Spires in the Yosemite, and the Minarets of the High Sierras.

At Castle Crags the granite has two lines of cleavage, the vertical, which makes the jagged spires, and the transverse, which divides it into blocks. This latter cleavage, however, cannot clearly be seen from below. It is only when one stands near by that the block divisions are discernible.

A finely engineered and easy trail has been made from the farm to the foot of Castle Dome. This is the most imposing member of the group, and has a shape, when seen from the southwest, not unlike the Half Dome of the Yosemite Valley. The other principal members are sharp, jagged spires, slightly inclined from the perpendicular.

It is not a dangerous feat to climb to the summit of

Castle Dome, yet it is ticklish for one unused to slippery granite faces, where a slip or a misstep may mean a fall of a hundred feet or more. In making the climb, in August, 1913, when I came within about twenty-five to fifty feet of the summit, I was alone and without a rope. It was an exciting, interesting, stimulating experience. Had I had a rope to aid me on my return I should have made the summit. After climbing up a fairly steep rise to one of the lesser " steps " of the Dome I found a cleft up which I might have come with ease. I used it for the return and descended in a minute what had taken me more than half an hour to climb. It gives one a sensation almost of breathlessness to find himself suddenly looking down from a narrow shelf — say five or six inches wide — on which he is holding by one foot, while his fingers grasp a tiny ridge above, to a depth of one, two hundred feet. But when he climbs higher still and then gets a sudden glance down of twice the height, he must keep his nerve or further climbing or descent becomes impossible. None but the clear-headed and self-controlled should attempt such simple climbs even as to the top of Castle Dome.

From the porch of the Casino at Castle Crags Resort one secures an unusually fine and rather unique view of Mt. Shasta. The view is up the Sacramento Canyon, which is lined on either side with a wealth of trees of both evergreen and deciduous growth. Beyond this, soaring into the azure, is the majestic and sublime peak, none of its wooded lower slopes being discernible. It is so overpowering, so completely filling this circumscribed outlook, so impressive and commanding that one instinctively feels as the farmer did on seeing a rhinoceros for the first time, when he exclaimed: " There ain't no such animal." It seems so ponderous, so positively to shut

MT. SHASTA, LOOKING UP THE SACRAMENTO CANYON.

out all the rest of the world that one part of you protests and exclaims: " There ain't any such mountain."

But it is there, and it grows upon you, whether seen from this, or other points where fuller views are obtained, giving its incomparable setting. While there are many remarkable mountain views in California, and the Sierras afford objects for years of study and pleasure, I doubt whether any worthier objects of man's attention can be found than Mt. Shasta and its surrounding country.

CHAPTER XIII

FROM SACRAMENTO TO KERN THROUGH THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

The great interior valley of the heart of California is practically divided into two parts by the Bay of San Francisco. The northern smaller half is the Sacramento Valley, the lower larger half the San Joaquin Valley.

It is in the memory of hundreds of people still living in California when this three hundred mile long valley was a cattle pasture, covered with millions upon millions of poppies and other native flowers. Then the gigantic gang-ploughs were put upon it, and ripped up the broad acres prior to the planting of the grain, and when it had sprung up and ripened the marvellous headers were invented to cut the ripe heads, thrash and sack them all in the one operation. Did you ever read Frank Norris's *Octopus?* He saw these ploughs, headers and threshing machines at work and drew wonderful pictures of them in the first of a proposed trilogy of novels dealing with "the epic of the wheat."

"The ploughs, thirty-five in number, each drawn by its team of ten, stretched in an interminable line, nearly a quarter of a mile in length. They were arranged, as it were, *en echelon,* not in file — not one directly behind the other, but each succeeding plough its own width farther in the field than the one in front of it. Each of these ploughs held five shears, so that when the entire company was in motion, one hundred and seventy-five furrows were made at the same instant. At a distance, the ploughs resembled a great column of field artillery. Each driver was in his place, his glance alternating between his horses and the foreman nearest at hand. Other foremen, in their buggies or buckboards, were at intervals along the line, like battery lieutenants."

Then he proceeds with graphic skill to describe the whole process of ploughing. It is a series of wonderful word moving pictures. Later in the book he describes the six-horse-team grain drills, seeding the thousands of acres of a great ranch, "fecundating the living soil; implanting deep in the dark womb of the Earth the germ of life, the sustenance of a whole world, the food of an Entire People."

Here is his picture of the harvester: "The machine, shooting a column of thick smoke straight upward, vibrating to the top of the stack, hissed, clanked, and lurched forward. Instantly, motion sprang to life in all its component parts; the header knives, cutting a thirty-six foot swath, gnashed like teeth; beltings slid and moved like smooth flowing streams; the separator whirred, the agitator jarred and crashed; cylinders, augers, fans, seeders and elevators, drapers and chaff-carriers clattered, rumbled, buzzed, and clanged. The steam hissed and rasped; the ground reverberated a hollow note, and the thousands upon thousands of wheat stalks sliced and slashed in the clashing shears of the header, rattled like dry rushes in a hurricane, as they fell inward, and were caught up by an endless belt, to disappear into the bowels of the vast brute that devoured them.

"It was that and no less. It was the feeding of some prodigious monster, insatiable, with iron teeth, gnashing and threshing into the fields of standing wheat; devouring always, never glutted, never satiated, swallowing an entire harvest, snarling and slobbering in a welter of warm vapour, acrid smoke, and blinding, plunging clouds of chaff. It moved belly-deep in the standing grain, a hippopotamus, half-mired in river-ooze, gorging rushes, snorting, sweating; a dinosaur wallowing through thick, hot grasses, floundering there, crouching, grovelling there as its vast jaws crushed and tore, and its enormous gullet swallowed, incessant, ravenous, and inordinate."

But, most wonderful and powerful of all pictures of this great wheat epic, is the one wherein he describes its flow down the big steel chute into the hold of the vessel that is to carry it away over seas to the hungry hordes of Europe. This description is interwoven with the horrible, tragic, retributive, and dramatic end of one of the characters of the story, but it is one of those passages, once read, can never be forgotten.

And it was the San Joaquin Valley and the Sacramento Valley that made possible these descriptions. The discovery that the wheat harvest might bring into California more money than the gold taken from her mines was the impact behind the impulse to plant wheat, and then this machinery " had to be " invented to make possible its cultivation and harvesting on so vast a scale. Without this wheat development in California *The Octopus* and *The Pit*, of Frank Norris, could never have been written.

There were portions of the Valley of the San Joaquin, however, where grain did not grow as well as others. I remember, thirty or more years ago, seeing herds of antelope come down from the mountains where populous streets of thriving cities now stand, and until very recently the jack-rabbits of the uncultivated portions of the valley were such a menace, and actually did so much

A HARVESTER.

damage to the growing crops near by that "rabbit drives" were annually organized for their slaughter, and, if possible, entire extermination. These drives were remarkable. Under the direction of skilled marshals the assembled ranchers in buggies, on horseback, mule or burro-back, and afoot, took up their stations, and at given signals moved forward. "From off the surface of the ground, at first apparently empty of all life, and seemingly unable to afford hiding-place for so much as a field-mouse, jack-rabbits started up at every moment as the line went forward. At first, they appeared singly and at long intervals; then in twos and threes, as the drive continued to advance. They leaped across the plain, and stopped in the distance, sitting up with straight ears, then ran on again, were joined by others; sank down flush to the soil — their ears flattened; started up again, ran to the side, turned back once more, darted away with incredible swiftness, and were lost to view only to be replaced by a score of others.

"Gradually, the number of jacks to be seen over the expanse of stubble in front of the line of teams increased. Their antics were infinite. No two acted precisely alike. Some lay stubbornly close in a little depression between two clods, till the horses' hoofs were all but upon them; then sprang out from their hiding-place at the last second. Others ran forward but a few yards at a time, refusing to take flight, scenting a greater danger before them than behind. Still others, forced up at the last moment, doubled with lightning alacrity in their tracks, turning back to scuffle between the teams, taking desperate chances. As often as this occurred, it was the signal for a great uproar.

"'Don't let him get through; don't let him get through.'

" 'Look out for him, there he goes.'

" Horns were blown, bells rung, tin pans clamorously beaten. Either the jack escaped, or confused by the noise, darted back again, fleeing away as if his life depended on the issue of the instant. . . .

" By noon the number discernible was far into the thousands. What seemed to be ground resolved itself, when seen through glasses, into a maze of small, moving bodies, leaping, ducking, doubling, running back and forth — a wilderness of agitated ears, white tails and twinkling legs. The outside wings of the curved line of vehicles began to draw in a little.

" As the day advanced, the rabbits, singularly enough, became less wild. When flushed, they no longer ran so far nor so fast, limping off instead a few feet at a time, and crouching down, their ears close upon their backs. Thus it was that, by degrees, the teams began to close up on the main herd. It was no longer thousands, it was tens of thousands. The earth was alive with rabbits.

" Denser and denser grew the throng. In all directions nothing was to be seen but the loose mass of the moving jacks. The horns of the crescents of teams began to contract. Far off the corral came into sight. The disintegrated mass of rabbits commenced, as it were, to solidify, to coagulate. At first, each jack was some three feet distant from his nearest neighbour, but this space diminished to two feet, then to one, then to but a few inches. The rabbits began leaping over one another.

" Then the strange scene defined itself. It was no longer a herd covering the earth. It was a sea, whipped into confusion, tossing incessantly, leaping, falling, agitated by unseen forces. At times the unrespected tameness of the rabbits all at once vanished. Throughout certain portions of the herd eddies of terror abruptly

SEEDLESS GRAPES.

burst forth. A panic spread; then there would ensue a blind, wild rushing together of thousands of crowded bodies, and a furious scrambling over backs, till the scuffing thud of innumerable feet over the earth rose to a reverberating murmur as of distant thunder, here and there pierced by the strange, wild cry of a rabbit in distress.

"The line of vehicles was halted. To go forward now meant to trample the rabbits underfoot. The drive came to a standstill while the herd entered the corral. This took time, for the rabbits were now too crowded to run. However, like an opened sluice-gate, the extending flanks of the entrance of the corral slowly engulfed the herd. The mass, packed tight as ever, by degrees diminished, precisely as a pool of water when a dam is opened. The last stragglers went in with a rush, and the gate was dropped." [1]

It is needless to quote this forceful and graphic description further. The slaughter of the innocent, but fearfully destructive pests, was essential to the success of the farmers. They are now well under control, and the rabbit drive is practically a thing of the past.

To return now to the wheat-growing. Ordinary farmers, even those who worked on the largest scale, in the East and in Europe, never conceived the extent of some of these vast ranches in the San Joaquin.

After many years of great harvests, almost with startling suddenness it was discovered that if this land had water it was one of the most wonderful natural vineyards in the world. All around Fresno vines were planted out, and to-day in that one county there are over fifty million vines, most of them in bearing, wine, table or raisin grapes. Muscats and malagas, sultanas and Thompson's seedless grow to such perfection, and accumulate such rich flavour and sweetness as to have made Fresno raisins world famous, and its output twice as large as that of the whole of Spain. Its annual production is between eighty and ninety million pounds.

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[1] From *The Octopus*, by Frank Norris, Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

To encourage the industry and educate the people of the United States as to the food value, as well as deliciousness of Fresno raisins, Raisin Day was inaugurated, to be celebrated annually on April 30th. The idea has taken hold famously. Hundreds of thousands of packages of raisins are distributed freely in the cities of the East, millions of pieces of literature distributed, and the consumption of raisins thereby increased wonderfully.

In the thousand years of the industry in Europe the idea of the seeded raisin was never evolved, — even if conceived. But within twenty years after the beginnings of raisin growing in the San Joaquin Valley, an inventive genius devised a machine for taking out the seeds, and now in the neighbourhood of thirty-five thousand tons are seeded and packed annually in Fresno County alone.

It is a wonderful sight to see the vineyards change as the year progresses. Early in the season the vines are leafless, the rugged, gnarled centre sending out its long brown stems, ten, twenty, or more feet long. Then pruning day comes, and practically the whole of these stems are removed. Now the vines look like dead stumps, ready to be grubbed out; but after thorough ploughing, irrigation and fresh cultivation, the springtime sees them begin to send forth new shoots, which by and by are covered with leaves. In May the grapes are well set and then they grow rapidly, the whole vine becoming more beautiful in its richly coloured leafage as the months progress. This is the period that the vineyards impress one as of the glory of the Lord — the thousands of acres that the San Joaquin Valley possesses demanding instinctive homage.

When the grapes are fully ripe they are picked and placed on trays in the sun to dry. To aid this process they are occasionally turned over. Being of different sizes some dry out thoroughly while others are quite moist. To equalize the moisture they are dumped into "sweat boxes," where they stand and sweat for several days, when they are removed to the packing-house, where the fine clusters are sorted out and packed, the lower grades assorted, and those that are to be seeded are sent through that process. Then through the wholesalers they are distributed to the dealers and thus come into the hands of the people.

Wine grapes on the other hand are picked and shipped in carloads to the winery where they undergo the various processes of conversion into wine. That this industry is not yet dead in California is proven by the fact that in Fresno County alone there are twenty-seven wineries and twenty-nine distilleries, some of them among the largest in the world.

One of the show places of the Fresno region is Kearney Park, bequeathed to the University of California as an irrigated experimental farm, by its founder, Theodore Kearney. It is reached by a magnificent palm-lined avenue, eleven miles long, and comprises five thousand one hundred and eighty-two acres, of which fifty are in oranges, twenty-five in olives, eight hundred and fifty in Muscat grapes, and four thousand in alfalfa and grain.

All the counties of the San Joaquin Valley are now reaping the rich rewards of irrigation and the breaking up of the large cattle and grain ranches into smaller holdings. Stockton, in San Joaquin County, is one of the oldest American towns in the State. It is in the heart of a thriving farming country, some of which is reclaimed land from the delta of the San Joaquin River and its tributaries. In this county alone there flow the San Joaquin, Calaveras, Mokelumne and Cosumnes Rivers. All of these rivers brought down from the mountains vast deposits of sand and silt. These accumulated and in the centuries filled up vast areas, one of which was found to be marsh land covered with tules. This was valueless, and yet examination found it rich in vegetable matter from six to sixty feet deep. Reclamation projects were at once undertaken on a large scale, levees built to keep out the water at flood periods, and the breaking up of the tule roots and planting to vegetables and grains begun. The results have been marvellous. The figures are astounding. I have seen asparagus beds covering thousands of acres, celery occupying a whole island, and whole sections in red onions. When it is also known that from two thousand to four thousand pounds of asparagus are taken from *one* acre, the fertility of the soil may be understood. It is from this region that a large part of the tender and tasteful asparagus of California comes, and it is shipped out fresh and in cans by the hundreds of tons. In one season the crop amounted to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

Lodi, on the other hand, is the centre of a great grape-growing country. The flaming Tokay does remarkably well here, and over two thousand five hundred acres are planted alone to table grapes. Last year nearly *three thousand cars* of these grapes were shipped from the one town of Lodi to Eastern markets.

Unlike most California counties this of San Joaquin is plentifully supplied with water as well as rail trans-

ENTRANCE TO KEARNEY PARK.

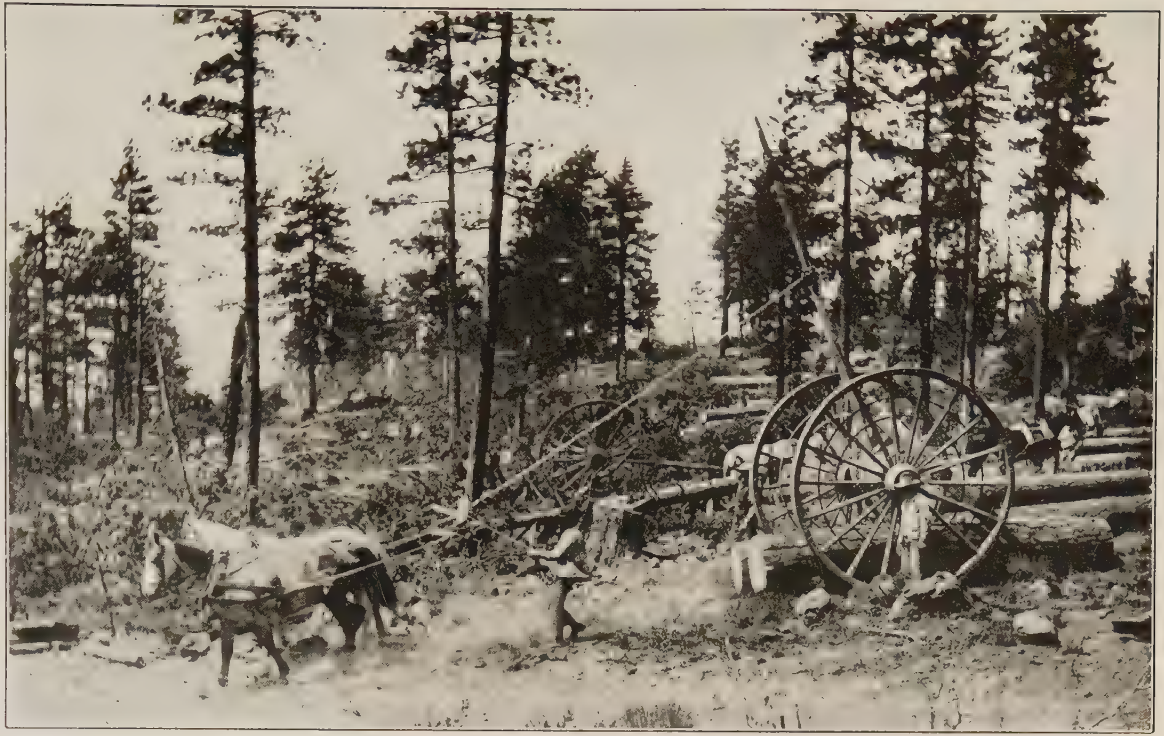
portation. The San Joaquin and its affluents are a tremendous help to commerce. They form a perfect maze of waterways through the delta region and freight traffic alone is worth fully fifteen millions of dollars annually, and one firm that uses launches for passenger traffic carried, in 1912, more people than did the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., on the Pacific Ocean. Yet this county is not backward in its highways. In 1909 it bonded itself for nearly two millions for good roads, and is now working hand in hand with the State Highway Commission for the further development of its road system.

Sunny Stanislaus is an equally progressive county, though, until its irrigation systems were well under way and its large ranches broken up into smaller holdings its advancement was retarded. Now the Modesto-Turlock, Patterson and other irrigation systems have completely changed the character of the country. It is a joy and a delight to ride over finely paved county roads and State highways and see the number of prosperous farms springing into life. Little more than ten years ago the Modesto district was practically one wheat field of eighty-two thousand acres. A few people of vision felt that while wheat was necessary and reasonably profitable the land could be made to give forth ten times as much if properly irrigated, and the water of the Stanislaus, Tuolumne and San Joaquin Rivers were waiting to be poured on to the thirsty land. It has taken years of hard work and expensive litigation to accomplish this, but the change is already made and Sunny Stanislaus is not a mere pretty mode of verbal designation, but applies to the prosperous rancher's facial expression as he sees his rich crops being hauled to market. Lands have increased ten times in value and are paying far more heavily than of yore. Vegetables of every kind thrive abundantly and thousands of dozens of cans of peas, tomatoes, pumpkins, etc., are put up annually.

The Patterson region is one great green alfalfa and grain field, flanked with fig, almond, and olive orchards. Stock is raised and fattened here, and the dairies are among the most famous in the State. It has developed in the past few years, under a pumping system of irrigation, one share of stock in the water company being sold with each acre of ground. Thus when the land is three-fourths sold the water company automatically comes into the possession of the land owners.

Merced, Madera, Tulare, Kings, and Kern Counties all have the same truthful and joyous song to sing, with more or less local variations. All are prosperous, all beautiful, but some run up into the base, and higher, of the Sierra Nevadas, and their foothills are found to be " thermal belts " where citrus fruits grow to perfection. Others have developed great oil wells that are the surprise of the world, as they have added hundreds of millions to the wealth of California. The one county of Kern alone, produced in 1910, nearly forty-one million barrels of oil, or about one-eighth of the world's whole production. Certain *gushers* have poured out their wealth in such profusion and with such physical power as to render impossible the most strenuous efforts of expert engineers to curb them. One, the *Lakeview Gusher,* for nearly three months poured out its oil in an uncontrolled flood of over fifty thousand barrels a day, with a deafening roar that could be heard for many miles.

Another older, and at one time greater, industry, was that of turning the centuries-old trees — or at least they looked like it — of the Sierra Nevadas into lumber. Great areas of forest were logged in the mountains, and



A WHEEL CART PICKING UP A LOAD OF LOGS.

the logs brought down to the mill by ox teams in rude and heavy wagons, or in sleds drawn over the early snows, or, in later years, " snaked " by dogs and chains attached to an endless cable worked by a donkey engine. Here they were swiftly ripped into planks and timbers, joists and studs. To get this finished lumber in the valley used to be an expensive task of hauling in wagons. Then some one invented the lumber flume in Nevada, and it was not long before it was used in the San Joaquin Valley. A water supply was found, and the liquid stored in a reservoir until there was a good " head " for constant use. The flume was constructed of wood, and it was soon discovered that when the sides were sloped, making the flume V-shaped, if the lumber stuck for any cause in floating down, a slight rise in the water soon floated it free and allowed it to escape the obstruction. It was thus carried long distances, and down precipitous places, and though the original cost of building the flume was great the saving over the old method of transportation was so vast that if there was anything like a large amount of lumber to be conveyed the flume paid for itself over and over again. Flumes were built ten, twenty, thirty and more miles, over precipitous cliffs, across deep ravines, over wild, rough and rugged country where a road could never have been constructed, and the lumber thus transported to the nearest railway. On arriving at its destination, men stood on platforms, ready to seize it and drag it into piles from whence it was sorted and distributed in accordance with the requirements of the trade. The water, having served its useful purpose, was then sold for irrigation purposes and thus far more than paid for itself. This fluming process may still be seen at several of the " receiving " or " feeding " stations in the Sierras or in the San Joaquin Valley. Once in a while the lumber jacks ride in a rudely constructed flume-boat down the flume. It is an experience never to be forgotten, especially if the flume is built high on stilts in places, as it generally is, or has some desperately wild pitch, as occasionally happens. The practice, however, is not encouraged by the lumber merchants and producers, on account of the great risk to human life.

To the lover of the romantic and beautiful in scenery one of the chief charms of the San Joaquin Valley — to use an Hibernianism — is its mountains. The Coast Range on the west is a stepping-stone from the sands of the Pacific Shore to the higher, grander and more majestic Sierra Nevada range on the east. The Yosemite and Hetch-Hetchy Valleys are reached from the San Joaquin Valley, the western gateway being from Merced, at which point the Yosemite Valley Railway connects with the Santa Fé and Southern Pacific. Then a little further to the south, from Sanger, Porterville, Visalia, or Lemon Cove, one may leave for the Grant Forest — one of the most southerly group of *Sequoia Gigantea,* the California Grove, the Grant National Park, beyond which are the Kings and Kern River Canyons and Alps, described briefly in another chapter. These are scenic regions as yet unknown to the major portion even of the people of California, so preoccupied have they been in the development of their lands, and the choice of mountain, canyon, forest, ocean and island scenery being so extensive. Yet these canyon valleys almost equal the Yosemite and are destined, ultimately, to be quite as famous. It is in this region, in a creek tributary to Kern River, that the golden trout was found. The scientific experts of the United States Government grew enthusiastic over it, and designated it a marvellously beautiful trout.

Kearsage Pass, twelve thousand and fifty-six feet above sea level, and one of the highest of the Sierra Nevadas, is in this region. It is so narrow a ridge that one's horse may stand with forefeet on the eastern side, and hind feet on the western. The marvellous contrast between the eastern and western slopes is nowhere made clearer than at this point, the descent to the east being swift and rocky, while that on the west is gradual, and richly clad with verdure.

The Sierras overlooking the northern portion of the San Joaquin Valley are rich in reminiscences immortalized in the works of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller and others, for who can forget *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras, The Society upon the Stanislaus, The Latest Chinese Outrage, Truthful James, Thompson of Angels,* and the rest? Hence both in romance and beauty the San Joaquin Valley makes great claims upon the interest of all who come within its confines.

CHAPTER XIV

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

"Ye who love
The shaggy forests, fierce delights
Of sounding waterfalls, of heights
That hang like broken moons above,
With brows of pine that brush the sun,
Believe and follow.

. . . .

"Come, lovers, come, forget your pains!
I know upon this earth a spot
Where clinking coins, that clank as chains,
Upon the souls of men, are not;
Nor man is measured for his gains
Of gold that stream with crimson stains.

"There snow-topp'd towers crush the clouds
And break the still abode of stars,
Like sudden ghosts in snowy shrouds,
New broken through their earthly bars,
And condors whet their crooked beaks
On lofty limits of the peaks."

Famed in song and story, the theme of many an orator's eloquence, the subject of the artist's highest endeavours, the Mecca of the sight-seer, the paradise of the geological, arboreal, and botanical student, the Yosemite Valley has occupied a unique position of high allurement even in California, the land of allurement.

Why is it that the Yosemite so proudly reigns supreme in the hearts of men? That its charms attract more to-day than they ever did? It is a sign of genuine goodness that its attractiveness never fails. As Joseph

Le Conte used to say: "That picture *only* is *good* that one can see again and again with increasing pleasure. That book only is *good* that one can read again and again with increasing pleasure." And the same with music, drama, oratory and architecture. The same principle applies to scenery, with the incomparable advantage added thereto, that the artist is not human but Divine. There seems, however, in the Yosemite, a power that calls potently year after year to those who are familiar with its grandeurs and glories. They return to it, they climb its rocky trails yearly, they stand in awe and admiration, or gently expressed delight, before falls and cascades, and laugh with glee as they did when they first saw the foaming, dancing, glancing waters of the Happy Isles. The sunshine, glinting through the pines and other evergreens, gives dreams of supernal mystery and beauty now as powerfully as when first seen, El Capitan possesses the soul with serene majesty as much as ever.

Ah, there is the secret. Yosemite becomes one's friend, and it is a friend of many and varied accomplishments. It is many sided, much gifted, and in that fact lies its chief power to gain and hold friends.

I remember when I first saw Yosemite. My sister and I had driven in a buckboard over the weary alkaline plains of Nevada, up over the Bridgeport grade, through the snow-fields of the High Sierras. We had camped out night after night, had talked and sang to miners and woodsmen, to pioneers and newcomers, had driven over perilous grades and roads that the hand of man had not touched since the preceding fall — for the winter's snows were scarce melted over many miles — and we had had tedious and rather exhausting days. Day after day we came nearer to our goal. At last we were told that we should surely see Yosemite the next day. Higher and higher our weary horses walked. The trees were growingly delightful to the eye, but they were not what we wanted. At length we were actually on the Yosemite grade, and a sudden turn in the road brought us to Inspiration Point, where the fullness of Yosemite's glories strikes the beholder in one swift blow. Our horses stopped of their own volition, held doubtless by the subtle force of the majestic scene over our senses and conveyed to them by that mental power of whose action we know so little.

Inhaling deep breaths we looked into each other's eyes and without a word each knew that the other was satisfied. That one great, long view gave us to know that we were *satisfied*. What a wonderful word that is — *satisfied*. How much it expresses of content, of gratification, of mental rest. Had we then known those two wonderful lines of Edwin Markham I am sure our exultant voices would have shouted or sung them then and there:

> " I ride on mountain tops, I ride,
> I have found my life and am satisfied."

Since then I have gone to Yosemite as often as opportunity has allowed, and each visit brings new joys and added satisfaction.

And what is the view that entrances all who gaze upon it? The eye at first sight is uncertain which has the greatest power, El Capitan or the exquisite Bridal Veil Falls. The former is on the left, the latter on the right, and one's eyes swing back and forth, resting first on one, then on the other, appraising their respective powers over the senses. The falls are so elusive, so changing, so steady and yet so ephemeral. Every gust of wind is reflected or expressed in that swaying column, which, however, is etherealized into a delicate spray, with lacy filmings and scallopings, each one alive, chasing those ahead. You see the water pour over the tip of the fall and then the outer particles, caught by the air in the rapid descent, break away from the main body and are at once transformed into these scallopings, down-shooting in merry chase, one after another, in a never-ending race. Then, suddenly, a gust of wind strikes the fall and transforms the delicate forms into almost impalpable mist and spray. It is this filmy veil, swaying in the sunlight, that gained the fall its name — Bridal Veil. The main column of water also sways to and fro in the wind, swinging like a pendulum, at times, but with a freakish irregularity that holds the eye expectantly, wonderingly, guessing what it will do next.

Upon such a living, moving, active, sprite-like, irresponsible body of water, with such a filmy, lace-like, misty veil of tenderness and beauty surrounding it one can imagine how the sunbeams love to frolic. They play hide and seek with the falling water and spray, darting jewel and diamond-like effects upon and over them, which dazzle the eye of the beholder and yet demand his constant homage. An elusive rainbow moves to and fro, up and down, as the water and spray sway back and forth and the wind gusts blow the mist as they will. While the eye rests upon this wonderful fall it is held completely by its rare, dainty, exquisite charm.

At last it breaks away and daringly roams to the other side of the vast canyon valley. There El Capitan seizes the gaze and holds it, but with an entirely different power from that exercised by Bridal Veil. Here proud strength, awesome majesty, supreme serenity reign. Might, ponderousness, power are allowed their full measure of exercise over the human senses and spirit. Is there on all the earth another such face of rock? Three thousand three hundred feet of sheer precipitous height, without a single crack or break to mar the solidity of its bold wall, El Capitan is the most kingly, awe-inspiring single mass of granite known. In contrast, the eye seeks Bridal Veil Falls again. Then we again realize, like a flash, the reason why Yosemite has such power over the hearts and minds of men. It is so diverse — the tender, airy, filmy mystery of the sun-dazzled fall, the serene, majestic, awe-inspiring face of the mural monarch. The effect is enhanced by the trees of the lower slopes, the green and flower-spangled meadows, through which the calm, placid Merced — the river of mercy — flows down to take cool nourishment to the parched acres of the valley below.

Now let us move on. As we do so the three massive peaks which form the background of Bridal Veil Falls appear in regular order, and we learn that they are called the Three Graces, to correspond to the Three Brothers on the opposite side of the valley. These soon come into view and we can understand the impulse that led the Indians to name them Pompompasus — the leaping frogs — for their contours singularly suggest the shape of the squatting frog just preparatory to taking a leap.

Driving along through a fine forest that has been carefully preserved in the valley, over a well-watered and well-kept government road, the discomforts of roughness and dust that earlier visitors to the Valley endured are forgotten, and, indeed, unknown. The river accompanies us along our way, now close at hand, then retiring to the leafy shade through which the sun occasionally gives us glimpses of its dazzling surface.

In rapid succession the Cathedral Rock and Spires, Sentinel Dome and Glacier Point come into view, each with its own distinct individuality and attractiveness. All these peaks rise from 2,700 to 4,000 feet above the floor of the Valley.

Almost under the shadow of Sentinel Dome is Camp Ahwahnee, the site of the first house ever erected in the Valley and one of the excellent "camps" provided for visitors. The Yosemite camps all consist of tents, well provided with all ordinary necessities for comfort, with a common dining and lounging hall. All alike are shadowed by glorious yellow pines, the chief differences being in one's personal preference for location and immediate environment. Ahwahnee has an excellent reputation and I know it is well deserved. The table is the best in the Valley, and the service is as good as the table. Each tent is provided with electric lights, double-mattressed beds, hot and cold water, with baths handy whenever desired. Every night a glorious camp-fire of great pine and fir logs is built outside, and visitors sit in the warmth of the blaze and sing or chat, listen to an impromptu concert, entertainment of varieties, or the address of some willing speaker.

Then, when it grows chilly, there is a novelty in indoor fire-places waiting to warm you in the pretty sitting-room. The room is built on two levels, with two great stone fire-places, back to back. In theory, the upper level is the Ladies' Own, but in comradeship of camp-life, a sociable commission has ruled otherwise; and the men are not rebuked when they invade the ladies' sanctum, while it goes without saying that khaki skirts, and even frills and flounces, are welcome to mingle among the masculine boots and gaiters around the lower fire-place.

Almost directly opposite Camp Ahwahnee is the glorious Yosemite Fall, the pride of the centre of the Valley, which Nature seems to have so much loved that she set it apart to occupy the whole of one side of the Valley's centre. Two thousand seven hundred and fifty feet from lip to bottom pool, divided into three parts, — the Upper Fall, the Cascades, and the Lower Fall, — it is a magnificent spectacle, and its music is no less wonderful than its appearance.

Not far from its base is Camp Lost Arrow, where those who enjoy the voice of the waterfall day and night may live within its rejoiceful sound and feel the stimulus of its never ceasing song. For years, before such fine provision was made for the thousands of visitors that now flock to Yosemite, this used to be my favourite camping-out place. In my blankets stretched out upon the ground, with the blue sky for my canopy, and my saddle or camera case for a pillow, I have spent many a night in tremulous enjoyment, — thrilled to the verge of tears by the unearthly beauty, mystery and sublimity of my surroundings, and hearing such voices as never before, with messages of which I could catch the faintest intimations in the singing of the Great Fall, upon which I never tired of gazing.

On the river is the Sentinel Hotel, the old hotel that has long done service, but that it is hoped will soon be replaced by a modern, commodious and adequate structure. For what the hotel was capable of, visitors have long been grateful, and under the present management one received all that was possible.

Close by is the village of Yosemite, where stores, post-office, photographic studios and the superintendent's office are. H. C. Best, the artist, has a summer studio here, and across the river, past the Sentinel Hotel, Chris. Jorgensen has a studio and house, as picturesque in structure as is their location.

From a point close by one may gain a fine view of the chief glory of the Valley, the Half Dome, the loftiest, most sublime and at the same time most impressive and beautiful of all the rocky sentinels that guard this abode of glory. Rising over 4,750 feet above the floor, where all is clothed in richest verdure, its face sculptured by Time and Storm, Glacier and Frost, while its head is smoothed to graceful curves, it is poised in calm, serene majesty.

Across is the more rounded and complete North Dome, near which is Mt. Watkins and Washington Column, while nearer at hand are the Royal Arches. As we ride towards them the varying views received of all these distinctive objects serve the more to impress their unique power upon us. The Merced River still flows through the valley, until, when close to the Domes, the main canyon divides into three branches, that up which we are going to see Mirror Lake being Tenaya, the one to the right centre, Merced, and to the extreme right, Illilouette.

Mirror Lake is really formed by a spreading out of Tenaya Creek, and early in the morning, just at sunrise, before the slightest zephyr ripples its surface, is the only time to see it at its best. The reflection is as perfect as the objects reflected, and the wall of the Half Dome, where trees project, is pictured to perfection in the clear, pure mirror face of the water. Now watch the lancing of the darkness by the crystal spears of morning. Then, suddenly, there comes the gleam of the sun, more brilliant than any diamond, dazzling the eyes through the trees. " The Grove and Mount of Transfiguration," one instinctively calls them, and he moves to a different angle to get the same scene again. This, one may do half a dozen different times, and it is only when the sun induces the winds to come from their haunts and play over the face of the water and destroy its brilliant smoothness that one is willing to tear himself away for fresh scenes.

Turning now up Merced Canyon, a fine glimpse is had of Illilouette Falls on the right, with the Happy Isles and the Cascades at our feet. The water bubbles, dashes, sparkles and sings so joyously after its wonderful leaps over the cliffs that make Vernal and Nevada Falls that one instinctively knows that no other name than Happy Isles would have been appropriate to those rocky and tree-clad boulders and land patches in the river. But when the eye first glimpses Vernal Falls, one stops for quite a while to feast on its quiet, solemn, resistless majesty. It has such a calm and serene look, so different from Bridal Fall, Yosemite and Illilouette. Its broad front, smooth and even, its outer waters lashed into foam, comes over in such a calm, dignified, stately fashion that it well represents an aged man's cultured brow, on which his white hair adds beauty as well as serene dignity.

A mile beyond is Nevada Fall, between six hundred and seven hundred feet high, whose waters are so dashed and churned and tossed about ere they are hurled over the lip that they are of a snowy whiteness. They come over in an entirely different fashion from those of Vernal. They seem hurried, almost apologetic, fluffy, fussy, nervous and agitated, so different, indeed, that it is hard to conceive the same water can so entirely change its character in the short mile before it appears as Vernal Fall.

By all means take the trail to these two falls, circle around the Cap of Liberty and across Illilouette Basin, up to Glacier Point, from which one of the sublime views of the Canyon below, the Falls beyond and across, and the supernal heights of the High Sierras on the eastern horizon, may be had.

On returning be sure to visit Curry's Camp, the most popular and extensively patronized camp of the Valley. Mr. Curry was the first to render camp life, with its open-air camp-fire evenings, and the general dining-room, a favourite method of enjoying Yosemite. Since he began his camp has rapidly increased until now he can accommodate with comfort over five hundred guests. In the last year he has put in an enlarged open-air (heated) swimming-tank, a fine large dance and concert pavilion, steam laundry and ice and refrigeration plant.

Situated directly under Glacier Point, the wall of which is a sheer precipice, 3,250 feet in height, it naturally suggested to an ingenious mind like that of Mr. Curry a beautiful and startling effect which is carried out every night. The watchword of Camp Curry is the couplet:

"Where the fire falls,
And the Stentor calls."

When supper is over, and the guests are comfortably disposed around the camp-fire, Mr. Curry makes his usual evening speech, then, with a voice of resounding power, gives the Stentor's call to the watchman on Glacier Point above. There a great bonfire has been lighted, and now, when its pile of wood is reduced to ashes, they are bodily thrown over the precipice, to fall in a marvellous, mysterious and dazzling cataract of fire to the valley beneath.

One must not hurry at Yosemite. Go to Mr. Coffman, who for many years has had charge of the livery stables, and secure from him a saddle-animal. Then day after day visit the various outlook points on the rim. Go higher up Tenaya Canyon to the beautiful Tenaya Fall, the Dome Cascades, a thousand feet high, and the Tenaya Cascades, seven hundred feet in sheer vertical descent. Go up to the Little Yosemite, and to Cloud's Rest, and if you like a real genuine camping-out trip, Mr. Coffman will fully equip you and send you forth on an excursion to the heavenly places of the High Sierras, where glacial fountains sing their songs of creative joy and the grizzly and condor used to reign supreme, — the one in the peaks, and the other in the sky.

But no one should visit Yosemite without going to Foresta and the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. Foresta is on the Coulterville automobile road into the Valley, and is a unique place. When the Yosemite National Park was created, the enabling act precluded the possibility of any person owning a private home in or near the Valley, unless it was secured from some one who already owned patented land within the boundaries of the reserve. Two years ago a group of California's most representative men and women in the educational and literary world thought it would be an excellent plan, were it possible, to establish a summer camp in or near the Yosemite, where lots could be purchased and homes erected for all time, undisturbed by Government or Forest Reserve plans. After considerable search this place was found close to the rim of Yosemite, two miles by trail, and six by automobile road from El Portal, chosen as a home by a lover of beautiful trees and one who desired close proximity to Yosemite, with all the advantages of the privacy of private ownership.

Arrangements were at once perfected for the carrying out of the home plan, and such men and women as President Benj. Ide Wheeler, of the State University, Joaquin Miller, John Muir, Professors Harley Wiley and E. J. Wickson, the head of the State Experimental Stations, Henry Morse Stephens, Jaffa, A. C. Jones, A. Lange, W. D. Armes, artists as Xavier Martinez, literary personages as Jack London, Herman Whitaker, Ninetta Eames Payne and Ida Mansfield Wilson, secured lots and entered into the plan for a home and a great summer assembly at Foresta — which was the name chosen for the new camp.

Cottages were erected, and a store, hotel, assembly hall, etc., established. Good roads and trails were built, and a water system installed. Here not only the owners of lots and homes may go, but all interested in the Yosemite and what it affords, with the advantage of what Foresta has in addition, are invited to become its guests. Here, wearing one's oldest clothes, one may find perfect relaxation, rest, and recuperation. The hunter, sportsman and fisherman are as welcomed by Nature as is the geologist, botanist and student of the trees. One may boat, canoe, swim or fish, and all the innumerable trails of the Yosemite call for walking and riding on mule, horse or burro. The Big Trees are close by, and if one wishes a touch now and again of the busy travelling world, El Portal is less than half an hour's walk away.

But Foresta's especial claim upon the attention of the refined and intellectual, the quiet, the studious and the cultured is its unique plan for a summer assembly. All the university, literary, artistic and social leaders who associated themselves with Foresta did so with the express agreement that they would give of the best of themselves to make the literary and artistic features of Foresta what the unequalled environment suggested and demanded. Who can do less than give of his best in such glorious preserves? Inspiration flows out from these majestic trees, massive rocks, towering spires, singing cataracts, jocund cascades, and the flowers and birds give example in the richness and perfection of their colouring and the delicate sweetness of their melodies as to what men should give to their fellows. So wit and wisdom, philosophy and counsel, humour and advice, together with melody and harmony are to flow forth unrestrained and unconfined. But the chief charm of these is that they are to be more informal than formal. Spontaneity and natural expression are expected rather than prepared formal speech. In the words of the Foresta announcement:

" Thoughts shall be expressed by those who have them, and men and women shall hear without compulsion. Scientists, philosophers, poets, and those who have convictions yet untried — men and women to whom the world is listening — shall be invited here for mutual good. The speaker may sit upon a stump or stand beneath a tree and speak the things that are in his heart; the hearer may rest upon the ground, sit upon a log, or walk away into the forest."

My own interest in Foresta is best demonstrated by the fact that I have purchased several lots there, and am anticipating the pleasure of making for myself, some day (or at least helping to do so), a summer camp where I and mine may enjoy this place of blissful surroundings.

Yet ere I leave Yosemite I would take my readers to two spots I am never tired of, and never expect to be. These are Wawona and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. The latter is described in the Forest chapter, and Wawona was one of my first of California " loves." Its centre is the Wawona Hotel, conducted for years by the noted Washburn Brothers, all of them with wonderful records as drivers of the most distinguished of men and parties to the Yosemite for the past forty years. It is a liberal education to be admitted to conversation with one of them if he can be induced to tell of his experiences and associations. The Wawona Hotel used to be the home of Thomas Hill, whose canvases of Yosemite will ever stand as imperishable mementoes of his artistic genius. Surrounded on every hand by the incomparable and varied scenery of the High Sierras, located in its own park of beautiful trees, with fertile meadows through which a clear mountain stream constantly flows, one finds this a rare place for rest, or as a stopping-place from which to start on a score or more of delightful trips.

Chief among these are the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees and Glacier Point, but one also finds delight in Wawona Point, Chilnualna Falls, the Glacial Lakes, Signal Peak, and the many groves of Sierran trees that are found in exquisite beauty on every hand.

Many people have found that an excellent way to enjoy Yosemite is to go in by the railway to El Portal, and auto-stage to the camp of their choice, then, after their stay is over, leave by stage, which runs daily to Wawona and the Big Trees, and thence, by powerful automobiles, to Madera, over the old stage-road. Thus a complete horseshoe is made, and there is no travelling twice over the same ground.

Automobiles are now allowed to enter the Yosemite National Park. Only one road is open, however, viz., by way of Coulterville, and there are many restrictions and conditions rendered imperative for safety over the precipitous roads where horses also are used.

Hence one needs to inform himself before he takes the trip, and should he desire to go easily he can ship his auto by rail to El Portal.

The Yosemite Valley Railway has made the trip an easy one, when compared with the old staging days. Both the Santa Fé and Southern Pacific connect directly with it at Merced, and after crossing the plain it enters the wondrously beautiful Merced Canyon, which it follows all the way to El Portal, the terminus just outside the Park limits.

Here a wonderfully attractive and romantic hotel has been constructed on a wooded plateau on the canyon side, surrounded by wide verandas and enclosing a flower-enriched patio. The hotel being owned by the railway, its manager, Mr. F. A. Kline, is instructed to see that every guest goes away happy and satisfied. There are many picturesque spots round and about El Portal, — the incline to the sawmill, the great pine forests, Foresta, the Hetch-Hetchy, the Tuolumne and Merced Groves of Big Trees, fishing and hunting galore (for this region is outside of the Park and therefore unhampered by its restrictions), so that it makes a delightful stopping-place either going in or returning from Yosemite.

The ride from El Portal into the Valley is now made by automobile stages instead of the old passenger coaches, and thus, each year sees the trip made easier and the disagreeable features eliminated.

Elsewhere I have referred to the delights of climbing the High Sierras in winter. The Yosemite Valley is the best place in the world from which to gain such an experience. The railway, stages and hotels are open all, or most, of the year, and one is taken into the very heart of the mountains without effort. How wonderfully things have changed in a few years. When Miss Gordon-Cummings wrote in 1878 of the winter in the Valley she said: "In some of the canyons the snow accumulates to the depth of a hundred feet, while fifteen to twenty feet sometimes fall steadily all over the mountains, at the rate of four or five feet in a day. So the few regular inhabitants of the Valley make up their minds to total seclusion during this period, and provision themselves accordingly, knowing that till the warm breath of spring shall melt their prison walls, not even a chance horseman or cat-like Indian will invade their solitude. The wailing of the wild winds and the roar of the rushing rivers are the only murmurs that can reach them from beyond their lonely valley."

Now, however, the shriek of the locomotive whistle penetrates as far as Mirror Lake, and the crack of the driver's whip echoes from El Capitan to Cathedral Rocks, and from Sentinel Dome to the Three Graces, through the winter as well as the summer. Hundreds enjoy the sports of winter in sight of the great ice dome thrown up by Yosemite Fall, — tobogganing, sleigh-riding, storming a snow-fort, snowballing, skiing or snow-shoeing, skating, building snow men, sliding, — while six hundred miles away in the same State other hundreds are cheering and applauding the flower-decorated floats, automobiles and carriages of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses.

A few days' experience makes one able to travel fairly well on snow-shoes, and then the mountain climbing may begin. It is well to take a guide along, and not to go too far to start with. As soon as one's wings are strong further flights will suggest themselves.

One of the greatest joys that can come into a human being's heart is one of the results of these winter trips, wisely and cautiously taken. That is, that Nature is a friend; she is ever kindly disposed to mankind; her heart-beats are tender and gentle, and even in winter her breast is a good place to rest upon, to gain new strength, vigour, and courage for the battle of life. Again and again Muir practically demonstrates this as he tells, in his *Mountains of California,* of his sleeping-out experiences, and Snow-Shoe Thompson, surrounded by the High Sierran landscape, swathed in deepest snow, " stretched upon his bed of boughs, with his feet to the fire, and his head resting upon one of Uncle Sam's mail bags, slept as soundly as if occupying the best bed ever made; though, perhaps, beneath his couch, there was a depth of from ten to thirty feet of snow."

Lake Tahoe, from the Cave Rock Road.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAKE TAHOE REGION

The name of John C. Frémont, the Pathfinder, explorer of California and Oregon in the early 'forties, namer of the Golden Gate, Republican candidate for president, general in the Civil War, scientist, scholar, warrior, statesman, diplomat, and author, is one to conjure with in many fields. But while Frémont's cosmopolitan achievements will ever keep his memory green, I doubt whether any one thing he ever accomplished will ultimately bring him greater renown and gratitude than his discovery of Lake Tahoe, — the *Big* Water, the *High* Water of the Washoe Indians. It was on February 14th, 1844, that the great explorer, on his trip to California from the Dalles of the Columbia, in Oregon, having passed up Carson Canyon, from the valley in which Carson City now stands, climbed a rounded peak near to Freel's Peak, at the southeastern end of the lake, and thus discovered this remarkable body of water. He says in his journal: "February 14. Accompanied by Mr. Preuss, I ascended to-day the highest peak to the right, from which we had a beautiful view of a mountain lake at our feet, about fifteen miles in length, and so entirely surrounded by mountains that we could not discover an outlet. We had taken with us a glass; but, though we enjoyed an extended view, the valley was half hidden in mist."

For many years the strangest stories were told of Lake Tahoe, — that it had no feeding streams, as well as that it had no outlet, — but in the fifties and sixties it was pretty thoroughly explored, its origin scientifically studied, and its charms so expatiated upon that ever since it has held an established place in the high esteem of men.

In the sixties Mark Twain, the inimitable, the world-famed, then unknown and almost poverty-stricken, came with a friend from Carson City and camped for awhile on its shores. His chief stopping-place was not far from what is now known as Carnelian Bay. Later, in half jest, half earnest, he wrote of his experiences. Poking fun at himself and his camp-mate, he made the world laugh, yet he wrought into his fun some pictures of sterling worth that show how profound an impression this glorious Lake made upon his receptive mind and soul.

" At last the Lake burst upon us, — a noble sheet of blue water lifted six thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and walled in by a rim of snow-clad mountain peaks that towered aloft full three thousand feet higher still! It was a vast oval, and one would have to use up eighty or a hundred good miles in travelling around it. As it lay there with the shadows of the mountains brilliantly photographed upon its still surface, I thought it must surely be the fairest picture the whole earth affords. . . .

" We did not see a human being but ourselves during the two or three weeks we were there, or hear any sounds but those that were made by the wind and the waves, the sighing of the pines, and now and then the far-off thunder of an avalanche. The forest about us was dense and cool, the sky above us was cloudless and brilliant with sunshine, the broad lake before us was glassy and clear, or rippled and breezy, or black and storm-tossed, according to Nature's mood; and its circling border of mountain domes, clothed with forests, scarred with landslides, cloven by canyons and valleys, and helmeted with glittering snow, fitly framed and finished the noble picture. The view was always fascinating, bewitching, entrancing. The eye was never tired of gazing, night or day, in calm or storm; it suffered but one grief, and that was that it could not look always, but must close sometimes in sleep. . . .

"So singularly clear was the water that, where it was only twenty or thirty feet deep, the bottom was so perfectly distinct that the boat seemed floating in the air! Yes, where it was even eighty feet deep. Every little pebble was distinct, every speckled trout, every hand's-breadth of sand. Often, as we lay on our faces, a granite boulder, as large as a village church, would start out of the bottom apparently, and seem climbing up rapidly to the surface, till presently it threatened to touch our faces, and we could not resist the impulse to seize an oar and avert the danger. But the boat would float on, and the boulder descend again, and then we could see that when we had been exactly above it, it must still have been twenty or thirty feet below the surface. Down through the transparency of these great depths, the water was not *merely* transparent, but dazzlingly, brilliantly so. All objects seen through it had a bright, strong vividness, not only of outline, but of every minute detail, which they would not have had when seen simply through the same depth of atmosphere. So empty and airy did all spaces seem below us, and so strong was the sense of floating high aloft in mid-nothingness, that we called these boat-excursions 'balloon-voyages.'"

In speaking of camping and sleeping out at night on the lake shore, he says: " Three months of this on Lake Tahoe would restore an Egyptian mummy to his pristine vigour, and give him an appetite like an alligator. I do not mean the oldest and driest mummies, of course, but the fresher ones. The air up there in the clouds is very pure and fine, bracing and delicious. And why shouldn't it be? — it is the same the angels breathe. I think that hardly any amount of fatigue can be gathered together that a man cannot sleep off in one night on the sand by its side. Not under a roof, but under the sky; it seldom rains there in the summer time. I know a man who went there to die. But he made a failure of it. He was a skeleton when he came, and could barely stand. He had no appetite, and did nothing but read tracts and reflect on the future. Three months later he was sleeping out of doors regularly, eating all he could hold, three times a day, and chasing game over mountains three thousand feet high for recreation. And he was a skeleton no longer, but weighed part of a ton. This is no fancy sketch, but the truth. I confidently commend his experience to other skeletons."

Then came Thomas Starr King, silver-tongued, golden-hearted, diamond-souled, dedicated to God and men. He first saw the Lake when visiting the mining-camps in the interests of the Sanitary Commission, during the Civil War. He and the heroic pioneer, John Bidwell, rode up and down, back and forth across the land, bidding men and women do their duty by the brave soldiers who fought the battles for the Union and freedom in the fields of the South. His heart stirred with fervid patriotism, he was the better qualified and made receptive to see and enjoy to the full the glory of this expansive mountain jewel of water. Returning to his people in San Francisco he gave them a vivid picture of its glories and enchantments, part of which is as follows: "Everything is charming in the surroundings of this mountain lake; but as soon as one walks to the beach of it, and surveys its expanse, it is the colour, or rather the colours, spread out before the eye, which hold it with the greatest fascination. I was able to stay eight days in all, amidst that calm and cheer, yet the hues of the water seemed to become more surprising with each hour. The Lake, according to recent measurement, is about twenty-one miles in length, by twelve or thirteen in breadth. There is no island visible to break its sweep, which seems to be much larger than the figures indicate. And the whole of the vast surface, the boundaries of which are taken in easily at once by the range of the eye, is a mass of pure splendour. When the day is calm, there is a ring of the Lake, extending more than a mile from shore, which is brilliantly green. Within this ring the vast centre of the expanse is of a deep yet soft and singularly tinted blue. Hues cannot be more sharply contrasted than are these permanent colours. They do not shade into each other; they lie as clearly defined as the courses of glowing gems in the Wall of the New Jerusalem. It is precisely as if we were looking on an immense floor of lapis lazuli set within a ring of flaming emerald.

"The cause of this contrast is the sudden change in the depth of the water at a certain distance from shore. For a mile or so the basin shelves gradually, and then suddenly plunges off into unknown depths. The centre of the Lake must be a tremendous pit. A very short distance from where the water is green, and so transparent that the clean stones can be seen on the bottom a hundred feet below, the blue water has been found to be fourteen hundred feet deep; and in other portions soundings cannot be obtained with a greater extent of line.

" What a savage chasm the lake-bed must be! Empty the water from it and it is pure and unrelieved desolation. And the sovereign loveliness of the water that fills it is its colour. The very savageness of the rent and fissure is made the condition of the purest charm. The Lake does not feed a permanent river. We cannot trace any issue of it to the ocean. It is not, that we know, a well-spring to supply any large district with water for ordinary use. It seems to exist for beauty. And its peculiar beauty has its root in the peculiar harshness and wildness of the deeps it hides."

Can any one doubt the supernal beauty of the scene that could inspire two such diverse geniuses as Mark Twain and Thomas Starr King to such exquisite and incomparable eloquence? Without exception every one bows to that marvellous exhibition of colour. Within me it arouses emotions akin to those stirred by wonderful music. The colours are not so glowing as those of sunrises and sunsets, but they are equally sublime, awe-inspiring and enchanting. And I do not use these words idly. The vast area makes the effect sublime and awe-inspiring, and the surprise, the novelty, the rareness is enchanting.

Up to the time that Frémont discovered Lake Tahoe its shores had seen no other human beings than the Washoe and Paiute Indians who lived luxuriously upon its delicately flavoured trout, and nourished themselves with the equally delicious pinyon nuts which they gathered in vast quantities from the near-by mountain slopes.

A century from the date of its discovery will see a change more wonderful and marvellous than that which dazzled the eyes of Rip Van Winkle for, by 1944, there will be scarcely an acre bordering the seventy or eighty miles circumference of the Lake that will not have its private villa, cottage, or humbler residence of the nature-lover. Already for sixty years steamers, launches, sailboats and skiffs of every kind have crisscrossed its surface. To-day two or three of the finest private yachts in the United States rest upon its bosom and, winter and summer, a steamer makes its daily trips around the Lake.

Climatically, Lake Tahoe is a place of wonderful antitheses. In summer, Mark Twain's description of the air and the general atmospheric conditions is about as near to accuracy as the ordinary human being can come. It is ineffable, delightful, restful, soothing, stimulating, health-giving, and all the other things that a delicious mountain, lake and forest climate ought to be.

Starr King refers to the clarity and purity of the water. Scientific investigation reveals that it is as pure as water can be found, and its clearness is to-day the marvel of all visitors. Mark Twain's comment upon this fact is absolute truth.

While the Lake is so charming in summer, its winter charms and delights are unknown. Practically everybody flees the country except the few hardy mountaineers who stay to take care of property and protect it from the fierce onslaughts of mountain winds and snowstorms. Snow falls to the depth of eight, ten, twenty and more feet, and only those who are familiar with the use of snow-shoes can remain. Every tree bears its burden of glistening snow and the white of God's feathers from the clouds covers everything with a robe of richest purity and angelic glory, or with a pall of cold, dreary desolateness, according as the eye of the beholder is attuned to the wintry aspect of the landscape.

Yet the time will come, and speedily I believe, when many thousands of hardy climbers and athletic mountain lovers will take advantage of the incomparable advantages this region offers for winter sports. For snowshoeing it is unsurpassed, and those who know its winter dress contend there is no comparison between its charms and rugged allurements at that time and what it offers in the summer.

One of the remarkable winter facts of Tahoe is that, while the thermometer registers at times below zero, and fierce freezing winds blow over the surface of the Lake, it never freezes over, although all the smaller lakes of the region, almost without exception, become coated with ice to the depth of many feet.

Lake Tahoe is one of the largest lakes of the world at its altitude. At average height the surface of its waters is about 6,200 feet above sea level, and it is 23 miles long by 13 miles wide. Mountains surround it on every side, those to the west being the last great crest of the gigantic rock waves that make the stately Sierras. One would need the fingers of both hands twice over to enumerate the peaks that are in sight from the bosom of the Lake that are over nine thousand feet high, and fully half of these are over the ten thousand foot level.

While a large portion of the forest area has been logged, there is sufficient of the old growth and an abundance of the new to make a thousand ordinary forests, hence it is a fascinating place for tree-study. Here at the different levels, shading more or less into one another, are groups of white and sugar pine, white and red fir, rugged and gnarled junipers, a few spruce, cluster after cluster of the exquisitely tinted and dainty-leafed silver fir, and millions of attractive hemlock, tamarack, and mountain pine.

And as for lakes, if one were up in a balloon, he could count hundreds of them while his aerial craft floated the length of Lake Tahoe, and each and every one is a jewel of sapphire, emerald, lapis lazuli, with occasional flashings of pearl, opal and diamond, fixed in settings of incomparable grandeur and majesty.

From most of the peaks one looks down into areas that in bygone ages were the scenes of battles between gigantic glaciers. Hundreds of square miles of the granite mountains have been scored, planed, gouged out, fluted and bevelled by these icy blankets, weighing millions of tons, and carrying other millions of tons of rocky débris upon their surfaces to be deposited as lateral and terminal moraines for puny man of later centuries to climb over and peck into with geological pick and hammer.

Desolation Valley, which is the first valley east of the last ridge of the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, is one great plane of glacially polished granite. Where the gougings were deepest lakes are now found, and around these grow white and purple heather that in delicate beauty and sweet fragrance thrill the senses of a Scotchman with delight. Tucked in on larger or smaller shelves on the mountain slopes at different altitudes are scores and scores of other glacially formed lakes, while every valley has one or more of these beautiful bodies of water nestling in serene quietude, while nesting birds sing their sweet lullabys in the flags and sedges or mountain trees which surround them.

Slowly, as the people of the West have gained more leisure to turn to the pleasures of Nature from their material strugglings, Lake Tahoe has attracted an increasing number of summer visitors. To care for these over twenty different resorts and camps have been established, from the commodious, elaborate and luxurious Tahoe Tavern to the humblest camp where tenter or hunter finds his simplest wants provided for.

The Tavern is situated at the end of the railway, which connects with the Southern Pacific at Truckee. It is on the immediate shore, not far from the outlet of the Truckee River, and is beautifully surrounded by giant sugar pines and other trees. As a hotel it has but one fault, and that is it is so attractive within itself that many visitors are satisfied to remain in the perfect enjoyments it affords of excellent food, perfect sleeping accommodations, a thousand glorious views from porch, lawn and window, while miles of easy walking in the near-by park and on the lake shore afford all the exercise one needs for health.

The steamer plies around the Lake daily during all the summer months, and thrice or twice a week in winter. At the south end rises Mt. Tallac — the chief mountain as the Indians regard it, though two or three other peaks rise actually higher — and claiming that name for his hotel, E. J. Baldwin, one of the pioneers of Virginia City, built what for many years was the most important hotel on the Lake. Tallac House became world famed, but naturally as the years have passed it has become somewhat old-fashioned and out of date. Shortly prior to his death, however, Mr. Baldwin planned the erection of a new, commodious, modern hotel, slightly to the east of the old Tallac House. The foundation stone was laid amid great rejoicings, and work continued rapidly, the whole of the foundations being completed when his summons came, at the ripe old age of eighty-six, to pass on. One result of his death was the immediate cessation of the work, but Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughry, of the Santa Anita Ranch, near Los An-

MT. TALLAC AND FALLEN LEAF LAKE.

geles, has announced that in due time she purposes carrying out her father's plan, except that she will make the whole structure fireproof throughout.

Al Tahoe and Lakeside are also fine resorts, the former one of the newer of the better class hotels, while the Glenbrook, on the Nevada shore, is as homelike, comfortable and enjoyable as any but the most luxurious could demand. At the north end Mr. L. P. Delano, of Reno, is seeking to establish a high-class Club House, giving to members lakeside privileges that they themselves can control, while the invalid or neurasthenic, the physically overworked or mentally overtaxed, who are benefited by baths in naturally hot springs, find at Brockways that rest, care and natural stimulation that will restore them to health.

To those, however, who love the simpler phases of life and who revel in the enjoyment of Nature, where luxurious living is not provided, there are five especially charming camps that can be highly commended. These are, I. Deer Park Springs, in one of the charming canyons a few miles from the Lake, where mountain trails, hunting and the most enjoyable fishing in glacial lakes allure one into the open all the time; II. Emerald Bay Camp, where Mr. N. L. Salter, of Yosemite Valley fame, provides in similar fashion for his guests; III. Fallen Leaf Lodge, where Professor W. W. Price, a Stanford man, versed in the flora and fauna of the country and able to give one more scientific information about the region than is commonly possessed, gathers each year a fine class of visitors; IV. Cathedral Park, on Fallen Leaf Lake, where a former guide, Mr. Flugge, has established a homelike resort, and V. Glen Alpine Springs, one of the first of the camp-like resorts, where simplicity reigns supreme, and where Nature is worshipped more than fashion, and the healthful and tasty food prepared is made delicious by hours of mountain climbing, boating, fishing, or studying the glacial lakes and other phenomena that led David Starr Jordan to declare that "nowhere in the world is there a finer specimen of a glacial valley than the wild, rough, barren territory known as 'Desolation Valley,' above Glen Alpine Springs, and there is no finer specimen of a glacier-made lake than the excavated gorge filled with water, which bears the name of Heather Lake. The carbonated spring around which the hotel property centres is one of the finest in the mountains."

There are other well-known camps on the Lake, such as McKinney's, Homewood, Bijou and The Grove, all of which have their admiring clients.

Lake Tahoe is essentially a resort for the automobilist. It seems that not only has Nature especially favoured her in endowing her with such a plethora of never-fading charms, but she also so planned the location that men have made it one of the most easily accessible of California mountain resorts. In reality one would naturally think of it as far away, remote, inaccessible, but the making of the pioneer roads over the mountains, and then the fact that it was on the direct line of the road to the mines of Virginia City, gave to the earliest inhabitants good roads directly to its camps and hotels. Later a fine road on the eastern slope of the Sierras was constructed, so that now first-class State automobile highways, winding their way through such scenery as only the High Sierras afford, reach Lake Tahoe from three directions in California, and two in Nevada. For it must not be forgotten that the Lake is partially in Nevada as well as California. In 1913 a new automobile road was completed around the west shore of the Lake, thus affording every visitor the opportunity of viewing its supreme charms from an elevation of about five hundred feet. Taking the ride slowly these superior points of vantage will bring out in the most perfect fashion the beautiful colourings of the water. The sharp lines of cleavage between the blue and green, the sapphire and the emerald, and the softer oranges and yellows are made vivid at these angles and altitudes.

Taking it all in all the Tahoe region is one of the most desirable regions not only California, or the United States, but the whole world possesses.

CHAPTER XVI

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is generally regarded as that part of the State "below the Tehachipi." It comprises the counties of Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, Riverside, San Diego and Imperial. In its confines there are three-score or more of growing towns — like Monrovia, Pasadena, Glendora, Duarte, Pomona, Ontario, Covina, Riverside, Redlands, Orange, Santa Ana, Fullerton, Anaheim, Ventura, Oxnard, Santa Paula, with such seaside resorts as Long Beach, Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Redondo, and Venice, each of which could well receive half a dozen or a dozen pages of this book. I am compelled to pass them by with this most cursory reference owing to the necessary limitations of space. Progress has been, and is, so rapid in this favoured region that by the time it is recorded it is already out-of-date.

It might well be expected, even by one unfamiliar with local conditions, that in the long stretch of country owned by California there would be great varieties of climate and scenery. This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized, and it is one of California's great claims upon the attention of the world. It can offer such varied topography and climate. A broad and general survey of Southern California shows that it has about two hundred and fifty miles of shore line, from Point Concepcion to Tia Juana beach. This curves inward from the northwest to the southeast, so that the main trend of a large part of the coast from Santa Barbara south is east and west, rather than north and south. Beyond this lies the alluvial plain upon which the glowing orange and lemon, peach and apricot, plum and almond orchards delight the eye and enrich the purse. Still further to the east rise the mountains, over which lie the Mohave and Colorado " Deserts." It is this peculiar juxtaposition of ocean, plain, mountain and desert that create the unique climatic condition with which Southern California is blessed.

For many years this region was sneeringly denominated the " Cow Country." It was deemed useless except as a cattle pasture. But in the late seventies a few, more observant and thoughtful than their fellows, began to see other possibilities here. The asset of climate had, as yet, scarcely been intelligently considered. They began to sound the loud timbrel on this theme. The Santa Fé railway in time was built from Chicago to the Pacific Ocean, and then began the " boom " that, so long as it lasted, was one of the most remarkable instances of frenzied speculation ever witnessed.

One of the earliest " visionaries " with the *practical* mind was the firm of Raymond & Whitcomb, of Boston, who arranged excursions for the people of the East. A fine site, on a commanding knoll, was offered them if they would erect a tourist hotel there. The offer was accepted and the hotel built. This and Hotel del Coronado were important factors in the early upbuilding of Southern California. Then came also the Hotel Arcadia at Santa Monica, the Sierra Madre Villa in the foothills beyond Pasadena, the Painter and Green at Pasadena, the Glenwood at Riverside, the Windsor and Casa Loma at Redlands, the Arlington at Santa Barbara, all of which, as they catered to the well-being, comfort and luxury of the Eastern tourist did their share in increasing the fame of the land. The rapid growth of the country has been one of the remarkable phenomena of modern times. In 1880 Los Angeles had a population of about twelve thousand. In 1890 it had sprung to about fifty thousand. The federal census of 1900 gave it 102,479, of 1910, 319,198, the directory census of 1913, 483,417, and it is pretty certain that it has already passed the half million mark. And the wonderful fact is that the whole country has developed in about the same proportion. Forty years ago there was no Pasadena. To-day it boasts a population of forty thousand, with more beautiful homes in proportion to its size than any other city in existence. Thirty years ago Long Beach had its beginnings. In 1903 the federal census gave it a population of 2,052 people. To-day it has fully forty-five thousand; and so on might the progressive record be given.

Naturally the stranger wonders what can have brought about this wonderful development. The answer is simple. First, climate and scenery, second, the development of the land by irrigation, third, the discovery of oil, fourth, the development of hydro-electric power in the mountains and its cheap transmission over long distances. Each of these development factors is treated elsewhere in these pages.

There are seven entrances by railway to this land of the orange and vine, cotton and the date. The *Sunset* route of the Southern Pacific, across the Colorado River at Yuma, past the Imperial and through the Coachella Valleys and over the San Gorgonio Pass; the *Santa Fé* and *Salt Lake* routes over the Colorado River at the Needles and over the Mohave Desert and El Cajon Pass;

the *Valley line* of the Southern Pacific, through the San Joaquin Valley and over the Tehachipi grade; and the *Coast line* of the Southern Pacific by Santa Barbara and over the Chatsworth grade. The ocean highway and the aerial lines are also open and both are now being more or less extensively used.

While the winter climate of Southern California has become famous for its generally delightful, stimulating and enjoyable qualities, only those experiencing it know the charm of the summer climate. It is no exaggeration to say that, taking it all in all, the summer is by far the best time to visit Southern California. The ordinary reasoning of the Eastern mind is here entirely at fault, when it assumes that, because the winter is so warm, the summer therefore must be unendurably hot. Take San Diego as an illustration, for we have accurate weather records of its daily temperature since 1872. The lowest temperature registered in January from 1872 to 1912 was in 1880, 1883, and 1894, when it went to 32°. The highest temperature in August, between the same period, was in 1909, when it reached 93°. The figures, however, generally average around 80° for a maximum.

Perhaps this is hardly a fair example, as San Diego's temperature, as I have elsewhere affirmed, is the most equable of any known spot in the temperate zone on the habitable globe. But it gives the general idea. Other places have a slightly wider range, both for heat and cold, but what I wish to assert with emphasis is that the summers are equally delightful — and many say more so — except for a few rare days, than is the winter.

The close proximity of the Pacific Ocean with its vast volume of water maintaining a remarkably stable temperature, the fact that there are few or no hills between the ocean and the habited plain to create unpleasant winds, and the high mountain barrier shutting off the heated air of the desert are the secrets of the cool summer climate of this blessed country.

The winter of 1912-13 saw the worst cold spell the country had experienced since it came into the possession of the United States. The orange, lemon and grapefruit crops were seriously injured. Few trees, however, save young lemon trees, were destroyed. The fact that it caught most of the fruit growers unprepared is the best proof possible of its unexpectedness and rareness. And so confident are the people of its rare occurrence that it has not interfered perceptibly one particle in the industry — work has gone on in the orchards just the same, development and new growth has continued as before, and prices have not dropped one per cent.

Unquestionably the most astonishing of all the wonderful development of Southern California has been in the Colorado Desert, and this has demanded an especial chapter for its consideration. The desert as an agricultural and horticultural centre was a new thought even in Southern California little over ten years ago. Now the whole country has felt the impetus of the new thought and Palmdale, Antelope Valley, the Mohave Valley and a score of desert oases have already sprung into flourishing existence. Water is the keynote to the change. As one witty paraphrase has it:

> "Little drops of water poured on grains of sand,
> Make a mighty difference in the price of land."

Water has been found everywhere underlying the soil, at varying depths, but pumping is made cheap by fuel oil and electricity and even deep pumping, as, for instance, at Corona, where the water has to be raised seventy-five feet, for irrigating the orange orchards, does not hinder

The Court of the Birds, Glenwood Mission Inn.

the orange growers from making good returns from their crops.

But with all its development in many and various lines it cannot be denied that Southern California's chief assets are its climate and scenery in that they attract hundreds of thousands of wealthy people from all parts of the world each year to enjoy them. The result is the growth of the fashionable and luxurious tourist hotel to an extent not surpassed in the populous centres of the East. Santa Barbara has its Arlington and Potter, both of them unusual structures, the latter on the beach and surrounded by myriads of flowers; Hollywood — a suburb of Los Angeles, has its Hollywood and Beverley Hills; Long Beach its Virginia; Del Mar its Stratford, but of all the hotels of Southern California, indeed of the whole State, the Mission Inn at Riverside is the one that provokes and deserves especial comment.

Conceived by three poets — Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller and his sister, Mrs. Richardson, — romance and sentiment were mixed in the cement and gravel of its foundations, and have continued up to its tower capstones. Poetry, romance and sentiment flow from it, radiate in every direction, so that it begins to permeate the visitor even before he enters its unique precincts. The arched corridors that line the streets on the hotel block, while not obtrusive, are *different*. They demand attention in a quietly insistent fashion and lead the eye to the red tiled roofs, the campanile, the architectural distinctions, the swinging bells, the saintly figures of the main building beyond.

Frank Miller came to Riverside when a mere boy, forty years ago. His father founded the Glenwood Inn, an ordinary small town hotel in the early days of Riverside. Hence he was practically born into the hotel business. It was his first and only occupation. But he was a poet; so was his sister; and when he married he chose for his wife another poet. Though protestants in their religious faith they all had that large-heartedness of spiritual vision that is able to glorify the noble and heroic in those of another faith. Their love of California led them to a full study of the remnant bands of the Indians — those aboriginal tribes that used to cover the valleys and foothills with their rude *kishes* and *kans* in which their healthy and happy offspring were born and lived. They became interested in their avocations, their primitive pottery and their exquisite and dainty basketry. The facts behind the story of *Ramona* soon became well known to them. Their deepest sympathies were aroused. They studied the history of Ramona's people. The Old Franciscan Mission structures had always appealed to them, but as soon as they got hold more fully of the human idea that these Missions were founded and conducted by the Franciscan padres purely for the spiritual, mental and social uplift of the degraded savages of California, they took on a new and fuller significance. For Mr. Miller if anything is intensely human. Poetry to appeal to him must be full of the red-veined heart of humanity. The Missions became more than churches to him. His vivid and creative imagination soon saw each of these Missions as the leavening centre of a vast Indian population. He reconstructed the workshops, the forges, the mills, the looms, the thousand and one industries that went on under the guidance and control of the wise and practical padres. He saw that they demonstrated their love to God by their self-sacrificing, consecrated love to their degraded fellow human beings. He began to honour, respect and love these consecrated men as he had never done before; he revered their devotion to God, but his heart warmed in fullest sympathy when he visioned their active work for the benefit and blessing of the California savages.

Then he studied the growth of California life on its other planes. He saw the Spanish colonists come in. He followed, in imagination, that procession of men and women over the wastes of the Gila and Colorado River deserts from Northern Sonora, who came to people the new settlement of San Francisco, and those who established San José, Santa Cruz, San Diego and Los Angeles. He gained a sure and comprehensive knowledge of their social development. He followed them, as they rode their peerless horses, to their fiestas, and bailles and barbecues, and watched them at their dances, and contests of skill and horsemanship in the field. He saw them at their rodeos, or round-ups of cattle and horses, and got into the spirit of their large-hearted, free-handed life with one another. He was soon saturated with the spirit of "the splendid idle forties," and the glorious open-handed "thirties," and the reckless friendly "twenties," and the hospitable, generous "tens." He saw how the Missions fitted into this unique pastoral life, so different from that of the sordid German, the cheese-paring Scotchman, the money-loving Englishman, and even of his own Puritan and Quaker ancestry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. For here in Spanish house and sacred Mission the stranger was ever welcome to the fullest hospitality of home, bed and board. Horses were found for those who needed them; guides were furnished; food was supplied, with a generous abandon known only in the land of the sun that warms the heart to keenest brotherhood.

Without money and without price the bounty of the Missions was given to every passer by. His need was the only question as to his fitness to receive. Even his gratitude was not anticipated. To give freely, generously, bountifully of the best they had to all who needed, was a part of the every-day religion of these padres of the olden time, in addition to their unselfish care, education and Christianization of the savages.

All these things Mr. Miller saw and felt, until they began to ferment within his inmost soul. Brain and heart had long been employed with them, but now his soul — himself — was interested, engaged, enthralled. The question sprang into being: Why cannot a modern hotel be conducted on modern methods, yet fully imbued with as much of the spirit of real hospitality, genuine interest in the welfare of the guest, personal seeking for his comfort as was manifested by these men of God whose every-day life was a manifestation of their religion?

The idea grew. Its feasibility soon became apparent, because, in Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and in Mrs. Richardson, the spirit to do, and be, was within them.

The town of Riverside was growing. The fame of the climate of Southern California was broadening and widening. Thousands flocked to the Land of Perpetual Summer. They wanted to see the town where oranges could be picked and eaten in shirt-waists and summer tweeds, while the horizon line was glorified with ten-thousand-feet-high-mountain-peaks bathed in virgin snow. The *Glenwood* grew in size and business. Soon its enlarged capacity was more than reached.

Now came the time to create in concrete and objective form the vision that had been growing during the past years. Mr. Arthur B. Benton, one of Los Angeles's most individualistic architects, a man of vision and practical power, was called into what had hitherto been a family conclave. His genius was fired and plans were soon prepared for the erection of a hotel, to be different from any yet constructed. It was to suggest throughout — in patio, entrance, lobby, hall, dining-room, lounging-rooms, bedrooms — the warm, cordial hospitality of the homes of the old Padres, yet able to meet all the demands of the most exacting and world-blasé travellers.

Mr. Miller's neighbours, his co-workers in the hotel-field throughout California looked on in amazement as Mr. Benton's architectural ideas took visible form. Slowly the structure arose, and questions arose with it on every hand. What did it mean? What was Miller aiming at? The first glimpses of a new idea struck them strangely. The poet's fancy, his carefully thought out vision, seemed to them a foolish dream, a nightmare monstrosity that would involve him in ridicule and disaster. But glory be for the men who know. The men who are willing to be led by the larger, grander, nobler vision. Quietly but insistently Mr. Miller went on with his building. The simplicity and near-rudeness of the doors, and interiors, and fireplaces, and ironwork, shocked the susceptibilities of the *nouveau-riche* who contended that nobody who was anybody would ever think of "putting up" with such rude trimmings. But regardless of the prophets of disaster and woe the builders went ahead, and the building was completed. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Miller had furniture made to suit their ideas, and they ransacked the East, Europe and Mexico for objects of art, *virtu* and handicraft that would add to the spirit of their enterprise.

Figures of saints were placed here, there and everywhere; morning, noon and night the chimes pealed forth their silvery tones in church chorals, folk-songs, and the homely music of the people; photographs and paintings lined the walls, indicative of the spirit and life of the Mission epoch; stained glass windows set forth the social life and industries of Indians, Spaniards and Mexicans in the old-time pastoral days "before the gringo came," and in and through and above and over all the genuine spirit of true-hearted hospitality brooded and asserted itself.

The results have demonstrated the practical wisdom of the poets' visions. The capacity of the Mission Inn has been overtaxed year after year, so that the sound of the hammer and axe are never still during the summer months enlarging for the following winter season, when the large influx of tourists demands more and more the restful and pleasing accommodations this replica of the old Mission days affords.

The crypt is a banquet-hall, the refectory a meeting-place of knights and their ladies of good-fellowship, the chapel a music-room where sonorous organ music, with sweet accompaniment of harp, violin, and cello daily inspire the soul and strengthen the heart to nobler deeds.

Mr. Miller has gathered together also wonderful collections of Indian baskets, rare old bells and unique crosses, each of which is worthy a chapter in this book.

Altogether the Mission Inn is one of the rare beauty spots of California, full of charm and delight to the eye, enhanced by the wealth of Romance, Sentiment and History that hover about its every part, making it the rarest, the most charming and the most unique of America's hotels, and probably, of the hotels of the world.

In its homes, too, Southern California is peculiarly rich. Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Monrovia, San Diego, Ontario, Riverside, and a half a score of towns are famous for their fine residences. Some of them may well be termed "palatial." They are palaces that in the

THE CHAPEL, [illegible]

surpassing grandeur of their exteriors, the rich elaborateness of their interiors more than vie with the old time palaces of Europe. Yet they are not over-adorned inside or out. There is a refined delicacy about most of them that charms the least susceptible.

One of the finest and most pleasing of these homes is that of Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughry, the daughter of E. J. Baldwin, for so many years one of the noted pioneers of the State. When he died, he left his princely domain near Pasadena, known as the Santa Anita Ranch, with great plans for its development, incomplete. Knowing her father's desires Mrs. McClaughry, as soon as the estate was partitioned, set herself to carry them out.

Regardless of expense the work is progressing rapidly, and ere long this 3,500 acre ranch will be one of the finest and best developed in the State. All the old buildings are being torn down, and replaced with modern structures of concrete, and every acre is to be made productive to the highest extent.

In order personally to superintend the work of the ranch Mrs. McClaughry erected her home upon it. It is a California manifestation of the architectural style known as the Italian renaissance, — light, airy and sunny, every room receiving direct sunshine during some time of the day. The gentle knoll, or *loma,* upon which the house stands in the heart of its beautiful park, adds to its impressive beauty and quiet dignity.

One of the first features that arrests the attention is the fact that the live oaks that have always been one of the native glories of the Baldwin estate are carefully preserved and taken into full account in the landscape gardening that the building of the home has necessitated. Scarcely one has been removed. Their life and well-being have been of primary consideration, and the result is a charming and powerfully attractive blending of the native and artificially-domesticated trees that preserves in heightened tone, the distinctively California quality of the landscape. Scores of other native trees and shrubs are planted in the gardens, so that as one's eye falls upon roses, wistaria, lilies, fuchsias, dahlias, chrysanthemums and a thousand and one garden flowers, he sees at the same time the blooming adenostema, ceanothus, yuccas, baby-blue-eyes, scarlet trumpets, calchortus, etc., which link together, in novel but most effective fashion, the enclosed area of the garden with the wild of God's great-out-of-doors on the mountain slopes beyond.

The house is modern in every respect, with sun-porches, open-air sleeping-rooms, ideal quarters for the help, large and commodious library, Indian hall, jinks-room, bowling-alley, billiard-hall, a kitchen that would be the pride of many a noted hotel chef, and with its own refrigerating plant and coolers, with ice-making equipment added.

Close to the house is a miniature Parthenon. Its classic and simple dignity harmonizes well with its arboreal and mountain environment. It is a temple for the worship of physical and mental well-being, for its altar is the swimming pool, of clear pellucid water from the mountains, warmed by the wooing of the ardent California sunshine, and thus tempting to an *open-air* daily plunge and swim.

It should be remarked that all the paintings that adorn the walls of Mrs. McClaughry's home are by California artists.

Mahruos, the Arabian Stallion of the Santa Anita Ranch.

CHAPTER XVII

IN AND AROUND LOS ANGELES

In its growth Los Angeles is the wonder city of the world. In 1880 it was a sleepy Mexican pueblo, with American trimmings, and a population of 12,000. In 1914 it is the most active, bustling, aggressive, growing city in America, with a population of over half a million, and the assurance to claim that by 1920 it will have reached the million mark.

Los Angeles is a concrete example of the power of effective advertising, when there is something to advertise. Whatever her cliques and factions, her dissensions and differences she stands united when advertising is to be done. The proprietors of her newspapers have ever been "scrappers" one with another, yet when it comes to singing the praises of Los Angeles their voices ascend in perfect harmony. Labour and capital have their fights in Los Angeles as elsewhere, yet they are found shoulder to shoulder, arm in arm, and both use their most seductive accents, when telling the outside world about Los Angeles. The railways and steamship companies have spent many hundreds of thousands of dollars in attracting attention to this city and its surrounding country, for it is a long way from the East and from Europe and fares are heavy and traffic rates high. Not that they are exorbitant, but that the distances are so great they amount to so much more than where the haul is shorter.

The assets of Los Angeles are climate, scenery, remarkably close proximity to mountain, canyon, foothill, forest, desert, seashore and island, excellent fishing and hunting, oil and hydro-electricity for cheap fuel, profitable agricultural and horticultural crops, with mining and cattle-raising not far in the background. It astonished more people than a few to learn that in 1914 the richest agricultural county in the United States was Los Angeles. Some of its citrus, walnut, pear, apricot, almond, olive and truck farm lands yield heavy interest on a higher price per acre than can be found perhaps elsewhere in the world. It is nothing unusual for men to make ten, twelve and fifteen per cent. *net,* on a purchase price *actually paid* of two, three and even four thousand dollars per acre. Climate, irrigation and ready markets explain this.

But without question the chief attraction of Los Angeles is its climate. Home seekers from all parts of the world have congregated here. The United States has a population of a hundred million, some of whom are growing older and richer every year. Thousands of these have lived all their lives where the battle of life has been strenuous and climatic conditions arduous — hot and oppressive in summer, fiercely cold and piercing in winter. With money in the bank or invested where it brings sure returns, why should these people longer remain to battle with unkind Nature, when in California she was invariably in gentler and more attractive mood? Hence the wealthy, the growing old, and those whose health was precarious have flocked to the land of the sun-down sea, and, as they have seen opportunity for investment, have poured out of their treasure lavishly, knowing, with keen insight trained by years of pinching and saving, that it would return many-fold in an incredibly short space of time. As a result, therefore, Los Angeles is peculiarly a non-Californian city, as far as the spirit and genius of its people are concerned. It is a conglomeration of middle-westerners largely, Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, Nebraska, Indiana, having sent large contingents, with sprinklings from the New England, Southern and Northern States.

Los Angeles, unlike San Diego, has had no one man to whom it has owed much of its remarkable development, although in its street railways three or four men deserve especial attention. Its first rise above the ordinary horse-cars of the early days was when the father of Burton Holmes, the distinguished lecturer, came from Chicago and installed a cable-railway system. A few years later, in the late eighties, Moses H. Sherman and Eli P. Clark came from Arizona, secured franchises and began the putting in of electric railways in the city and stretching out to the beaches and to the mountains at Pasadena. Then Professor T. S. C. Lowe constructed his unique incline railway to Echo Mountain, and became a potent influence in the advertising of Southern California's attractions. Then one day came Henry E. Huntington and Charles Crocker, both important men in the management of the Southern Pacific Railway. Standing on Echo Mountain, overlooking the gloriously beautiful plain that reached from its foot to the Pacific, thirty miles away, one of the mountain enthusiasts burst forth into a prophecy that, ere many years were passed, this vast plain would become the scene of beautiful homes from the mountains to the sea, and, to link them together and render transportation and commerce easy, lines of electric railway would radiate from Los Angeles in every direction.

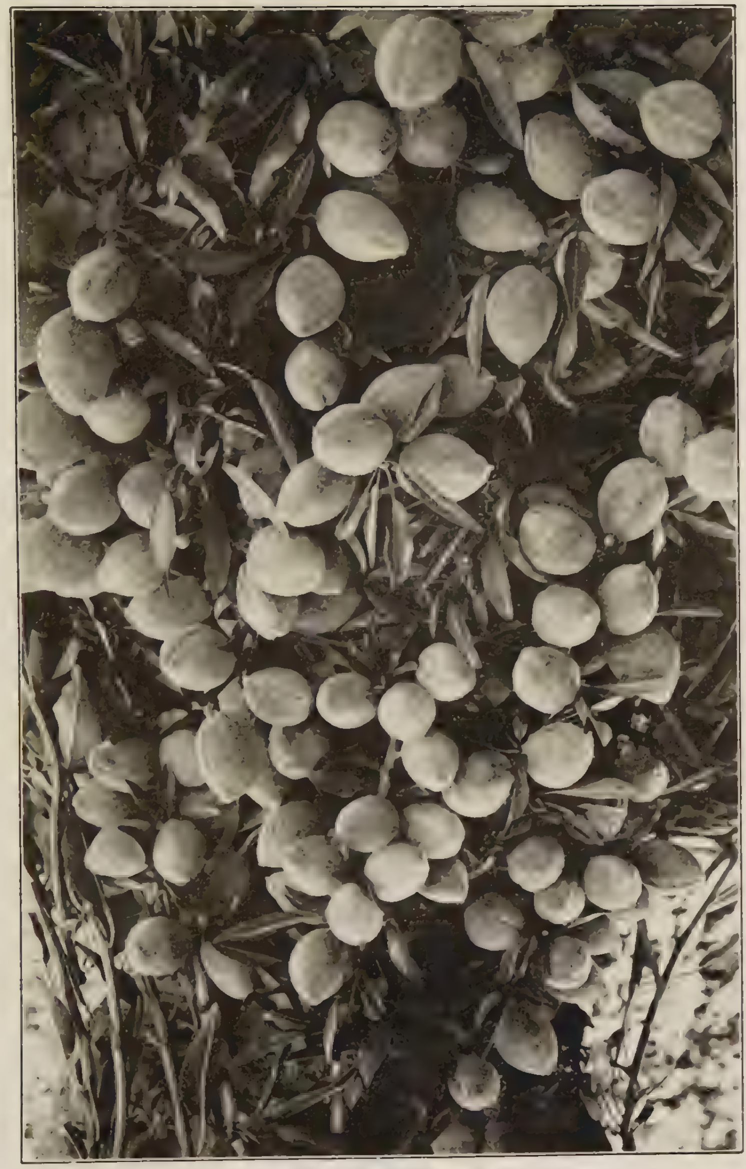
Though trained by long experience in railroad construction and management to see things from a large and prophetic standpoint, Mr. Huntington was staggered with this tremendous concept, and instantly replied: "Great scheme! Wonderful plan! But what would you imagine would be the initial cost of such a railway?"

The enthusiast confessed he knew little of railways but dared the "guess" that it would not be less than five millions to start with, when Mr. Huntington responded: "A lot of money, young man, a lot of money."

"Yes," was the enthusiast's undaunted prophecy, "it is a lot of money, but the time will come when the money will be found and the man that knows how to spend it."

Some fifteen years later the enthusiast was dining with Mr. Huntington at his New York club, and this conversation was recalled, when the financier remarked: "I little thought at the time I was to be the man, and that instead of five millions the first shot out of the locker would be fifteen millions. And since then the work has so enlarged that we have multiplied the original fifteen millions *five times*, and the end is not yet."

Here is the secret of the later "boom" of Los Angeles and all the country round about. With swift electric transportation at reasonable rates provided, the country towns sprang into a new life as remarkable as that shown years before by Los Angeles, and the very audacity of the large faith of the railway builder, though it at first staggered the little-minded investor, shortly hypnotized him and made him frantic "to get in on the ground floor." Hence it will be apparent that it has not required any keen intelligence to buy building sites in the heart of cities and towns, or ranches in the country and then sit still while outsiders came in and purchased them at a substantial advance. Fortunately many — most, indeed — of the purchasers were workers and immediately



ALMONDS.

began to build on their lots, or to develop their ranches. The whilom cattle counties became the agricultural and horticultural wonder of the world. Hundreds of thousands of tons of fruits, green and dried, were shipped East, North, Middle West and South, and California's oranges, walnuts, lemons, grapefruit, figs, almonds, peaches and apricots went forth as additional voices to further herald her fame.

When settlers from the East returned to their old homes and began to tell of what the new land had grown to mean to them, their old-time friends and associates heard them with wonderment, shading into pity and finally open remonstrance. For that is one of the romances of California, that its wonders are so great, the State so vast, the glories and beauties so transcendent that he who tries to tell of them comes so far short of the truth that he recognizes his own inability to present things in the light of the glory in which he sees them, while, strange to say, to his unknowing hearers, his vain reachings for the truth are accounted wild and foolish fantasies, or wilful and deliberate exaggerations that courtesy alone keeps them from designating by the " shorter and uglier " word.

Even such a careful and watchful man over his speech as the Right Reverend Bishop Conaty, of the diocese of Los Angeles and Monterey, openly confessed that when he went back to his old parish in the East, while he was struggling to reach up to the majesty and grandeur of the truths of California as he knew them, but realizing that he was lamentably failing, his hearers were shaking their heads and thinking within themselves: Ah, what has come over our dear former pastor? With us he was the soul of honour and truth personified, but now, alas! alas! and alas!

If one were to tell of the increase in land values in Los Angeles in the past thirty years he could scarce expect to be believed — they have gone up so astonishingly. And the remarkable thing is that no one could ever claim for Los Angeles that it had a picturesque location, — in itself, — or that it promised to be a great commercial centre, or that it would ever be a manufacturing city, or that it had a profitable contributory back country. The matter of location, of course, no one could change, but all the three later contentions against its future growth have proven themselves absurd in the light of actual events. It *is* a great commercial centre, distributing its goods of every nature into the interior towns, reaching through Arizona and Nevada into New Mexico, Texas and even beyond. It *is* a great manufacturing city, having established many profitable plants, whose number is being added to all the time; and as far as its back country is concerned, I have already shown it is *the richest in the world.*

Is it to be wondered then, that the city has grown beyond the wildest dreams of the most visionary; and that in domestic architecture it has evolved several features that are characteristic of the soil, climate and scenic surroundings, and therefore distinctive. To merely ride in a fast automobile through the residence sections would require several days. In the business streets the skyscraper is in evidence on every hand, and where wild pasture, alfalfa fields, and orange orchards and vineyards existed twenty — aye, even ten — years ago, are found busy streets with all the alert activities of a busy city.

The constant movement of the city's centre has been an interesting feature to observe. Thirty years ago the old plaza, opposite the mission chapel, was the city's centre, though the predominating population was north of it. Ten years later First Street might be regarded as the civic centre. Slowly the balance moved westward in spite of the powerful efforts made to counteract it, until to-day Seventh Street, which thirty years ago was the southern outskirts, is now the acknowledged business centre of the city.

The speedy electric car has had much to do with bringing about this result. New residence sections were opened up in the far-away fields, and before one had got used to the name, every lot was sold, the streets were all graded and paved, houses built and the neighbourhood fully settled down, and a division further out being graded, divided and sold. Colegrove, Hollywood and Sherman were made accessible by the Sherman and Clark electric line to Santa Monica. Now they are incorporated within the city and are populous suburbs, with magnificent residences, great schools, churches, and libraries.

Historically Los Angeles is one of the oldest cities of the Coast. Founded in 1781 by the Spaniards as a colony adjacent to the Mission of San Gabriel, it pottered along for about a century, passing through the various vicissitudes consequent upon the severance of Mexico from Spain, internal dissensions as to governorship, the secularization of the Missions, the coming of Frémont, and its final initiation into the brotherhood of American cities. San Francisco always regarded it, not as a brother, but a weak sister, and he was very rude in his remarks about her. But, somehow, in the early eighties people from the East began to discern her growing and budding charms and the " Boom " set in. Frenzied and irresponsible though that epoch was, it served to give Los Angeles a name throughout the world. Hence, when in 1885, the Santa Fé drove its last spike in the connecting rail with the East, and began to offer special rates, and a great passenger traffic war ensued, there came a sudden flood of people to the Pacific Coast that for ever settled the question as to the power of its charms. Whatever may be the personal opinion of a few, there is no denying that to the great mass of the reading people of the civilized world the mere name, California, spells attraction, romance, and hope. Hope that, some day, they may either visit it, or, more desirable, move to it for life.

From this epoch the real, swinging uplift of Los Angeles and Southern California really begins. The federal census of 1900 showed the population to be 102,479, and 1910 gave the figures as 319,198, a growth of *one thousand per cent.* in twenty years.

Speedily following the stirring epoch known as the " Boom " came the birth of the Chamber of Commerce. It was fortunate in its early history and did things that gained it the confidence of the citizens. It began a systematic campaign of advertising that I believe has never been equalled in modern times. The world soon knew definitely, through their literature, exhibits, lectures, photographs, etc., what Los Angeles and Southern California had to offer in addition to mere scenery and climate. The " back country " was being developed. Water was being found and brought to the surface for irrigation. Dams were being constructed and great reservoirs formed in the mountains for supplying the citrus and other orchards with the needed fluid. The Chamber of Commerce materially aided the citrus fruit industry, which soon became the chief basis of the wealth and prosperity of the whole southern section.

Then came the fight for the free harbour of Los Angeles. Few of those who later came upon the scene can form any idea of the fierce stubbornness of the contest. It must be understood that the coast near Los Angeles has no natural harbour. There is none between San Diego and San Francisco, a distance of six hundred miles. There are several excellent *roadsteads,* but it would require millions of dollars to convert any one of them into a real harbour, suitable for the commercial use of great ocean liners and freight vessels, and as a haven for smaller vessels in time of storm. There were such roadsteads at San Pedro and also at Santa Monica. Collis P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific Railway, wanted the government appropriation for Santa Monica; the people of Los Angeles preferred San Pedro. So confident was Mr. Huntington of ultimate success that he extended the railway three miles from Santa Monica, built a wharf at his chosen site, which he called Port Los Angeles, at an expense of over a million dollars. The chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Commerce, which passes on all harbour appropriations, was Senator W. P. Frye of Maine. In spite of the reports, renewed again and again, of the government's own engineers, in favour of San Pedro as against Port Los Angeles, Senator Frye fought any appropriation being made for the former place. It was a long drawn out fight, and lasted seven years. Then the people, largely by the aid of Senator Stephen M. White, whom Los Angeles had succeeded in having elected as United States Senator from California, won. His statue — and it is a rarely excellent one — stands in front of the Court House on North Broadway.

In due time Los Angeles decided that the city must be expanded so as to actually reach the coast, so an annexation act was passed which eventuated in the creation of a "pan-handle" reaching to and including San Pedro, which is now a portion of the corporation of Los Angeles.

The harbour, therefore, of San Pedro, is officially and legally the harbour of Los Angeles. It is inappropriate to give too many facts and figures here, but it is safe to say that upwards of five or six millions of dollars have been spent by the national government and the city of Los Angeles in building the great protecting sea wall, deepening the entrance to forty-eight and fifty-two feet, deepening the inner harbour and building wharves and general conveniences for the rapid, cheap and easy handling of passengers and freight.

The harbour of Los Angeles being largely a " made " harbour, it can well be understood that both San Francisco and San Diego poke considerable fun at its pretensions, and very funny things sometimes appear which add to the hilarity of nations. Yet it cannot be questioned that the harbour is a great and growing asset to the city and will be a great factor in its future development.

Los Angeles is a unique city, as a little consideration will demonstrate. Her business capacities have been cursorily referred to, but enough to show that she is capable of doing large things, yet, side by side with the harbour, the oil wells, the manufacturing plants, the cultivation of vegetable gardens and fruit ranches, stands her tourist trade. This demands the usual catchy stores for souvenirs. Tourists, especially Americans, are " souvenir crazy," and Los Angeles has no objection. Hence she has more stores for such objects than Niagara Falls fifty times over, — shell jewelry, miniature boxes of tiny oranges, orange-wood and lemon-wood placques, ostrich feathers and eggs, alligator skin bags, Navaho blankets, Mexican zarapes, Indian baskets, bows and arrows, bowls, ollas and other pottery, idols, moccasins, drums, mineral specimens, spoons (of course), burnt leather, carved leather, stamped leather, tiny Indian and Mexican figures and a thousand and a half other things painted, stamped, burnt, scratched, engraved or smeared: "Souvenir of Los Angeles."

And as a necessary corollary there are the ostrich-farm, where one can ride a swift and long-stepping ostrich, or at least be photographed astraddle of one; an alligator farm, where one thousand birds, — no, alligators are not birds, beasts, — no, that will never do, fishes, — worse yet, — now we have it, *reptiles,* — so the guide informs us, — from the tiny creatures just hatched to Monarch, who is five hundred years old, are shown to us.

But attractive with all the strange allurement and attraction of behind-the-scenes in a theatre are the places where "movies" are made. Climate, sunshine and variety of scenery close at hand are great factors in this modern industry and several of the largest "movie" making firms in the country have monster plants here, — regular cities within their own walls, where railway accidents, war scenes, domestic woes and blisses, *Curfew shall not ring to-night* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* are reproduced with all that verve, spontaneity and naturalness that one looks for, and *finds,* only in a moving-picture show.

The chief beauty of Los Angeles is found in its parks, its suburbs and in the glorious vistas of snow-crowned mountain peaks, or deep purple ranges that rise up suddenly at the end of some street vista. One is reminded of a sign that Joaquin Miller used to have on his gatepost at The Hights: "There is nothing to see up here except down yonder." There is nothing particularly beautiful in rows of business blocks, though, of course, in the residence sections there are charming houses, some of attractive, others of bizarre, architecture, with a wealth of flowers that appeals to all. But in Elysian Park, and especially Griffith Park, there are driveways, bridle paths and outlook points that are beautiful beyond compare. Save for Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia, Griffith Park has the largest area of any park in America, and much of it is allowed to remain in its native wildness, with merely enough roadways made through it to render it accessible. An open-air California theatre — an improvement on the Greek, in that electric lights and other modern conveniences accompany all that the Greeks had — is being built which will seat twenty thousand people, and with a possibility of enlargement to three times the size should it ever be required. The park was a gift to the city by Griffith G. Griffiths, who many years ago purchased it with this thought in view.

It is her roads and electric-car system that enable Los Angeles to pose as beautiful. And surely her robes, even to the hem of her garment, are glorious. She herself — well! she's no prettier than many a bride, but there is no world-famed beauty that can truthfully brag of finer embroideries, skirts and diamond-buckles on her shoes, gorgeous head-dresses, richer finger-rings and varied nicknacks than can Los Angeles.

In thirty-five minutes, see her bejewelled ocean cincture, a galaxy of beach-towns that have the rich blue of the Pacific as an allurement every day in the year, and where surf bathing is indulged in every day, almost without exception. Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Playa del Rey, Manhattan, Hermosa, Redondo, Cliffton-by-the-Sea, San Pedro, Long Beach, Alamitos, Huntington Beach, Balboa, and Newport are all reached directly, with express electric cars direct from Los Angeles.

Then, in the other direction stand the mountains, with

MT. LOWE RAILWAY.

their Mt. Lowe Railway, Carnegie Observatory, and the cool and delicious canyons, where running brooks sing to sunshine-kissed trees, and gigantic mountain sides and cliffs keep putting on ever-changing garments of colour and tone for the delectation of the elect.

And between mountains and sea are miles and miles, on either hand, of orange orchards, lemon groves, avenues of palms, great mesas dotted over with poppies, lupines and mustard, the groves of stately eucalyptus, and all where the odours of a million times a million flowers and blossoms unite with the salty tang of the sea air and the pine and balsam laden breezes from the mountains.

It is soothing, alluring, stimulating, restful, — according to temperament, — there is no question, or people would not return to it year after year from East, Middle West, North and South as they do.

Mount Lowe is one of the " shows " of Los Angeles. It was named after Professor T. S. C. Lowe, who first came into public prominence as the organizer of the United States Aeronautic Service during the Civil War. He next invented the artificial ice machine, then " water gas," which revolutionized the light and fuel problem of the country, and finally came to Pasadena, built the electric railway into Rubio Canyon, designed and equipped the Great Cable Incline to Echo Mountain, and the electric road to Alpine Tavern. Hundreds of thousands have thus been enabled to scale the Sierra Madre Range and enjoy the glorious outlook over range after range of mountains, foothills, fertile valley, seashore, ocean and islands. The Lowe Observatory was also built, for popular instruction and enjoyment, as well as scientific research, on Echo Mountain, and Dr. Lewis Swift, the great comet and nebulæ finder, brought to preside over it. At his death Edgar Larkin was appointed astronomer, which post he still occupies.

On a neighbouring peak of the same range, Mt. Wilson, Andrew Carnegie has established the Carnegie Observatory. This is equipped, and in process of equipment, with the finest astronomical instruments known to modern science. It is under the personal supervision and governance of Professor George C. Hale, with a band of competent assistants, and in the pure air of this region great results are confidently expected to the enlargement of astronomical knowledge.

Of the towns adjacent to Los Angeles little can be said, but the people of Pasadena naturally feel that pages, or whole volumes, should be written about their beautiful city. So of South Pasadena, Pomona, Glendale, Whittier, San Fernando and many others. And, truly, each is worthy extended notice, but all one can say is that God has done much to make possible the attractions of them all, and that in their variety man finds his choice. Each is different, yet all are beautiful, and it is a " toss-up " when a party starts out for a long day's ride which will charm the most.

A HOME IN BEAUTIFUL PASADENA.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SOUTHWESTERN CORNER OF THE UNITED STATES

WHAT pictures flood the imagination as one reads the title of this chapter: The Southwestern Corner of the United States — the beginning point of California; the first port of call on United States soil for the Panama Canal; vessels from every part of the world; Uncle Sam's battle-ships, cruisers, torpedo boats and destroyers; boys' and girls' rowing-crews on the bay; stirring polo games; following the hounds; daring feats with aeroplanes; startling dives from the heavens with hydroplanes — half a dozen, a dozen giant dragon-fly-like creatures buzzing in the high heavens, soaring into the very eye of the sun, — yachting in the bay and in the outer ocean; Japanese gardens; ostrich farm; perpetual flowers; Coronado Tent-City; the long sandy spit connecting Coronado with the main land, the quiet waters of the bay on one side and the roaring, dashing surf on the other; the majestic, flower-embowered hotel on the Coronado strand; gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, illuminated desert mountains, foot-hills, valleys, islands and ocean; the sturdy promontory of Point Loma, with its lighthouse, "Bennington" monument, wireless telegraph apparatus, and the glistening dome of the Aryan Temple of the Theosophical Brotherhood, a blaze of dazzling splendour in the sunshine; avenues of palms; groves of eucalyptus, orange, lemon and olive; and at night-time the blaze of the thousands of electric lights of San Diego, South San Diego, National City, Imperial Beach, Coronado and Point Loma making earthly constellations rivalling in splendour, glory and fantastic form those that have attracted the eyes of men to the heavens since history began — these, and a score, a hundred, five hundred, numberless pictures of beauty and glory pour forth from the chambers of memory, evoked by the mere sound of the name that heads this chapter.

San Diego is one of the most marvellous of all the marvel cities of the marvellous West. When its citizens began to agitate in 1909-10 for a great exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915, it boasted a population of some thirty to thirty-five thousand people. For the half century of its life it had hung on to the skirts of things, the butt of the jests, the jokes, and, worse than all, now and again the pity of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento and the larger towns of the State. When the Southern Pacific *Sunset Route* was built its officials ignored San Diego and swerved away from it to cut obliquely across the Colorado Desert to Los Angeles. Later the Santa Fé generously took pity on it and built a branch line from Los Angeles, Pacific steamers called for passengers and freight, but everybody knew it was isolated; and San Diegans felt it. But the struggle for the Panama-California Exposition has brought new life to the city and to-day its population numbers over one hundred thousand, and it is rapidly growing.

And why should it not grow? To those who seek uniformity of climate, winter and summer alike; that is, a climate that scarce knows such terms as winter and summer, the San Diego region naturally appeals. For the records show that it is the most self-poised climatic centre the world knows. Its thermostatic pendulum

AN AVENUE OF PALMS.

swings with a less arc than any known region in the world, notwithstanding the boasting of the far-famed Riviera, the much lauded North of Africa, and all the other chosen localities.

Then, too, another preëminent gift of God is its harbour; a naturally sheltered and completely land-locked bay, with reasonably easy and secure access, twenty-two miles long and capable of sheltering the navies of the world. It is a placid sheet of water, encompassed by gently rolling hills on the east and a lofty headland on the west — Point Loma, once undoubtedly an island, which seems to have arisen from the sea at the behest of a benign Creator, to protect the vessels that seek harbour beyond.

Completely land-locked, with a depth of water over the bar of thirty-one feet at low tide, with an inner channel ranging from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet in width, and from thirty-five to seventy feet in depth at low water, and a normal tide of approximately five feet, here was generous sea-room for the maneuvering of vessels to any reasonable extent. Federal appropriations, however, have been made to dredge the bar to thirty-five feet.

Rising from the bay shore to the north and east the land ascends in semi- or irregular amphitheatre form, capable of being terraced, and affording as perfect a site for a city as can be found in the world. Diversified and picturesque, seamed here and there with ravines, it only needed man to come to people its slopes and construct the city for which it was so remarkably well adapted.

Accordingly in 1867, after one or two prior efforts had been made, A. E. Horton determined to rise to the Supreme Architect's plans. He laid out the city of to-day. For twenty-six cents an acre he bought one hundred and sixty acres where the central part of the city now stands. By 1871-2 the Horton House was built on the site now occupied by the U. S. Grant Hotel, the plaza laid out and development well under way.

Every stranger of intelligence who came to the scene acknowledged that in the harbour was a magnificent asset for the upbuilding of a city. Yet in these modern days a harbour alone was not enough. Railroad connection with a great interior country, steamers carrying precious loads of passengers and freight were essential to take advantage of harbour facilities, or the finest harbour God ever made might remain idle and useless. Climate unknown and unused might be fit for angels and archangels, yet if man never came to utilize it wherein was the world benefitted? Population was essential, and transportation facilities for the easy and convenient handling of population and commerce.

Slowly, with many a setback, the population increased, until in 1887, when the Santa Fé practically made its eastern connections with San Diego the boom, which had already set in in Los Angeles and vicinity reached its sister city further south. Now, for a time, things moved with such rapidity as to be bewildering. John Law's South Sea Bubble scarcely caused more excitement. Theodore S. Van Dyke has written a fascinating story of the time entitled *Millionaires of a Day* which graphically sets forth the frenzied condition that existed. Then came the "flattening out" of the boom; after which San Diego seemed to settle back and quietly wait for further developments which she felt were sure to come.

In this as in many other Pacific cities the faith, tenacity and buoyant hope of a few men have done much to make possible the success that has ultimately come.

"Father" Horton was one, and Elisha S. Babcock another. The former has passed on; Mr. Babcock still lives, with unabated vigour still directing his varied enterprises.

It is interesting and instructive to note Mr. Babcock's relationship with San Diego and Coronado. In 1883 he first came to California and wintered in this then embryonic city. His original home was Evansville, Indiana. A born hunter, devoted to the out-of-door life, one can well imagine how this almost virgin land appealed to him. The Coronado islands and peninsula, Point Loma, the hills, valleys and mountain slopes for a hundred miles around, were solitudes, a hunter's paradise, where one might roam undisturbed for weeks.

It did not take such a land long to conquer him. He sold out in Indiana, moved bag and baggage and came to the land that had won his heart. His active brain and body, however, were compelled to find work. He saw into the future. Others saw with him. They had established a national bank; he helped enlarge its scope. So with the gas and electric company. He put new life into the water company that supplied the city with domestic water, and with his associates built the street car lines, which, later, he and Mr. John D. Spreckles made into an up-to-date electric traction system. When the Santa Fé system decided to build to San Diego, it was Mr. Babcock that secured the water-front franchises, ground for the terminals and built the wharves, coal bunkers, etc., needed. Then he saw the possibilities in the line of tourist travel and home development. In his hunting, he and his dogs had roamed over the Coronado peninsula, about eight miles long, which separates San Diego Bay from the ocean. This peninsula has two large heads containing over a thousand acres each. He and three others purchased the Spanish grant which embraced this land. The south "head" was subdivided and named Coronado Beach. Lots were sold to people all over the United States; a ferry across the bay was established, and a steam railway built around the bay connecting the new city with San Diego. He also sunk wells near the head of the bay and piped the water to Coronado. In time the city grew, until now it is one of the noted resorts of the Pacific coast.

During this period of activity he planned and executed the building of Hotel del Coronado. Even the people of San Diego said he was crazy; and those of Los Angeles and San Francisco merely shrugged their shoulders in sneering sarcasm. The folly, or insanity, was so apparent. Yet Hotel del Coronado in the south, and Hotel del Monte in the north, with Hotel Raymond in Pasadena between, did more to attract the thousands of wealthy travellers and home-seekers to California, and to satisfy their immediate needs when they got there, while they were letting the charm and glamour of the country "seep into" their systems, than all else combined.

It is an interesting piece of history to recall that the only way sufficient carpenters and mechanics could be secured for the work was by importation in "car-load lots" from the East. One car-load of fifty-one carpenters was brought in, *all expenses advanced,* and, on their arrival in San Diego they were approached by an agent from Ensenada, Mexico, where their services were needed, accepted his offer, and without a word of thanks, or any offer to reimburse Mr. Babcock, this band of "honest American working-men" sailed away and were never seen again.

To further the interests of the growing city and sing its praises to the outside world, as well as to provide its citizens with news, he took over the daily morning *Union,* and the evening *Tribune.* Special editions of these, fully illustrated with finely executed engravings of San Diego and Hotel del Coronado were scattered broadcast throughout the East, and thus became useful heralds of the country's charms.

Then the people of California's interior valley and mountain regions began to clamour for a more modest stopping place by the sea and bay, where yet they would enjoy all the Nature advantages possessed by those who dwelt in the great and magnificent Hotel del Coronado. Accordingly Mr. Babcock planned the Coronado Tent City, the most unique and well-favoured camp for seaside dwellers in the world. The peninsula just below the hotel is a mere narrow sand spit, with ocean on one side and bay on the other, not more than a stone's throw apart. Thousands of car-loads of sand and dirt were hauled from the mainland to make a solid foundation for the city of tents and its buildings. Then a first-class brass band must be organized to help entertain the vast crowds that came to enjoy this rare experience. Swimmers would play awhile in the breakers and in three minutes were on the other side enjoying the placid waters of the Bay.

Work like this, however, was but play to Mr. Babcock. He had larger ideas at work in his active brain. Whenever office cares began to press too hard he called for his horse and dogs, and off he went over all the wild land, into the canyons, ravines, gorges, up the mountain slopes, from the Santa Ana River on the north, into Lower California (Mexico) on the south, and east as far as the Colorado River. Hunting every one called it, and so it was. But there was not only the sport of shooting game. The hunter was a keen-eyed surveyor. His barometer and a hand level were with him continually. He was seeking reservoir sites, studying watersheds, with an eye to wrest from wild Nature a sufficient and adequate water-supply for the city of San Diego — as he saw it in the not too far distant future. Thousands of persons yet unborn will unconsciously give their tribute of thanks and joy to Mr. Babcock, in the mere joy of their physical existence, for what he did on those solitary hunts. Every available site was studied, and it is amusing to those of us who know the facts, that sites loudly proclaimed as new and available discoveries today were weighed in the balance and found wanting by Mr. Babcock twenty-five years ago. The locations decided upon, he filed upon the land, incorporated the Southern California Mountain Water Company, planned the system of water development, now in operation, which linked four immense reservoirs in one perfect chain, within the close distance of forty-five miles from San Diego, and within the heaviest rainfall belt of the county. Old and inadequate water companies had to be bought out; tangled claims to land, water-rights and filings to be straightened out; new sites located and purchased. This took many years of time and a large outlay of capital. Then actual construction on two unique dams was begun — the Upper and Lower Otay. When the latter was completed (and Mr. Babcock was his own engineer), no hydraulic engineer would give a word in its favour. It is thirty feet under ground, one hundred and thirty feet above, over four hundred feet wide at the base, and twenty feet wide at the top. Its capacity is fourteen billion gallons. It was started as a masonry dam, but as bed rock could not be found on one side after boring one hundred feet, it was completed as a steel-core rock-fill dam. Burlap and asphalt were used to cover the steel core, which was embedded in concrete. It has since been copied in its main features by many eminent engineers. The other dams were built — Barrett partially — and Morena completely, with the Upper Otay. The latter is practically the first reinforced concrete dam ever constructed. This type of structure was then unborn. It bows up stream. To strengthen it Mr. Babcock used over two miles of steel cable, — discarded from his cable railway when it was converted into an electric railway, — winding it back and forth from side to side and embedding it in concrete. Engineers predicted it would not stand. It is seventy-seven feet in height above the bed of the stream, fourteen feet wide at the base and four feet wide at the top. Its capacity is 680,000,000 gallons, with a flow over its top of two or three inches deep. It has never required repairs and is to-day as tight as when constructed. Who can estimate what this wonderful water system has meant to the development of San Diego?

Yet even these achievements do not end the list. After trying to rest awhile, travelling with his family, etc., Mr. Babcock came back to San Diego and erected the largest solar salt works in the United States. In 1911 the plant produced seven thousand tons of crystallized salt. In 1912 the output was nine thousand tons, and in 1913, twenty-three thousand tons. The ultimate capacity of the plant as designed is seventy-five thousand to ninety thousand tons per year, and already this tireless, energetic worker has planned to ship salt to India, China and Japan.

I have been thus prolix for two reasons: the development of San Diego and Coronado has always fascinated me on account of the rich charms and attractions they possess, and Mr. Babcock's individual work has been so varied, so loyal, so persistent that I felt my reader, in going over the scenes with me, might enjoy this personal recital as we went along.

Another man of later date to whom San Diego and Coronado owe much, is John D. Spreckles. His faith and works have paralleled those of Mr. Babcock. He came to San Diego about twenty-five years ago, was captured by the climate, built himself a home at Coronado, "took hold" and soon had a hand in everything — water-works, street railways, Hotel del Coronado, the ferry, banks, theatre, hotel structure, business blocks, and yet has worked in such a broad, manly fashion that, in the main, he has won and retained the esteem of all the citizens of all classes.

When it was decided to make the roads of San Diego County measure up to what the city itself was aiming for Mr. Spreckles, Mr. Spalding (of sporting goods fame) and Mr. Scripps of the Scripps Newspaper Syndicate, were elected or appointed as a County Road Commission. Serving without pay, with comprehensive ideas as to what road building should be, all of them with practical business training, they succeeded in getting bonds voted for two millions of dollars with which they revolutionized the roads of San Diego inside of a couple of years, and to-day I say for them, without fear of successful contradiction that, *population and area considered*, there are no finer roads in America than this county affords. There are over four hundred and fifty miles of well constructed automobile boulevards, including the famous Point Loma road, with an additional five hundred miles of good country roads, reaching from the desert, over the mountains to the sea, affording an infinite variety of charming, delightful, restful or exciting rides. It is through work of this nature that Mr. Spreckles and his associates have won the respect and gratitude of their fellow citizens.

When Mr. Spreckles had been in San Diego long enough to understand conditions, and saw what a magnificent empire was developing in the Imperial Valley as a " back country " to San Diego, he determined to do his best to secure direct railroad communication over the mountain, through Imperial, with the East. Imperial County backed him up with vigour, and in 1907 the San Diego and Eastern Railway was launched, the bonds authorized by the State Railway Commission in 1914, and construction work is now rapidly being pushed at both ends.

Other public spirited men saw the need of a first-class hotel. The U. S. Grant was projected. " A White Elephant," everybody exclaimed, except the few far-visioned optimists. The hotel was built, however. It is a magnificent concrete structure, the finest of its kind in the world, has over five hundred rooms, half of them with private bath, a theatre capable of seating twelve hundred people, a smaller concert hall, a salt water swimming plunge and equipment of baths equal to many of the famous Eastern watering places.

To merely furnish such an hotel in modern fashion meant a fortune, yet the man was found to undertake it in James H. Holmes, who for many years had been the popular host of the Hotel Green, at Pasadena. Inside of three months from its opening the U. S. Grant was turning guests away, and ever since, has had a most prosperous career.

When San Diego's public spirited men determined to have an Exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal scarcely any one deemed it possible. Yet the very effort needed to bring it about has developed a loyal spirit in San Diego that will be worth — as the years pass, as well as now — a thousandfold more than its cost. The pluck, self-reliance, confidence gendered by the enterprise has already resulted in bringing the population up to a hundred thousand, and this will be more than doubled within five years.

The Elks wanted a hall for their meetings, etc. The architect figured it would cost them forty thousand dollars. They had four hundred members; just one hundred dollars each. It was suggested, and inside of a year the lodge was meeting in its own beautiful building.

The rapid growth of the city has brought great public improvements in its wake. The Santa Fé have built a fine new depot, commensurate with the dignity and needs of the modern city. The harbour is being improved in accordance with a grant made by the State in 1911 of absolute control of its water-front. This is bulkheaded, eleven miles in extent and comprising an area of 1460 acres; a concrete pier has also been erected, 800 feet long and 130 feet wide, and great coal-bunkers are being provided for sea-going vessels.

The Panama-California Exposition was utilized by San Diego better than any exposition has ever yet been utilized by the city in which it was held. San Diego rejoices in the possession of its own playground named Balboa Park, of fourteen hundred acres. This was made the site of the exposition. A permanent concrete bridge, of seven arches, one thousand feet long and 136 feet high, over Cabrillo Canyon, connects the two divisions of the park. Almost on one end of this bridge is the California building, of concrete, in the Spanish colonial style, rising two hundred feet above the foundations, surmounted by a tiled dome, and its glorious proportions further beautified by a stately tower at one corner. It is now used as a State institution for the dissemination of information about California and her resources, scenic wonders and other attractions.

As Balboa Park is only ten minutes away from the heart of the city, and yet is three hundred feet above sea level the dome and tower of the California building may be clearly seen a hundred miles out at sea.

Another permanent attraction resultant from the Exposition is the wonderful park growths of trees, shrubs and flowers. These were one of the chief marvels of the Exposition, and gave joy to millions, as they will surely do in the future.

San Diego's climate has made it world-famed and as a result it has a number of nearby resorts of greater or lesser note. La Jolla is one of the most famous of these, with its wonderful sea caves, its marine laboratory and exquisite blue ocean. There is also a fine Episcopal educational institution for girls here known as the Bishop's School.

Del Mar, on the sea-coast road coming down from Los Angeles has its well-built and conducted Stratford Inn, and National City, Ocean Beach, Cardiff-by-the-Sea and Chula Vista all have their especial attractions.

But chief of all of San Diego's resorts is Hotel del Coronado, the building of which by Mr. Babcock has already been referred to. Charles Dudley Warner, in his *Our Italy,* openly confessed he knew of nothing else in the world with which to compare it, and asserted that he never saw any other hotel that so surprised him at first, that so improved on a two weeks' acquaintance, and that left in the mind permanent impressions so agreeable.

Standing in its own park of several acres, the building itself, with its fine *patio* or inner court, covers about four and a half acres of ground. For a quarter of a century I have enjoyed this magnificent hotel. It has kept step with all modern improvements. Its equipment to-day is as perfect as if the hotel were erected but yesterday.

In his *Seven Lamps of Architecture* John Ruskin wrote most eloquently and feelingly of the memories and associations that accumulate in an old family mansion, in a castle, cathedral or palace. Is not this one of the great charms that gives to the feeling and sentient when they stand before, or enter into the portals of, such buildings an imaginative participation in those events that particularly appeal to them? Who has not felt the thrill, the awakening of the emotions, when, under eloquent and sympathetic guidance, a visit has been made to these centres of accumulated associations? The Indians have a similar belief. They go even further than the highly civilized. They are fully assured that the spirits of the happy and blest, — or the converse, — return to inhabit, in invisible form, those places where their joys or sorrows were lived in the flesh.

Were I a writer of sentimental novels I should here expand into a rhapsody something like the following:

> "Many a time when I have visited Hotel del Coronado these beliefs have asserted themselves in my own mind. I have found myself picturing the happy couples who have come here on their honeymoon. Wandering arm in arm or hand in hand they delightfully haunt the corridors, the sitting and lounging rooms, the walks and the beach. One sees them in the palm and flower-embowered *patio*, when the brilliant moon sheds glory all around and the mocking birds are giving full voice to the exuberance of their own mated happiness, looking into each other's eyes, glistening with that light that is seen nowhere else, on land or sea than where love supreme shines out upon a beautiful world.
>
> "Even the varied songs of Old Ocean are attuned to this theme. Though the waves and surges are new, the water is the same and the shore, and the songs are all keyed to the old note, ever new, of overflowing happiness. The sky takes on a deeper blue in the daytime because of it, and the stars

are more dancingly radiant remembering the loving glances, fond handclasps and kisses of affection they have looked down upon.

" Even the dining-room becomes a place of sacrament dedicated to Joy, where everyday food partakes of new blessing. Every table is sanctified by the joy of numberless happy couples. Across there loving looks have been exchanged, whispers of bliss heard. The radiant aroma of satisfied love affects, blesses, glorifies every article of food placed there. Lentils become lotus, the most ordinary food divine delicacies. Everything is transfigured; a halo of happiness transforms; the room itself is a cool symphony of delight; the snowy linen, glistening cut-glass, shining silver of the tables a lure to the senses. The soft moving attendants, male and female, are swift-winged mercuries of pleasure, alert to express every half-formed desire. The soup is an amber ambrosia fit for the delectation of celestial beings; the greens of the salads take on a tenderer tint; the fruits look richer; the foods less gross. Personally transformed by the excellence of Love, everything else becomes inestimably enriched, incomparable, superexcellent. The fish-salad is no longer a mere artistic combination of fish, vegetables and sauce, but a glorified blending of the rare essences of sea and land. The slices of beef or mutton bring before us sun-kissed meadows where princesses of unearthly beauty lead kine and lambs with lengths of Cupid-strung blossoms, and the eyes of millions of exquisite flowers tender the profoundest homage of the soul. The breasts of broiled quail or chicken transform us to slopes familiar with the rustling of angels' wings and we see the glossy sheen of olive-green leaves and the tender purity of myriads of white, cream and lilac blossoms, over which stand, in calm serenity, the fairy cream cups of numberless Candlesticks of Our Lord.

" Here and there flash the ambers, purples, hyacinths and topazes of wine, the glowing and iridescent notes of color of women's dresses, the arresting maroon, malachite or purple of their hat feathers, and then, crowning all, the glorious pictures of sea, surf, bay, foothills and mountains glimpsed through the open windows, through which also pour life-giving, body-soothing zephyrs, laden with odors from the ever-blessed gardens of enchantment.

" Ah! it is a divine gift to be young and in the enjoyment of love's young dream, but thrice happy he, she, who, through the magic of imagination and blissful environment can recreate, or accept the recreation of the happy past and live again in its revivified memories. Such happiness comes to those who yield to the prevailing spirit of Hotel del Coronado."

My! my! How rhetorical, rhapsodical and sentimental I became, as I wrote. I believe I must try my hand at that kind of writing again. But, unfortunately, in the present pages I am but a plain every day man, trying to tell a wonderful story in a plain, unvarnished fashion, and I must content myself with prosaic facts. Hence I am compelled to a simpler method of expressing the above thoughts. Note, too, how compressed, boiled down, they become, when reduced to their "greatest common denominator" in the two following paragraphs.

If this belief be true in regard to Hotel del Coronado numerous tourists who visit this charming place must see visions of matrimonial bliss, past or present, real or imaginary, when they enter its portals, for it is a favourite resort for the newly wedded.

Many a happy couple has been seen wandering about the delightful rooms, lingering in the corridors, haunting the palm and flower-embowered *patio* or strolling on the beach. To these light-hearted guests everything seems clothed with special beauty and romance. The moon sheds glory all around, and mocking birds sing their happiness to appreciative ears. The surging waves are joyous instead of "sad," and even the viands served in the dining-hall are particularly interesting and satisfactory. And the radiance of the honey-moon falls upon many a warm-hearted observer and awakens a sympathetic smile or the memory of a happy past.

I can also truthfully assert that bridal couples, old married couples, bachelors, widows, widowers and all classes and conditions of men and women of the better sort, receive a cordial welcome from Mr. John J. Hernan, the manager, who personally sees to it that all his guests have the best that can be provided for them in every way.

Coronado is one of the chief polo centres of the United States. A fine turf field is provided and here some of the great tournaments of the world have been played.

Aryan Memorial Temple and Raja-Yoga College, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma.

Fascinating in the extreme to the spectator as well as the player is the chase after the little white ball, and the polo ponies, bred as carefully as the most prized thoroughbred racers used to be, for strength, speed and intelligence, enter into the game with a spirit and vigour equalled only by the riders.

On North Coronado Beach the Navy and War Departments have established their school of aviation. The equable climatic conditions render the air navigator more opportunities for daily practice than are afforded elsewhere and there is scarcely a day in the whole year when aeroplanes or hydroplanes may not be seen — often half a dozen or more at a time — skimming through the air, spiralling to great heights, or shooting down to the water like giant dragonflies.

Point Loma, the protecting hill that shields San Diego bay from the northwest, is one of the most attractive spots California has to offer. Here is situated the *International Centre of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.* This world-wide organization is the continuation and outgrowth of the original Theosophical Society founded by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875, continued after her death by William Q. Judge, and now under the direction of their successor, Katherine Tingley.

The Point Loma Headquarters were established by Mme. Tingley in 1900. Among its activities, the most famous is that of the Raja-Yoga College, which has become a Mecca for educationalists from all over the world. Here some three hundred pupils, of twenty different nationalities, ranging from tiny tots just able to walk to young men and women taking an university course, are being educated under the Raja-Yoga system founded by Mme. Tingley. The aim of this system of education is to induce the harmonious development of all the faculties, mental, moral and physical. The results obtained are certainly very remarkable, and justify the prediction that as these young men and women go out into the world they will have a powerful influence in raising the tone of life in their various native countries. The influence of this system touches the lives of all who come in contact with it, even of the oldest students of Theosophy.

The principal buildings in connection with the Theosophical Headquarters are the Raja-Yoga Academy and the Temple of Music and Drama, whose great glass domes form a landmark that can be seen for miles in any direction; and the famous Greek Theatre, the first to be built in America. The latter is situated at the head of a canyon running down to the Pacific; at the back of the arena is a beautiful Doric *stoa* of most perfect design; the architecture and setting make this theatre one of the chief beauty spots of the West. The Theatre seats about two thousand people, and the acoustics are perfect. Music and the Drama are very important features in the Raja-Yoga System of Education.

Another important activity connected with the International Theosophical Headquarters is that conducted by the Aryan Theosophical Press, where four monthly magazines are produced, one in the Spanish language, and which also has a large output annually of Theosophical books in several languages. In the Photographic and Engraving Department all the engravings for illustrating the magazines are made. By means of distribution of literature an enormous propaganda is carried on all over the world.

Beyond the Theosophical Headquarters is the United States Government reservation, where stands the old

Spanish lighthouse, now dismantled. A modern revolving light is located on the end of the point below. On the Bay side of the point is the Quarantine Station above which looms up the monument erected to the memory of the sailors who lost their lives on the ill-fated Bennington.

The ride out to Point Loma is on a magnificent boulevard and the scene at the end of the Point is universally conceded to be one of the noted views of the world. Behind one, and to the right, sweep away in endless expanse the perfect blue of the ocean. At one's feet are the varying colours of the Bay, leading the eye over the Coronado peninsula, with its curving sandy beach, and at the head of which are the two " islands," one of them crowned with the striking pile of Hotel del Coronado. Beyond the Bay rises the city, terrace above terrace, embowed in a glory of arboreal beauty, while beyond are mesas, foothills, and sublime mountain peaks, nearby and far away, forming a galaxy of snowy crested ranges, or purpled-hazed summits that the eye never wearies of seeing or the imagination of contemplating.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CALIFORNIA DESERTS AND THEIR RECLAMATION, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO IMPERIAL, COACHELLA AND ANTELOPE VALLEYS

> "I am the Desert, bare since Time began,
> Yet do I dream of motherhood, when Man,
> Some day, at last, shall look upon my charms
> And give me towns like children to my arms."

THE desert always has possessed a lure for many and diverse human beings. There is something in the vast distances, in the pure and invigorating air, the clear pellucid atmosphere, the ever blue sky, the stimulating sunshine, the ineffable nights, the incomparable stars, the glorious freedom, that appeal irresistibly to certain types.

To others it comes as a place of despair bringing up pictures of the privations of early-day pioneers, of trappers, hunters, gold-seekers, the world's restless rovers, who, long before the days of railway trains, automobiles, aeroplanes, telegraphs or telephones, started forth to explore the wild and desolate places of the earth. Wells, springs and water-pockets were known only to the Indians, and save during the rainy season the hardy adventurers often suffered thirst, even at times lost their lives, for need of the precious fluid whose very existence the desert seemed to deny. Many a sinister mound unmarked by stone or head-board denotes the toll the desert was wont to exact from those who dared and defied it, but ultimately became its victims.

To others again the desert acts as a mental stimulant, a defiant challenge, an arousement. It seems to say:

"Here I am, virgin soil and space, practically untouched of man since time began. Desert I have ever been, desert I now am, desert I shall ever be. I defy man to change me, to tame my wildness, to make me bring forth anything but the wild and wonderful growths I have made my own."

And some men have always been found daring enough to accept the challenge. They have made trails, constructed roads, built railways over the waste areas, bored for wells, and conveyed streams over mountain ranges and foothills to irrigate the virgin soil and make it yield to the yoke of man. But they have been the few, the rare, the unusual ones.

Now, however, comes modern science and mechanics to man's aid and the desert of the past is rapidly succumbing to the new conditions. Science and mechanical skill now say to this sphinx of the past:

"We will strip all mystery, all horror, all dread from your face; with our steam engines and automobiles we will penetrate to your most secret and remotest recesses; with our high voltage long distance electric transmission of power from far-away mountains we will dig or bore deep, deep into your heart and find the artesian fountains, which for centuries have been locked up in impenetrable prisons; with this same power we will uproot your wild and savage cactus and yucca growths, smooth down your rugged and irregular surfaces, plough deep into your soil, and plant therein the seeds of modern agriculture; for mesquite, desert willow, yucca palm and creosote bush we will give you the apple and pear, plum and apricot, almond and olive, date and orange.

"With our cement canals and steel conduits we will convey nourishing water where we will, and alfalfa fields, waving grain — of barley, oats, rye, Egyptian corn and millet — of fruitful vine — of Malaga, Muscat, Thompson Seedless and other grapes shall alternate with our blossom and fruit-laden orchards.

" Where the horned-toad, lizard, chuckawalla and desert turtle, with the occasional coyote, jack-rabbit, hawk, buzzard and eagle alone represented animated creation, happy and healthy men, women and children shall come, happy because they are healthy, and healthy because the life of work in the open of God's great out-of-doors conduces to that harmony of body, mind and spirit we call health."

Hence the Day of the Desert, as Desert, is past. The Bells of Change are ringing out the old, ringing in the new. The past thirty years have seen the " Desert of the San Joaquin " become the most fruitful vineyard of the world; the Colorado Desert (Imperial Valley) in seven years become the proud arbiter of her own destinies as Imperial County; the Valley of Little Shells — Conchilla, popularly known as the Coachella Valley (on the same Colorado Desert) has become the home of the date palm, the luscious watermelon, the nectar-filled cantaloupe, the long-staple Egyptian cotton, the sweet potato and the honied fig; the Cucamonga Desert is a 4,000-acre vineyard and one of the finest citrus fruit sections of California; the Antelope Valley (part of the Mohave Desert) challenges the world to equal its crops of pears, apples, almonds and alfalfa.

These are but a few of the desert areas of the Golden State that have lost their identity, that now " blossom as the rose," that are radiant with the bloom of a hundred thousand orchards, where the grade, grammar and high school bells are heard in every section, the cheerful

EGYPTIAN CORN.

bells of numerous churches ring in the rest and peace of contented Sabbaths, where are the well-built and comfortably furnished bungalows of prosperous people and where is heard the toot of automobiles of farmers who have no debts and a balance in the banks.

There are still areas, however, waiting the hand and activities of man to effect these transformations. Prosperity and wealth still await the efforts of those men who are willing to grapple with the problems of the desert and overcome them.

In the earliest ages, long before man came upon the scene, the romance of the desert began. How came it into existence? Most people imagine that deserts were always there, formed at the hour of Creation by the almighty will of God and the fiat of His word. But science shows us that deserts have grown, been built up, just as man erects a house, only that it has taken countless centuries and inconceivable energy to produce these wonderful results.

It is one of the romances of *natural transportation* that the Colorado River for centuries has been carrying down, every year, *a hundred or more millions of tons* of rocky débris, in the form of sand, silt, pebbles and mud, all of which has gone to form the Mohave and Colorado deserts, and to fill up the upper portion of the great opening in the earth's crust that we call the Gulf of California.

The romance of this desert's history actually began when the Indians first went upon it, dared its horrors, explored its wild wastes, and finally made homes near its edges. Then, in our own historic time, came that redoubtable explorer, Don Juan Bautista de Anza, sent by the Viceroy of New Spain, from Sonora to find a road from the Mission Settlements of Northern Mexico to those of Alta California. With a handful of soldiers he came up to the small presidio or fortress of Tubac, some sixty miles south of Tucson, Arizona, then boldly struck out through the country of the Apaches to the Gila River, down that uncertain stream to the muddy Colorado and its treacherous Yuma Indians, across and over the fiery sun-scorched wastes of the desert — the alkali flats, sand hills, sand levels, playas and stretches of malapais — to the pass through which he came to fertile and blessed valleys, and in one of them stood the Mission San Gabriel.

This same warrior made his report of the feasibility of the road, and then proved his faith by returning over it, recruiting soldiers and colonists for the new presidio, mission and town that were to be established on the newly discovered, magnificent harbour of San Francisco. A few months later saw him back again with a string of soldiers and their wives, colonists (men, women and children), together with one hundred and sixty-five pack-mules carrying munitions of war, provisions and the private baggage of the officers and soldiers; a herd of five hundred and thirty horses, etc., and three hundred and fifty-five cattle.

What a procession to cross the desert! It must have been over a mile long, and every day it started out in pretty nearly the same fashion. The chaplain of the expedition, Padre Pedro Font, of the Franciscan order, gives us an accurate and detailed picture. Four soldiers went ahead as scouts. Anza led off with the van-guard. Font came next, and after him came men, women and children, escorted by soldiers; then the lieutenant brought up the rear-guard. Behind these followed the three pack-trains, with the loose horses, and last of all the beef-herd. As soon as they started Font would strike up a hymn, the *Albado,* to which all the people responded.

In imagination we see them marching along, sometimes openly and at other times stealthily watched by Indians, startled out of their solitary monotony of life by such a great gathering. Who understood its significance? A new civilization was crossing the desert in those colonists, soldiers and priests. That hymn was an unconscious sounding of the death-knell of heathendom and savagery. In that procession was the germ that sprang into life as the "City of Destiny," the City by the Golden Gate, the undaunted city of San Francisco.

How one would have enjoyed looking on their night-camps, if it could have been done without any of the weariness such desert-travelling produces. Tents arose as by magic; rude shelters of boughs covered with cloaks, blankets, shawls, etc., added to the picturesqueness, while bustle, excitement, shouting at the mules accompanied the removal of the packs, the building of fires for cooking the evening meal, and the stretching out of blankets for sleeping. Every night an evening hymn was sung, as a rule each family striking up its own favourite, in its own key and at its own tempo, and paying no attention to the others. The pious heart of Font triumphed over the jumble and discord, and he asserts that the variety had a pleasing effect.

Now and again excitement reigned supreme in the hearts of some of the party, as, for instance, once when a soldier's wife gave birth to a fine child, but unfortunately the labour was difficult, and the mother died at dawn.

Accompanying the party as far as the Colorado River was another Franciscan friar named Garcés. This same

Garcés was quite an explorer. He had gone over the country with Anza on his first trip, and now started off on another expedition of his own. He rambled up and down, reaching the Havasupais in the stupendous depths of their cataract-canyon home, near the Grand Canyon, then crossed the Little Colorado and wandered over the Painted Desert until he reached the Hopi villages, where he witnessed the interesting and beautiful Flute Dance ceremony, finally arriving in safety at his cell in Tubatama in Sonora. A few years later he was appointed to the Missions of the Colorado River, for the Yumas, as related in the chapter on the Missions, and there became a martyr to the treacherous ferocity of these untamed savages.

Aye, and in that same uprising the former governor of California, Rivera, was cruelly done to death, he and the men who formed his escort. And while it did not seem at all romantic at the time, fleeing from the sudden death that had come upon his former comrades and friends, scared that every sound he heard was of a foe stealthily creeping upon him, afraid to travel by day lest he be seen, and by night lest he get lost, famished for want of water, starving for want of food, crazed for want of sleep, it was a romantic ride made by Ensign Limon, one of Rivera's soldiers, who brought the news to the horror-stricken priests at San Gabriel.

But we must not linger too long on these earlier day historic memories. We must take one peep, however, at Pattie and his fellow trappers who braved the desert's dangers in 1829, only to fall into the hands of suspicious Mexicans, who imprisoned them and kept them cooped up in their adobe jails for a full year or more; at Frémont and Kit Carson as they passed by; at General Kearny and his one hundred dragoons who formed the

Army of the West, and who marched to the subjugation of California to find two great disappointments ahead of them — one, that Sloat, Frémont and Stockton had already achieved the conquest of the Golden State, and the other, that a band of six hundred disaffected Mexican-Californians was determined to challenge their free passage over the land. The sad field of San Pasqual was only a few musket-shots from an outlook point over the desert, and there poor Captain Johnston and seventeen of his troopers laid down their lives, General Kearny was wounded, and had it not been for the daring bravery of Kit Carson and the young Lieutenant Beale, it is doubtful whether the Kearny section of the Army of the West would ever have been heard of again.

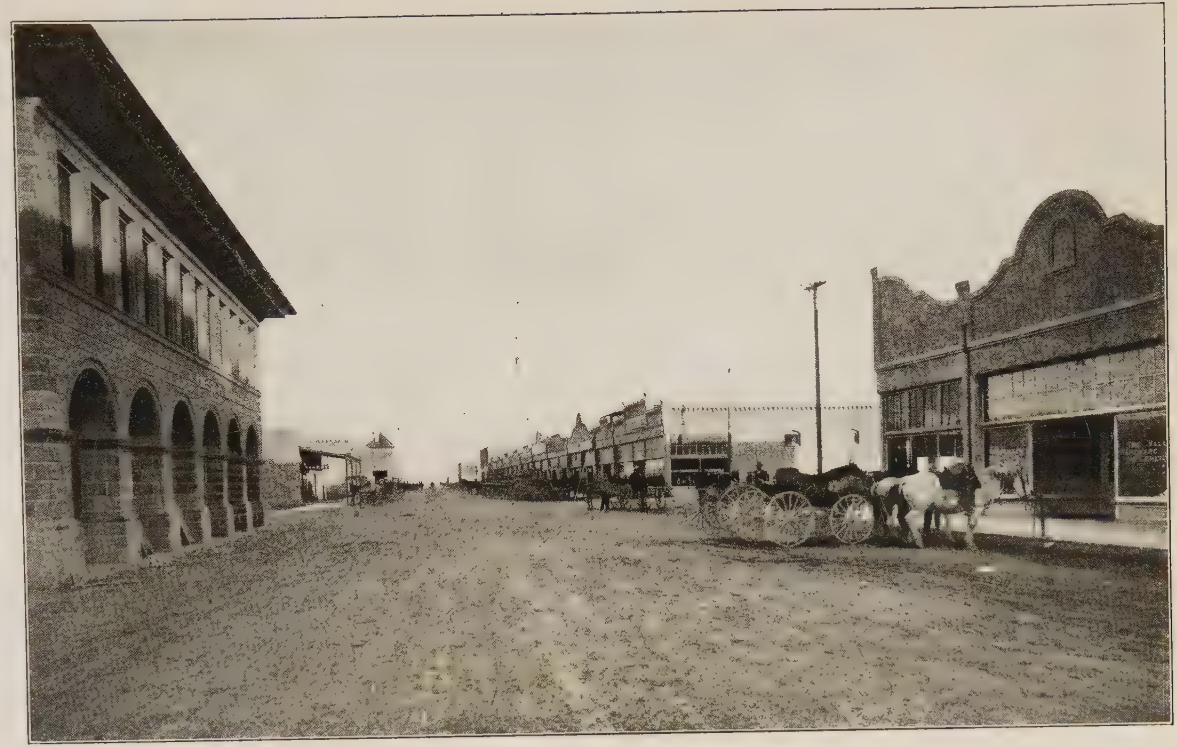
A few bands of Indians always have lived on the edges of these deserts — the Mohaves and Yumas, the Chimehuevas and Cocopahs on the Colorado River side, those of tribes akin to the so-called Mission Indians of California on the San Jacinto, San Gorgonio and San Bernardino Mountains' sides. A brave, hardy, rugged lot of aborigines, using the wonderful and scareful spring of hot water at Palm Springs as their health resort, gathering their big-pitted native dates from the palms of Palm Canyon, collecting their acorns from the mountain slopes and making their mush, flour, bread, tortillas, drink and candy from the beans found on the mesquite trees which dotted the desert's face on every side.

Then came the foreshadowing of a new era. One man with a vision, Dr. Wozencroft of San Bernardino, a pioneer of pioneers, looked over this great eighty-mile long and fifty-mile wide desert. He saw the turbulent floods of the Colorado River pouring uselessly by. He grasped the possibilities, the certainties, if these two — the sun-kissed desert and the muddy river — could be joined in solemn and happy wedlock. He saw with clearest sight the children that must come of such a union, and he realized what it would mean to hundreds of thousands of home-seeking men and women. He engaged engineers, sought to interest capital, bombarded the seats of government, wrote, spoke, described, pictured, argued and reasoned. But he was ahead of his time. The wiseacres laughed at him, the know-it-alls pooh-hooed his "insane folly," and even the "far-seeing" legislators in Washington scornfully and jeeringly made him a present of thousands of acres which their experts specially reported as land that was *now* and *always would be* useless, because incapable of cultivation. Fate seemed to be against Dr. Wozencroft, however, for he died before anything could be accomplished. Yet his work was not in vain.

The wonderful thing about some visions is that they persist. Even though the men who first see them die and pass on, the intangible scenes of their unconquerable souls are projected into the atmosphere, as it were, ready to dominate some other far-seeing soul at the proper moment. This moment arrived in due time, and then it was haste, haste, all haste, to visualize the vision in objective reality. A headgate was put into the bank of the Colorado River, a canal cut through the sand to the bed of a prehistoric river, — the Alamo, — which would convey the water to the distributing point on the edge of the desert that Fate had now decreed should be a desert no longer.

Watch the workmen put in that headgate.

Then grasp — or try to — the full significance of this fact, viz., that *in seven short years* from the digging up of the first shovelful of earth, the sawing of the first



EL CENTRO.

board for that headgate, the hammering of the first nail, three million acres — more or less — of this whilom desert, was raised, by the act of the legislature of the supreme State of California, *to the honour, dignity and responsibility of a county.*

Desert! Laugh at the term and all it implies. In seven years its barren, desolate wastes were transformed into as fertile acres as those of the Nile Valley; thirty-five thousand happy and prosperous people had made it their homes, the towns and cities of Calexico, Holtville, Imperial, Brawley, El Centro, and Silsbee had sprung into existence, with fine streets of stores, banks, hotels, theatres, churches and homes, each with its one or two daily or weekly newspapers and all the other concomitants, such as water-works, fuel gas, electric-light, power, sewer, that go to the making of a prosperous cosmopolitan life.

New cities have since sprung into life, and Date City, Seeley, Dixieland, Heber, Rockwood, Bernice, Westmoreland, and Nileland are on the map, actual realities and rapidly growing. The Southern Pacific, years ago, built a railway from Imperial Junction down into Mexico, tapping all the important towns, save Holtville, which was independent enough to build its own line connecting with the capitol of the new county. In February, 1914, the State Railway Commission empowered the issuance of bonds for the completion of the San Diego and Arizona Railway, which is to reach from the "Harbour of the Sun" into the heart of fertile Imperial County, completely across it into the growing empire of Arizona. The last week in February of 1914 I personally rode over the rapidly extending railway, past Seeley and Dixieland, out to Coyote Wells, which is practically at the foot of the range of mountains that separates the Imperial Valley from the San Diego Country. How long will it take to complete it? It is not hard to prophesy, but the prophet labours under the difficulty that no one can foresee the immediate or later results of the building of that railway. Ready access to the nearest Californian seaport to the Panama Canal will be merely a few hours away. Cotton, grapes, canteloupes, melons, onions, sweet potatoes, asparagus, cattle, sheep, hogs, butter, eggs, poultry of all kinds, hay, grain — in a few hours within the span of sunrise to sunset — may be transferred from the ranches on this former desert to the hold of a New York or European bound steamer, and actually out of harbour, sailing on the bosom of the briny deep, bound for its far-away destination. Even Aladdin with his wonderful lamp, or Who-ever-he-was with his magic carpet, could not perform greater wonders than these.

All this, however, has not been accomplished without struggle. Nature, at times, has seemed to be very adverse to man's claims and, in one instance, nothing but the fact that a great railroad's main track was jeopardized seemed to stand between the Imperial Valley and ruin. The story of that struggle and its success is an epic of modern achievement as thrilling and exciting in its alternate hopings and despairs as is Homer. When putting in the headgate in the Colorado River, which was to allow the vivifying water to flow into the Valley, Mr. Rockwood planned to place it at an elevation of ninety-eight feet above sea level. Mr. George Chaffey, the financier and practical irrigation expert, who had undertaken to carry out the project, but who was under no contract or obligation to do the work as Mr. Rockwood had planned, intended to sink it to the ninety-six foot level. But, unfortunately, just as the work was

AN IRRIGATING CANAL, IMPERIAL VALLEY.

progressing, an unexpected spring flood came, and compelled the hasty completion of the work. As settlers were already on the lands, and life was impossible without water, Mr. Chaffey hastily constructed the headgate but was compelled to put it in at an elevation of 103 feet, five feet higher than Mr. Rockwood's, and eight feet higher than his own, intention. The situation, however, was saved and work in the desert begun and successfully carried on. This was in the spring of 1901. In February of 1902 Mr. Chaffey sold out his interests to Mr. A. H. Heber, who agreed to lower the headgate, and also put in two supplementary ones, which Mr. Chaffey deemed essential to the safety of the system. Unfortunately Mr. Heber was unable to carry out his promise, and Nature soon demonstrated how essential it was that it should have been done. The canal leading from the headgate, not having the depth it should have had, rapidly silted up and, during the period of low tide, when water was most needed in the Valley — for without it the summer's sun would reconvert everything into desert inside of a few weeks — it was impossible to secure it. Mr. Rockwood then did what nothing but the urgent needs of the settlers would have led him to do. He cut a by-pass from the river to the canal, below the silted up portion, and thus allowed the water to run directly from the river to the irrigation headworks. Before the spring floods came this was closed up safely and all was serene, no one dreaming that the very success of the expedient was its chief menace. Mr. Heber was thus lulled into security and so were the settlers. The former did not feel the pressure to lower the headgate as he would have done had the settlers gone without water to their temporary ruin, and the latter did not know, or at least did not realize, the jeopardy in which they were placed. For the next year brought the same difficulty which was relieved in the same fashion, and the next year the same. Now, however (in 1905), Mr. Rockwood was caught by an unexpected spring flood just as Mr. Chaffey had been caught in 1901. All efforts to close the by-pass were vain. The rushing waters came faster and more of them, until, after repeated efforts and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars, the narrow passage, cut to allow a temporary flow of water into the canal, was a mile wide and thirty-five feet deep, through which every drop of the great river was pouring to find its level where it might.

Where did it go?

The ancient Alamo River was full to overflowing, but enough was conveyed to the headgates at Sharps to threaten the washing out of the whole system and the deepening of the canals to such an extent that water could not be raised to the level of the lands. At Sharps the river takes an acute turn to the north, through the eastern side of the Valley, past Holtville, and it finally emptied into the lowest level of the desert floor. On the other hand, much of the overflowed water found its way to Volcano Lake in Mexico, and from there again overflowed into the New River, which ran north, on the western side of Imperial Valley, and likewise emptied into the old sink of the desert.

When there had been heavy floods in past years, before the Imperial reclamation work was begun, water had been found mysteriously to flow into this sink. As it was near to Salton, a station on the main " Sunset Route " of the Southern Pacific, it was soon known by the name of the Salton Sink. For a long time the newspapers published ridiculous stories of the inflowing of water through subterranean channels into the Salton *from the Pacific Ocean,* but in due time it was found that all this water came by way of Volcano Lake, from the overflows of the Colorado River, down New River.

This flood of 1905, however, was so much more serious than any flood had been for so many years, and the fact that the whole of the waters of the Colorado River were being diverted into it by way of the Rockwood cut, through the Alamo, as well as the New River, made of the Salton Sink, in a few months, the Salton Sea, fifty miles long and twenty miles wide.

It reached the track of the Southern Pacific. They moved it to a point they deemed safe. The rising waters flooded it again. Again it was moved. Once again the slow-rising water came, with what seemed to the anxious railway officials unseemly haste. Once again the track was flooded and removed. Each removal, naturally, meant a large expenditure to the Railway Company.

By now the whole country was aroused. The herculean efforts of the California Development Company to close the breach were still in vain, and the Southern Pacific Company felt it was a matter they must seriously consider, for the line was again threatened. President Roosevelt was appealed to. He called upon Mr. E. H. Harriman, president of the Southern Pacific, to do the work, and assured him that Congress would pay the bill. With characteristic energy Mr. Harriman's leading engineers undertook the work. Every flat and dirt car and engine capable of being used was requisitioned, and three quarries rifled day and night to supply rock for the filling up of this rapacious maw. Millions of tons, — scores of thousands of car-loads of rock were brought, and train-loads of thirty-five and forty feet long piles, scores of tons of steel cable for the weaving of wire mats, into which thousands of bundles of arrowweed and other brush were woven, to afford temporary holdings for the car-loads of rock, which otherwise would have sunk into what seemed to be a "bottomless pit." Day after day, week after week, the apparently hopeless conflict was waged. There was never a moment's cessation. Three gangs of men were worked on eight-hour shifts, and fiercely blazing electric lights turned the night into day that no moment might be lost. The Salton Sea spread out until it was practically seventy-five miles long and twenty-five broad before the tireless efforts of Mr. Epes Randolph and his assistants began to give promise of success. Nature now wearied of the conflict, seeing that she had found men dauntless enough to take her great challenge, and the floods from the melting snow began to diminish and finally dwindle to their normal flow. Then, with an extra spurt, work on the restraining dam across the cut was hastened, the breach finally closed, and with a sigh of relief that was changed into a national song of victory, the engineers declared their hard fight won, their victory achieved.

It was one of the most wonderful struggles of history, and the Southern Pacific said it cost them three millions of dollars. When, however, the bill was presented to Congress, that august body, for reasons which I never clearly understood, repudiated the word of the nation's president and offered the railway a million dollars in settlement of the account. To my mind the Nation is still indebted to the Southern Pacific to the extent of two million dollars, unless it can be shown that their bill was fraudulent.

Guarded by levees, the danger of flood reduced to the minimum by the increasing number of irrigation systems drawing water from the Colorado, and an additional factor of safety being added in the monster La-

CUTTING ALFALFA.

guna Dam, which crosses the river a few miles above Yuma, and distributes water to both the California and Arizona sides, there is no possibility of a recurrence of this danger.

Freed from all menace or fear, the settlers of the Imperial Valley have steadily gone on making further encroachments upon the vast wastes and solitudes, until now their achievements have become the wonder of the world.

To some mentalities, however, there may not seem to be much beauty in the romantic transformation of the desert, yet there are few who can look upon these vast fields of green alfalfa, the immense areas of olive, orange, lemon, peach, apricot, pomegranate and fig orchards, with the stately groves of tropical date-palms, the miles and miles of luscious melons and canteloupes, and the thousands of acres of growing cotton with its fluffy balls of purest white making the green all the more delicious, without feeling a quick wave of admiration sweep over him. For the alfalfa that grows here is richer and greener than anywhere else, the olive leaves more silvery and grayer, the oranges more vividly golden, the lemons and grapefruit of a softer, more delicate tinge, so that even the colour values are enhanced by strengthening or refining and softening.

Then, too, there are the great bands of horses, of cattle, of sheep, that have been brought here to fatten. There is a beauty all its own in them. Pastoral scenes by the mile which Gray and Oliver Goldsmith and Crabbe and Wordsworth would have delighted to describe.

Even every irrigating ditch has a beauty and charm peculiar to itself, — the rapidly-growing cottonwoods, the towering eucalyptus lining its banks, — and the lush grass growth, all combine to make these streams of living waters channels of delight to the eye.

Harold Bell Wright had no difficulty in seeing the romance of the desert. He came, attracted by the stories he had heard, he foregathered with old-timers who told him of the desert as they used to know it, he met Mr. W. F. Holt, the father of Holtville, the builder and head of the Holtville Railway and successful projector of many most helpful and useful enterprises, and there leaped into his mind a story that he soon put upon paper, and was printed by the hundreds of thousands of copies: *The Winning of Barbara Worth.* In all its main statements regarding the transformations of the desert caused by man's indomitable energy and unconquerable will this *romance* is soberest *truth.* And to its pages I refer those who would follow this phase of the subject further.

As yet, however, I have said nothing of the beauty of the desert; and I am afraid I can say but little, for the subject is beyond my powers. It requires greater verbal ability than I possess. I wish the reader might have been with me on the automobile ride I took recently (February 24, 1914) in near proximity to El Centro. The first thing every one notices is the clarity and dryness of the atmosphere. Though cool it was pleasant and agreeable, and one breathed it in deeply with a satisfying sense of its exquisite purity. The green on every hand, in all its varying shades, seemed to make the gray, soft tones of the unreclaimed areas more "bloodless" and arid. Yet there is a delicate beauty in the atriplex, or salt bush, and a vividness of the green of the creosote bush (Larrea Mexicana), that is only equalled by the deep green of the magnolia, laurel and orange. The date-palms gave their stately dignity to the scene as if proud of their presence in this western habitat, — far away from their native Persian Gulf. The flooding sunlight compelled every colour to yield to its dazzling brilliancy, like a triumphant king demanding tribute on every hand. The great mountains, towering in places thirteen thousand feet into the cloudless cerulean sky, presented their purple barriers to the eye, and as the sun began to sink, cast vast shadows over the thirsty land below. A few clouds on their summits became orange and crimson, glowing in supernal beauty, and casting a halo all along the far-extending ranges, which became flushed with rich pink, chocolates, deep purples, madder-lakes and crimsons, until, as if the light of a great day had slowly been turned out, the vividness was diminished, and a gentle, almost melancholy tinge of gray covered the scene. But soon the stars came out. They came with a close vividness never seen in a moist climate. There were myriads more of them than are revealed on the clearest night in the East, and they seemed a fitting conclusion to a day of rich experiences, suggesting thoughts of unwearying watchfulness, serene peace and never failing brilliancy.

The Coachella Valley

All that has been said of the remarkable development of the Imperial Valley applies with equal force to the Coachella Valley, except that the source of the water which has worked the transformation is different. The Coachella Valley, though a part of the great Colorado Desert, is now too far away from the river to receive water for irrigation from its stream. But a few years ago the government, in seeking to aid the Indian, sunk a trial artesian well. At great depth a marvellous flow of pure water was struck, which came forth with such force as to demonstrate the existence of a great underground flow. Since then scores of wells have been put in from above Indio to below Mecca, with gratifying results. Near Indio water is found from fifty to two hundred feet below the surface, but pumping is required to make it available for irrigation. At Coachella the artesian flow has pressure enough to make the water rise several feet above the surface, and at Thermal and Mecca many of the wells are gushers. In 1913 I put in a well on land I had purchased from the Southern Pacific Company. We went down in the neighbourhood of nine hundred feet, and there came rushing out, with great force over the casing, a flow of between fifty-five and sixty inches.

The Government has its two date experimental farms in the Coachella, one at Mecca, the other at Indio. Date culture has gone past the experimental stage and now it has entered upon its era of full development. Egyptian cotton of the finest quality is found to grow here, with large yield, as it grows nowhere else in the United States, and the Calimyrna fig (a fig developed in California by Mr. Geo. C. Roeding, of Fresno), that has all the sweetness of the Oriental fig with qualities that allow it to be packed and shipped across the continent, *while fresh,* is being planted out in large quantities.

The Antelope Valley

In the Antelope Valley, on the Mohave desert, equally astonishing transformations have taken place, though in somewhat less dramatic though equally romantic fashion. Forty, fifty years ago, herds of antelope roamed over this valley in vast numbers, hence the name. Standing at what is now Palmdale one can look over about 640,000 acres, of what in those early days were regarded as absolutely irreclaimable desert. Thirty years ago, before the day of the gasoline engine and cheap pumping-plant, settlers came to this gaunt land of yuccas, brush, grass and sage. They dug wells, and found enough water for their own use near enough to the surface, but that watered no crops; hence it was not long before they were compelled to abandon their claims. Seven years later the flood streams of Little Rock and Big Rock Creek, which flowed down from the surrounding mountains tempted a fresh crop of settlers, and an irrigation district was formed and some two thousand acres of almonds and prunes planted out. The altitude, however, was too high; the trees bloomed too early and the cold lingered too late; and in addition the government and the railway that owned many of these lands got into bitter litigation, and, as if this were not enough, water litigation arose. It took twenty-four years to finally and completely settle the litigation, but even then, when poor men tried to settle on this land they found it cost them too much, and again it was abandoned.

A few men, however, stuck to their lands, and, furthermore, some of them early ventured on a different crop. They planted pears and apples. In 1909 it was discovered that one of these men who, seventeen years before, had planted pear trees, was receiving $2,000 per acre *gross,* from his crop. This was the exceptional case, but several others were receiving large, wonderfully large, returns. The result can well be imagined. A company undertook to install a perfect and complete irrigation system. Lands were sold and planted out to these tested crops, and now the region is one of prosperity and increasing values. Here, as in so many other regions of California, the constant cry is for more capital for development, and as fast as it comes it is being put into good use, — use that will soon convert land that has been " desert " for centuries into orchards of beauty and great monetary value.

Adjacent to this desert country, yet so situated in relation to the Colorado River as never to be actually a part of it, is the Palo Verde Valley. Twenty, ten, years ago known as the Blythe ranch, it was always regarded as an oasis of rich verdure. When finally divided into small plots and put on the market, and those adjacent portions of government land opened for settlement, it almost immediately sprang into prominence. The town of Blythe, with smaller settlements as Neighbors, Palo Verde and Rannels, were founded, a first-class canal system built of over one hundred miles in length, for distributing water from the Colorado River, and alfalfa fields, fruit orchards, asparagus, sweet potatoes and onion beds, many acres in extent, are already in profitable operation.

On a bench above the Valley, and in the mountains beyond lie the Palo Verde Mesa and the Chuckawalla Valley, both capable of marvellous development as soon as water is placed upon them.

CHAPTER XX

IN THE SMALLER VALLEYS OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH

In addition to the two great central valleys of California, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and the remarkable valleys of the desert, the Imperial, Coachella and Antelope, there are numberless smaller valleys throughout the State deserving more than passing attention. Only a few of the more distinctive, however, can be mentioned.

Between the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevadas there are many more or less detached ridges of mountains or hills, and between these, lie many fertile and beautiful valleys. In Santa Barbara County lie the Lompoc, Santa Ynez, Los Alamos, Santa Maria, Santa Barbara and Carpenteria Valleys, once vast cattle ranges, now rapidly being transformed into small ranches, where the fig, vine, orange, lemon, peach, almond, guava, loquat and walnut thrive. The climate is of the best the southern part of the State has to offer and the extension of the State and County highways has practically solved the chief question of easy transportation.

Del Norte and Humbolt Counties at the extreme northwest of the State have few valleys, as yet, of commercial importance, though the Eel River Valley, in Humbolt, has begun a development which will continue for many years and ultimately make it an empire of wealth.

Mendocino, the next county south of Humbolt, however, is rich in fine and prosperous valleys, chief of which is the Ukiah, eight to ten miles long, and from two to three miles wide, and with a population already of over five thousand. Grain, large fruits, vegetables, berries, grapes and hops all do well. Off from this valley are two small but exceedingly rich valleys, Redwood and Coyote, and fourteen miles northeast of Ukiah is Potter Valley, with 7,500 acres of fine land largely under fruit culture. Further still to the north is the 75,000 acre Little Lake Valley, where the celebrated Willits potatoes grow. Anderson Valley is known for its fine apples, and Round Valley, the largest in the county, is a good farming section where there are also many fine Bartlett pear and prune orchards. The Sanel Valley, along the Russian River, has an orange belt, and also grows fine hops, the town of Hopland, with its nearly one thousand inhabitants, having grown up and thrived upon that profitable crop.

North and east, on the Oregon line, is Siskiyou County with fine large and numberless smaller valleys. Strawberry Valley is dominated by Mt. Shasta, the supreme monarch of the northern Sierras, and the many foothills that reach down in every direction from that sublime peak, divide it into many arms. It can best be likened to a wide and sloping gutter, the Sacramento River flowing through the channel, and the slopes varying in intensity. The elevation varies from 3,100 feet to 3,500 feet above sea level, and many fruits and vegetables as well as forage grasses thrive abundantly. Squaw and Butte Valleys are both extensive, and at present have much uncut timber, but experience has demonstrated that both are good fruit and vegetable regions, as is also Shasta Valley, thirty-five miles long

A HOP FIELD.

and eighteen wide and containing about four hundred thousand acres. Half of this is already profitably farmed, while the rest is sloping foothill which, in time, will all be planted out to fruit.

Scott Valley, once a great lake, now encloses about a hundred and fifty thousand acres of fine arable land, and is both irrigated and drained by the stream that once fed the prehistoric lake, filled it up with sand and silt and thus destroyed it. Though nearer to the ocean than Shasta Valley and generally subjected to its influence, it is more protected from wintry winds, and therefore is not an undesirable place of residence, surrounded as it is by majestic mountains.

Modoc County lies at the extreme northeastern boundary of the State. With an area as large as that of the State of Connecticut it has many valleys within its confines, the chief of which is Surprise Valley, sixty miles long, with a population of upwards of three thousand people. Then there are the Pitt River Valley, in which is Alturas, the county seat, South Fork, Big, Little Hot Springs, Jess and many other valleys, all of greater or lesser importance.

South of Modoc is Lassen County, in which are several large and prosperous valleys, chief of which is the Honey Lake Valley. Here alfalfa and fine fruit, especially apples grow in abundance, and now that the region has good railway service its development will grow apace with the rest of California.

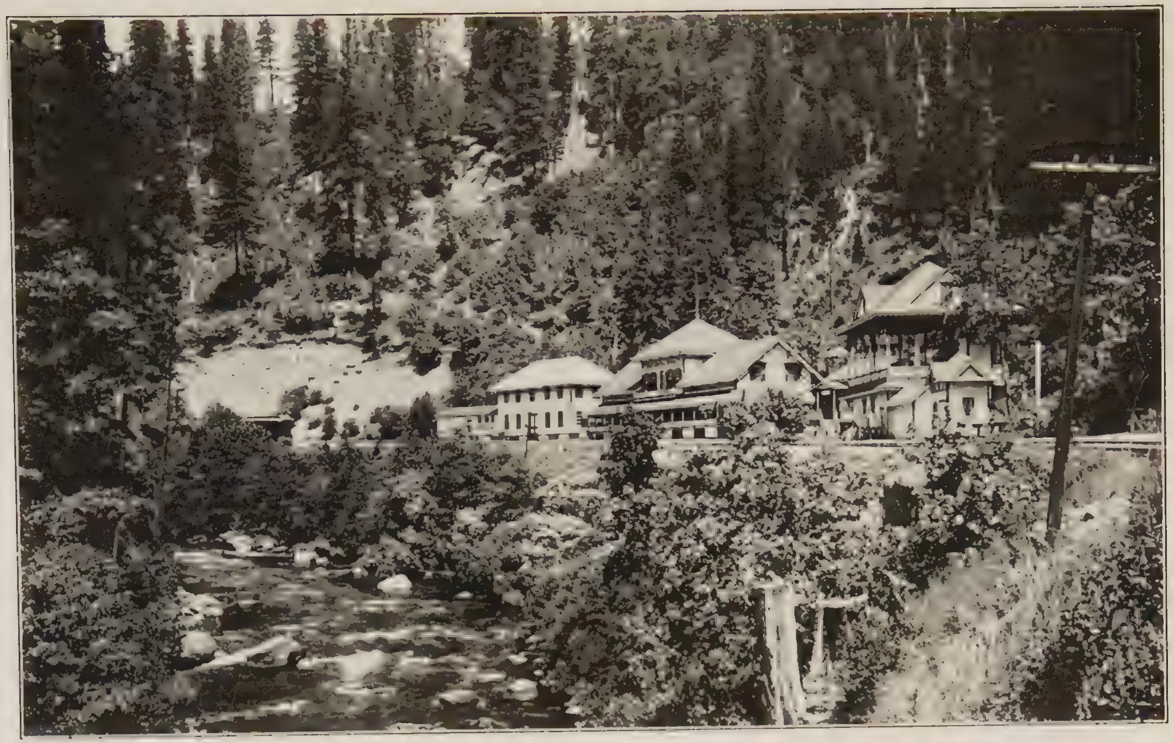
Trinity County has several charming valleys located between its many mountain ranges. Indeed the time will come when these valleys will be chosen as home locations by people who appreciate their majestic and picturesque environments. Chief of these are the Hayfork, Hyampom, Trinity, Mad River and Hetten Valleys, where everything that grows in the Sacramento Valley does equally well.

Adjoining Trinity is Shasta County, which is seamed with valleys in every direction. The most important are Happy and Hot Creek Valleys, the former being essentially a fruit-growing section, where Elberta peaches thrive abundantly, and where lemons also grow well. The olive crops of this valley have made it famous throughout the civilized world, for here is located a 120-acre grove of the Ehmann Olive Company of Oroville. Hot Creek and the Fall River Valleys are fine alfalfa regions and thousands of acres still remain open for development.

From the romantic and scenic standpoint Shasta County contains many of the most picturesque spots in the State. The McCloud River is a paradise for the angler, and the Lava Beds, Mt. Lassen, Black Butte, Burney Falls, and a score of other natural wonders will ultimately attract their millions of fascinated travellers.

All of what might be termed the Sierran Counties — counties in which a portion of the Sierra Nevada Range is located — possess picturesque and fertile valleys. Many of these have been found especially adapted for apple and cherry culture, and profitable crops are annually being raised. They also afford fine pasture for stock and sheep in the summer months. These counties reach from Plumas on the north to Inyo and Kern on the south, a distance of five hundred or more miles, hence it must be expected that they vary marvellously in climate, scenery and agricultural and horticultural advantages.

Placer County, for instance, has a large area of foothill country, subjected to the influences of the Sacramento Valley, hence it grows fruit of great variety and



SHASTA SPRINGS, SHASTA COUNTY.

wonderfully fine flavour and in quantities not surpassed by any county in the south.

Mariposa and Madera Counties are similarly located in regard to the Sierras and the San Joaquin Valley, and in the former county, the Jerseydale region lying between two thousand to four thousand feet altitude has proven itself one of the finest mountain apple sections of the State, one Spitzenburg tree having produced thirty-two boxes in a single season, and a Baldwin, thirty-seven boxes. These, of course, are exceptional cases, but they show what can be done.

The Napa Valley is one of the garden spots of the world. Its vineyards and orchards are the pride and glory of all who see them. There are roads that wind along between these richly cultivated areas, and other roads, clinging to the rugged mountain sides, which look down upon them, with, here and there, glimpses of patches of vineyard of five, ten, fifty acres, far up above, rescued from wild chaparral or forest and planted to catch the most sun.

At the head of this valley Mt. St. Helena stands as a proud sentinel. Stages of the most modern type still run over its shoulders from Calistoga to the picturesque Lake County beyond. Robert Louis Stevenson describes both the drive and the country in his *Silverado Squatters,* and has thus added the charm of romance to its picturesqueness. Near the town of St. Helena is the St. Helena Sanitarium and the home of Mrs. Ellen G. White, who, with her husband, practically founded the church of the Seventh Day Adventists as it is governed to-day. Mrs. White was also the inspiration and guide of the early day movement toward more hygienic living, and the treatment of disease by what are now known as the Battle Creek Sanitarium methods. While the development of these methods is owing to the genius of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the superintendent, the germ of them began with Mrs. White. These sanitariums are to be found in every country of the civilized world, and most of them are specific and direct tributes to her power and influence as an organizer. Every Seventh Day Adventist in the world feels the influence of this elderly lady who quietly sits in her room overlooking the cultivated fields of the Napa Valley, and writes out what she feels are the intimations of God's spirit, to be given through her to mankind. This remarkable woman, also, though almost entirely self-educated, has written and published more books and in more languages, which circulate to a greater extent than the written works of any woman of history. They are shipped by the carload.

Then the Sonoma Valley in Sonoma County, for ever made memorable by Jack London in his *Valley of the Moon, The Iron Heel, Burning Daylight,* and others of his powerful novels, is another garden and glory spot. Here are Santa Rosa and Sevastopol, where Luther Burbank, by grasping Nature's wonderful secrets, is working marvels in plants, fruits and flowers. The roads are fine for coaching or automobiling, and one rides for hours through refreshingly green vineyards laden with their pale green, golden green, and purple treasure. Hills on either side are covered with variegated chaparral, where quail are piping, meadow-larks are bubbling over with song, and mocking-birds even at night carol of the joy of living.

One can ride back and forth half a dozen ways in Sonoma Valley, and then cross over from Santa Rosa and across the hills to Calistoga in Napa Valley. Or, keeping up north, to the left one enters the Russian

A VINEYARD.

River Valley, past the noted Asti vineyards to Cloverdale.

In this latter valley are a score of vacation resorts, where people from San Francisco and all the other cities, inland and coast, come to play. Swimming, boating, fishing, hunting, tramps, mountain climbing, loafing — what a joy it is to rest in the open and renew one's youth. Then, too, near Monte Rio, is the celebrated Redwood Grove of the Bohemian Club. This club was founded early in the modern history of San Francisco by a few of the literary and artistic spirits that found themselves there soon after the first great decline of the gold excitement of 1849. Slowly the club grew in power and influence. Its members were all individualists. They cared nothing for precedent or other men's ways of doing things, hence in their annual celebrations they struck peculiar and striking notes of fun and entertainment that made an invitation eagerly sought after. In time they bought the Bohemian Grove, a magnificent forest of redwood giant trees, some seventy-five miles from the City of the Golden Gate, and now for the past thirteen years have conducted an open-air play, especially written for the Bohemian Jinks by one of their own members, the music as well as the book, the costumes, staging and all the acting done within their own ranks, until it has become as distinct and recognized an event in the dramatic world, as the Passion Play of Oberammergau is in the religious world. The first real "Grove-Play," as these Midsummer Jinks are now called, was given in 1902. It was written by Charles K. Field, now the Editor of *The Sunset Magazine,* and the music was written by Joseph D. Redding, the author of the well-known American opera *Natoma.* George Sterling, the poet of whom Joaquin Miller said:

"He is the greatest imaginative poet since Dante," wrote for one Jinks *The Triumph of Bohemia,* and Herman Scheffauer, *The Sons of Baldur.* Will Irwin's contribution was *The Hamadryads; a Masque of Apollo.*

The performance always begins at nine o'clock at night. Rows of redwood logs are used for seats. The stage has no scenery except that supplied by Nature. The only lights are the few needed by the orchestra. About six to seven hundred spectators are present. The stage is between two gigantic trees, the tops of which lose themselves in the darkness of the heavens above. "On all sides," writes one who knows,[1] "great trunks — ten, fifteen feet in diameter, two hundred, three hundred feet in height — tower aloft. At the back of the stage is an abrupt hillside covered with a dense growth of shrubs and small trees, picked out here and there with the shafts of redwood. Amid the tangle of brake and brush, the trail, which the eye can scarcely see by day, winds its devious course.

"Everything is tuned to the occasion — the hush and the darkness, the majesty of the ancient trees, the subtle perfumes of the forest in the soft night air. It is the atmosphere of poetry; it is beauty, peace. . . ."

Who is there that cannot imagine a powerful play, given by men full of the spirit of California, under such conditions? It is stirring to the senses, but immeasurably more so to the imagination, and one feels that here, though with the help of some important modern adjuncts, he can see early man, in the dawning of the dramatic instinct, rendering his first plays.

And it must be remembered that neither professionalism nor publicity has touched these Grove-performances with their tainting hands. None but members and those holding visitors' cards can possibly gain admittance, and these latter must be non-residents of California. Tickets cannot be purchased at any price, and hence, the compositions, both literary and musical, are written solely for the enjoyment of the Club and its visitors. In this the Grove-play is unique in the history of the world, though the past year or two the demand has been so insistent, that some portions of the play have been staged and presented on the return of the Club performers to San Francisco.

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[1] *The Bohemian Jinks*, by Porter Garnett.

Nearer to the Golden Gate than the Sonoma and Russian Valleys is the Petaluma Valley, the home of the industrious hen. Petaluma claims about three million biddies, faithfully laying eggs daily, and making at least a dollar a year profit for their owners. "Hen" ranches abound on every hand, and the crowing of the festive rooster is the chief sound heard in the land. Yet it is an interesting valley to visit and those who live there find life profitable in more ways than one.

In San Francisco one will often hear Mill Valley referred to. This is just across the bay, in Marin County, and is the gateway to the Muir Woods and the Mt. Tamalpais Railway. It is a gloriously beautiful, riotously enchanting section of country homes, built on the hillsides among the primitive trees that used to shelter the Indians.

Not far away is San Rafael Valley, one of a series of sheltered valleys, all of which have been preëmpted by San Franciscans for their surburban homes. Everything is beautiful, flower-embowered, well cared for, yet there is little of the agricultural going on. Several of the finest homes of the State are to be found here, rivalling in charm those of the San Gabriel Valley in the south.

And thus might I write by the score of pages of the valleys of California. Perhaps I ought just to refer to one county in the south, — that of San Diego, — for there are many charming and alluring valleys "South of Tehachipi." El Cajon Valley — pronounced Ca-hone — has often been termed by world-travellers "one of the rarely beautiful valleys of the world," lies about fifteen miles northeast of San Diego. It is now richly cultured, irrigation having been the "waver of the magic wand." Here Beatrice Harraden, author of the much discussed *Ships that Pass in the Night,* used to come and reside with English friends, while she gained new strength to return to her literary work. Indeed several of her shorter novels, and one of her books were written here.

Thirty-four miles north of San Diego is the Escondido Valley, — pronounced Es-kon-deed-o, — commonly known as the "Sun-kissed Vale." In the "Straw Hat Parade" in San Diego, in February, 1914, appeared an automobile, laden with bright, cheery, rosy-cheeked maidens from the Escondido High School. On each side of the car the thrifty-minded Chamber of Commerce had placed a painted banner with flaring letters, —

ESCONDIDO'S
SUN KISSED VALE

Some waggish lads of the High School, "unbeknownst" to their elders, succeeded in changing the lettering somewhat, and the girls, with their escorts of staid fathers and mothers of the city in the machine ahead, were considerably surprised at the laughter and cheers with which they were greeted, until some one called their attention to their revised slogan, —

ESCONDIDO'S UN KISSED GIRLS

Escondido is especially adapted for the growth of grapes, and both for table and raisins their quality is unsurpassed. Like Napa, Sonoma, and the San Joaquin Valleys Escondido is a field of glowing green when the vineyards are all wearing their new summer dresses, and thousands each year go to the " Sunkissed Vale " to enjoy the Grape Festival which has now become an annual event.

The San Luis Rey Valley receives its name from the old Franciscan Mission, dedicated to Saint Louis, the king, and this, and the Rancho Guajome — *not* pronounced as it is spelled, but Gwa-hō-meh — where Helen Hunt Jackson used to visit, when she was preparing to write her Indian romance, *Ramona,* are two places of perennial interest to the tourist. A little further along is Pamoosa Canyon, where the Frazee Castle is built on the chaparral-clad slopes, and where Lark Ellen — Ellen Beach Yaw — one of California's world-famed singers — makes her summer retreat.

The Poway and Alpine Valleys are northeast and east of San Diego, the former a grape-growing section, and made romantic with memories of the tribes of Indians that used to live here from time immemorial. The latter valley, as its name implies, is in the hills. It is on the way between the ocean and the desert, and it is therefore a noted winter and summer resort, combining in a peculiar manner the charms and advantages of mountain, desert and sea. San Diego possesses many places of interest, and one has a peculiar attraction in that it is the first "Little Landers" Colony in America. The plan was devised by William E. Smythe, one of the fathers of modern irrigation in America. It is based upon intensive cultivation of the soil, the making of a living upon "little land," and coöperative management of all buying and marketing, and the beautification of the town, all the utilities of which are conjointly owned.

CHAPTER XXI

THE FORESTS OF CALIFORNIA

California is a large State. Take England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and add to them Maine, Delaware and Rhode Island; place them down in California and there would still be six hundred square miles left in which to play baseball or golf.

Massachusetts has 8,315 square miles; Delaware, 2,050; Maine, 33,040; New Jersey, 7,815; Connecticut, 4,990; Rhode Island, 1,250; New York, 49,170; Vermont, 9,565; Ohio, 41,060. All these States could be "scripped" in California, with a thousand square miles to spare, for it has an area of 158,360 square miles.

In this vast area there are set apart by the National Government twenty-one National Forests, which I should say, at a mere guess, cover from one-fourth to one-fifth of the entire State. Beginning on the north and coming south there are Modoc, Klamath, Shasta, Siskiyou, Trinity, Lassen, Plumas, Tahoe, El Dorado, California, Mono, Stanislaus, Yosemite, Inyo, Sierra, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Sequoia, Kern, Angeles and Cleveland Forests. Each of these has its own individual charm and personal characteristics. For instance, Monterey is as different from Mono, as Vermont is from Florida, while Klamath has few, if any, points in common with Cleveland.

To attempt, therefore, even a cursory survey of these forests would be impracticable in these pages. This is merely a suggestive chapter, throwing out a few hints as to what the visitor can find in them. The subject is romantic and beautiful enough to demand prolonged study, and health and inspiration will be found in the doing of it.

These National Forests are set aside by presidential proclamation or legislative enactment to preserve the watersheds of the nation, to conserve the water supply and the timber for all time. The latter can be conserved only by wise and scientific forestry, the cutting of such timber as is " ripe," with a simultaneous or prior planting of equal areas for future growth. It was not until Roosevelt's presidency that these conservation needs of the nation were seriously and earnestly considered, and to him and Gifford Pinchot the practical inauguration and early working out of this most useful of national plans is owing.

Since that day there have sprung up new professions in the United States — new in the sense that they now include a small army of men, while prior to that time there were but few in the nation who knew anything of them. These professions are Forestry and Forest Ranging. The two materially overlap, yet each is distinct in itself. The Forester must understand trees and their diseases and growth, their timber value, and everything that goes with the business of lumbering. He must know how to gather seeds and plant them, so as to secure new growth where old trees are to be cut out. He must understand how to foster natural growths, and yet take away the surplus and unnecessary young trees that would prevent others from maturing for lumber, and at the same time practically understand how forests conserve the snow and water supply. He must be a

PEBBLE BEACH LODGE, ON THE "SEVENTEEN MILE DRIVE."

wise fire-fighter and know how to protect the forest in his care from this dangerous and destructive element.

To the Ranger much of the detail of this work is committed, with the added responsibilities of watching out that sheep and cattle do not over-run the ranges of the forest and destroy the natural grasses. The pests and parasites that injure trees must be located and overcome, whether of vegetable or animal origin, and vigilance exercised to see that the laws for the public use of the National Forest are known and observed.

To know and enjoy the trees of the various California forests is a delightful study, and the books of John Muir, W. L. Jepson, J. Smeaton Chase and J. G. Lemmon, together with the learned and comprehensive volumes published by the Forestry service, are all available for that purpose. There are a few points, however, that attention may here be called to. For instance the cypresses of the Monterey Forest, on the world-famed "Seventeen Mile Drive" of Hotel Del Monte, are found practically nowhere else on the American Continent. They are unique here. The *Cereus giganteus* is found rarely in California, though very common in Arizona. Those in California are on the banks of the Colorado River or not far away. The *Yucca Mohaviensis,* or Joshua tree, is a rare product of the Mohave Desert, while the Fan-palm (*neo-Washingtonia filifera*) finds its native habitat on the Colorado Desert near to Palm Springs.

There are two species of California's "Big Trees," — the *Sequoia Gigantea* and the *Sequoia Sempervirens.* To distinguish them it is growing customary to speak of the former as Sequoias, the latter as Redwoods. Of course they are both redwoods, their bark is very much the same as are also their exquisite lace-like leaves.

Professor W. L. Jepson, of the State University, in his recently published masterly work, *The Sylva of California,* gives interesting descriptions, which also note the differences between the species.

A grove of these redwoods, giving the name to a mountain, Redwood Mountain, is to be found up above Hume, towards King's River. This highly-favoured spot can be reached from Visalia or when one visits the Grant National Park. One passes Hume Lake, following along its picturesque feeder, Ten Mile Creek, which conveys the melted snows of the mountain heights down to the placid-faced lake. High on the opposite mountain-side logging-camps appear, where these centuries-old giants are being axed and sawed down, denuded of their branches, cut into appropriate lengths, and then "snaked" to the saw-mill, where the relentless teeth of the never-still band-saw tear them apart into planks, timbers and scantlings.

Look up into the blue vault above. How perfectly that harmonizes with the varied green of the trees, and the red and brown, gray and black of the trunks. Here, at five thousand feet elevation, yellow pines abound, then higher still sugar pines, white fir and silver fir. And who can conceive the glory and stateliness, the beauty and delicacy of avenues of these most graceful of mountain trees? Well may visitors and strangers rave over them, for even unimpressionable cowboys, Italian lumbermen and business-like forest rangers learn to love them with a devotion that never tires.

By and by logging-camps are left behind, and save for an occasional shingle-making camp the forest is untouched. How good it seems to find some places where the devastating hand of man has not yet reached. It is a steady uphill climb to the summit of the ridge, and

CROSS-CUTTING A REDWOOD TREE.

then at Quail Flat Redwood Mountain comes into sight. Directly before us it rises, a rounded monarch, a vast green dome, for redwoods completely cover it.

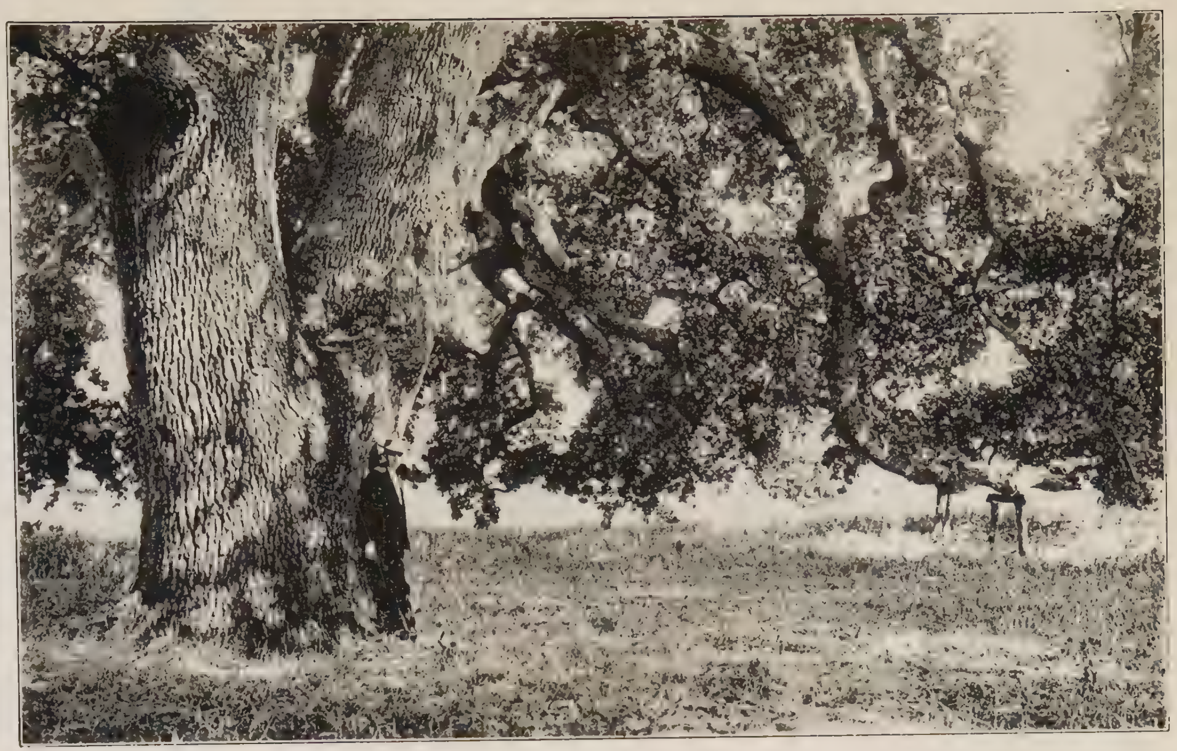
There are wonderful domes to some of the churches and temples of Europe. Sir Christopher Wren's genius is enshrined in St. Paul's in London, and Michael Angelo's in St. Peter's at Rome. Men stand entranced before Santa Sophia in Constantinople, the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, and the Taj Mahal at Agra. But here is Nature's own handiwork, and on a scale of magnificence, grandeur and majesty never conceived, aye, and never possible, to mere man. Aisle after aisle of stately columns of rich, living, glowing red. Marble and onyx are beautiful, and lapis-lazuli and jasper are glorious in their colourful splendour, but they are dead. Here in the redwood is a radiant, joyous, glowing life, with an ever-changing gamut of colour upon which sunshine and shadow play continuously like the magicians they are.

Near Boulder Creek, the State Forest preserves for ever a number of giant redwoods in their natural habitat. Unlike their cousins, the *Gigantea,* they need to be near the sea, and they are never found more than twenty to fifty miles away from the ocean. They occur only in eight California Counties, Humbolt, Mendocino, Sonoma, Marin, San Mateo, Santa Cruz, Monterey and San Luis Obispo. There is a private grove at Felton, and the big tree, the *tall tree,* from which Palo Alto gains its name, is a solitary redwood by the railway track.

In speaking of the trees of California there are a thousand spots that should be visited, each with its own objects of peculiar attraction, but among others that notably stand out is the wild park given to the City of

Chico, in Butte County, by Mrs. Annie E. K. Bidwell, the wife of General Bidwell. This wonderful natural park follows the course of the mountain stream for a score or more of miles. Fine driveways have been made through it, and the hundreds of live-oaks, sycamores, cottonwoods, willows and other trees, accompanied by the cheery voice of the rippling stream, and festooned by thousands of vines in the richness of their flowering, and with the open spaces and shady spots carpeted with an infinitude of flowers, make it one of the rarest and most delightful drives in the country.

Near it, too, on the Chico Rancho, is the Joseph Hooker Oak, the largest live-oak in the known world. Careful measurement and computation show that seven thousand persons could stand under its shadow when the sun's rays were vertical, and these figures were verified by Gen'l W. T. Sherman when he and President and Mrs. Hayes visited it. It is 105 feet high, its trunk 25 7-10 feet at the ground, and 28 4-10 at a height of eight feet; its longest limbs on the south side are 101 and 105 feet, and the circumference of circle outside of branches 446 feet. Allowing two square feet for every person it is estimated that 7,885 might stand beneath the tree. It received its name from the distinguished American botanist, Dr. C. C. Parry, who is authority for the statement made by Sir Joseph Hooker, that it is the largest oak in the world.



THE JOSEPH HOOKER OAK.

CHAPTER XXII

THE FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA

POETS have sung their sweetest songs, orators have indulged in their highest flights of brilliant rhetoric, colour photographers have excelled themselves in their endeavours, artists have vied with each other in glowing canvases, simply to do justice to the wealth of flowers that bloom in the gardens and in the wilds of California. Pasadena's Tournament of Roses is an annual tribute to the midwinter growth of flowers in the southern part of the State. Saratoga's Blossom Carnival is an equally fervid tribute to the plethora of blossoms found in the one valley, that of the Santa Clara, when the prune trees are in bloom. Van Nuys has its Poppy Festival, Sierra Madre its Flower Carnival, Bishop its Harvest Festival, Saint Helena its Vintage Festival, Watsonville its Apple Carnival, Oroville its Orange Festival, and many other communities their especial fêtes, at all of which myriads of flowers are used.

Santa Cruz justly boasts of its flower growths. Every home, even the most humble, may have its flowers in such profusion and of such a character as to excite the envy of a prince in a less favoured clime. Wistaria, clematis, and smilax climbers grow in such extravagance as to render the man who attempts to describe them liable to serious charges of mendacity. Geraniums and pelargoniums are grown in hedges, ten, twelve feet in height, or over trellises and porches. So also with the heliotrope and fuchsia. They here become *trees* and attain a height of twenty, thirty, forty and more feet.

Roses are found by the million and into the hundreds of varieties, and calla lilies, freesias, narcissus, gladiolus, amaryllis and iris grow *by the acre,* and some of them can be supplied by the *thousands of dozens* almost throughout the whole year.

San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Orange, San Diego and a score other counties in the State can truthfully make the same kind of claim, with a few variations for climate and soil. Indeed Santa Barbara and Montecito are as emphatic in their claims for recognition as any place well can be, for the Southern Pacific trains pass through acres which are as richly flowered as space will allow. The Potter Hotel at Santa Barbara is world-famed for its flowers, but equally so is the Hotel del Coronado, the Raymond at Pasadena and Hotel del Monte. Indeed the latter, in the variety of its flowers is not surpassed in California, nor, I venture to say, in any open-air garden in the world. It publishes a bulky catalogue of its flowers, so astonishing is the variety and so great the demand for knowledge concerning them.

Though the gamut of flowers changes somewhat on going north the gardens are just as profusely coloured and the hillsides as gorgeously decked in Marin, Contra Costa, Napa, Sonoma and all the counties of the north, and the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys as in the better-known (perhaps because better advertised) flower embowered south.

Indeed it is almost impossible for one to go anywhere in California, from the snowy heights of Shasta and Whitney to the alkali flats of the Mohave and Colorado Deserts, from the sea-shore to the foot of the Sierras on Nevada's boundary, without, at some time of the year, being entranced by the multitude of flowers that adorn the landscapes.

It should not be forgotten that it is in California that Luther Burbank has done such wonderful things in the improvement of flowers and in the changes that he has brought about in them. The Shasta daisy and the gorgeous amaryllis are two of the well-known products of his genius and skill.

But it is not so much of the ordinary and fairly well-known cultivated flowers that I here wish to speak. California is rich in its wild flowers to a degree unknown to all except those who are nature lovers or botanists, and it is to the romance and beauty of these wild treasures of mountain, desert, foothill, canyon and island that I wish to devote this chapter.

Few people are aware that the heather grows richly in California. In the High Sierras there are acres of it. One of the lakes of the Tahoe region is named Kalmia, after one of the heathers. It seems to love the rugged edges of the glacial lakes, and well do I remember the delight with which I found my first specimens. Shy and retiring, dainty and exquisite, they are the violets of the mountains, but how they thrill the heart with memories, and warm one through and through with their gentle loveliness.

In all of Muir's writings are constant touches of exquisite description of the delicate or richly flaunting glories of the mountain flowers. Such as: "Here [in Bloody Canyon] for the first time I met the Arctic daisies in all their perfection of pure spirituality,— gentle mountaineers, face to face with the frosty sky, kept safe and warm by a thousand miracles. I leaped lightly from rock to rock, glorying in the eternal fresh-ness and sufficiency of nature, and in the rugged tenderness with which she nurtures her mountain darlings in the very homes and fountains of storms."

Later: "I found the so-called Mono Desert, like the rye-field, in a high state of natural cultivation with the wild rose and the delicate pink-flowered abronia; and innumerable erigerons, gilias, phloxes, poppies and bush-compositae, growing not only along stream-banks, but out in the hot sand and ashes in openings among the sage-brush, and even in the craters of the highest volcanoes, cheering the gray wilderness with their rosy bloom, and literally giving beauty for ashes."

But while Muir writes thus *generally* of the Sierran flowers, he can write equally well of individual varieties. And of these there are many in our mountains. For instance, between Lassen's Butte, Lake Tahoe and the Yosemite the careful seeker may find a shy, retiring, small flower, rare even to the botanist. It is the Steer's Head (*Dicentra uniflora*), a wild cousin of the Bleeding Heart of my lady's country garden. It has a brief period of flowering, coming out as soon as the snow has disappeared from a slope, raising its inconspicuous stem one and a half to three inches high, on the top of which rests the peculiar shaped flower which led some poetic mountaineer, the first moment he saw it, to give it its name. For as Dr. W. L. Jepson says: "The two lower spreading petals curve out on each side from the flower and answer excellently well for a steer's horns. The two upper petals are narrowed to a snout-like process, and are notched on each side toward the base (that is at the end nearest the summit of the flower-stalk), so as to reveal the dark ovary beneath, thus furnishing 'eyes' for the fairy cattle, while above the 'eyes' is a sepal making a good enough forelock. Of the many hundred kinds of flowers which furnish fancied resemblances, I believe that there are not many which are so little strained as this."

Of an entirely different character of flower, and as common as the steer's head is rare, is the ceanothus, generally spoken of as the California lilac. In the Santa Cruz Mountains it can be found in its flaunting, innocent, exuberant loveliness. It is dainty and exquisite as it lifts itself aloft to be gazed upon and enjoyed. There are myriads of blossoms — nay, myriads of myriads — the mountain slopes for miles and miles, up and down, across and beyond, are covered with them. They can be seen miles away, like a soft, unique-tinted cloud, resting upon the rugged slopes. Bailey Millard sprang into song when he saw them:

"My hills are poets; all the year
They sing to me their lays sublime;
They sing joy-songs with voices clear
And sweetest sing in April time.

"Then they their purple robes put on
Robes spun in April's lilac looms
Their royal flowered robes they don,
For then the ceanothus blooms.

. . . .

"Faint, faint at first, then deeper toned
Till all the banks are gowned and caped,
And my hill monarchs, high enthroned,
Are in the ceanothus draped!

"Stay, Spring! still let my monarchs wear
Their robes and sing their songs sublime;
Let it be April all the year
And always ceanothus time!"

Companioning with the ceanothus on the mountains is the dainty flowered, red-trunked and stemmed manzanita. To this day, familiar though I am with these white-pink-tipped bells, I always think of "fairy bells" the moment my eyes fall upon them. And instinctively I look for the magic circle of the "little people," and feel like lifting up the leaves in the hope that some of them may be hidden there, peeping out at the bewhiskered monster who dares thus to intrude upon their hallowed ground. How I wish I might be a fairy for a few hours or days, so that I might, when again changed back to manhood, be able to describe in fitting terms the relationship these dainty fairy bells of the manzanita have towards us.

Ina Coolbrith has written an exquisite sonnet upon our Mariposa Lily, in which she asks:

> "Insect or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing,
> Poised upon slender tip, and quivering
> To flight! a flower of the fields of air."

The tiger lilies are equally wonderful and beautiful, and the Matilija poppies have gained us much fame in England, where, with care, they can be made to bloom. They are not rare, but occur from Santa Barbara south. The name was given — Matilija — because they were found in great profusion in this canyon a few miles above Ventura. By many it is regarded as our most regal flower — feminine, of course, in its dainty whiteness, and planted in large quantities in a large garden or open park makes an enchanting vision of purity and delicate, diaphanous grace.

In many of the woods those shy, rare, delicate exotics — the orchids — are to be found. Several times when wandering idly through the untracked forests, where man's foot seldom treads, I have come upon them, to be startled as well as delighted: startled sometimes at their weird, peculiar forms; delighted at the rare discovery. But I cannot attempt to describe them, so fragile, peculiar, unlike other flowers. It takes a true and great poet to express in words their marvellousness. Here are George Sterling's inimitable suggestions and pictures as delicate in phrase and felicitous in verbal choice as the plants themselves are delicate and rare:

"Ye
Seem spirit flowers born to startle man
With intimations of eternity
And hint of what the flowers of Heaven may be.

. . . . .

Thou, O palest one!
Dost seem to scorn the sun,
And, in a tropic, dense,
Languid magnificence,
Desire to know thy former place,
Where no man comes at night,
And in its antic flight
Behold the vampire-bat veer off from thee
As from a phantom face.

. . . .

And thou, most weird companion, thou dost seem
Some mottled moth of Hell,
That stealthily might fly
To hover there above the carnal bell
Of some black lily, still and venomous,
And poise forever thus."

Of the California golden poppy — Copa da oro — pages might be written; nay, the University of Leland Stanford published a volume full of its science, its lore, its beauty, and its influences. Few know the glory of this incomparable satin-vestured flower, in the mass, unless they have seen it by the millions on a sloping foothill, or on a mesa upon which one could look from some superior height. Well might the sailors of the early Spanish navigators, gazing upon their golden brilliancy as they covered the foothills, thirty miles away, call out Capo de Flores! — the Cape of Flowers!

Its Spanish name is peculiarly appropriate — cup of gold, — sheeny, satiny, glossy, lustrous gold, but with petals so frail and delicate as to shrink at a touch. Ina Coolbrith daintily sang of it:

> " Thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins
> Of this fair land: thy golden rootlets sup
> Her sands of gold — of gold thy petals spun.
> Her golden glory, thou! on hills and plains,
> Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup
> Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun."

Another common flower to Southern Californians in the season of its blooming, yet rare to most Americans, and precious to all who see it, whether for the first time or the thousandth, is the *Yucca Whipplei,* poetically called by the Spaniards, " the Candlestick of the Lord." On the foothills and mountain slopes in spring and early summer it rises from its cluster of lance-like green leaves, a tall, sentinel stalk, ten, fifteen, twenty feet high. The upper portion is hung with creamy waxen bells, that catch and softly radiate the sunlight, thus making them shiny lanterns of joy and beauty even in the blaze of midday. Literally thousands of them march on the hills round about Los Angeles and San Diego, and it is a common thing to see an automobile return from a Sunday picnic trip with one or more of these purely resplendent minarets of floral beauty, carried as triumphant banners of a blessed day. I used the word " march " above, and some may think it a misplaced word. Yet no one that ever saw them would deem it so. They tower over and above all the ordinary brush and flowers of the hillsides, and there are so many thousands of them, that they actually appear like strange soldiers of a floral kingdom marching in solemn and semi-orderly array to the mountain tops.

I hesitate to declare how many blossoms I have counted on one of these slender stems: One, two, three and four thousand, and Miss Parsons, whose *Wild Flowers of California* every flower-lover should possess, risks her reputation for veracity by asserting that they sometimes have as many as *six thousand.*

Akin to this in its slender tallness, and in the fact that it is crowned with a striking mass of flower panicles, yet unlike it in every other respect, is the thorny desert *ocotillo,* or cat's claw, — aye, those who have suffered from too close contact with it call it "the devil's claw." This is found only on the arid deserts of the southland. It is a bunch of thorny sticks shooting up from a common centre, each stick evidently trying to grow up straight but, being compelled to yield room to his fellows, finally compromising on a slight angle. Each stalk grows independently of all others and attains its own individual height. Some are very straight, others fall over almost like the graceful palm, and still others have sudden angles and strange twists. Sometimes the very tips, after the stem has grown up straight to a height of twelve, fifteen, and even eighteen feet, droop over with an air of dejection which seems to say the battle to keep straight is too hard. Occasionally they attain a height of twenty feet. I have counted one hundred and twenty stems on one ocotillo, though few have so many. The general appearance of the tree is as if a handful of straight-stemmed plants had been put in a vase, so that, while at the base the stems were kept all together, they had spread out, up above, in every direction. I found them in full flower at the end of March. The flower is a flaunting panicle of a brilliant scarlet, composed of beautiful bell-like blossoms. Sometimes, when looking toward the sun, the flower appears like a flaming plumaged paroquet or other brilliantly feathered bird resting on the end of a limb.

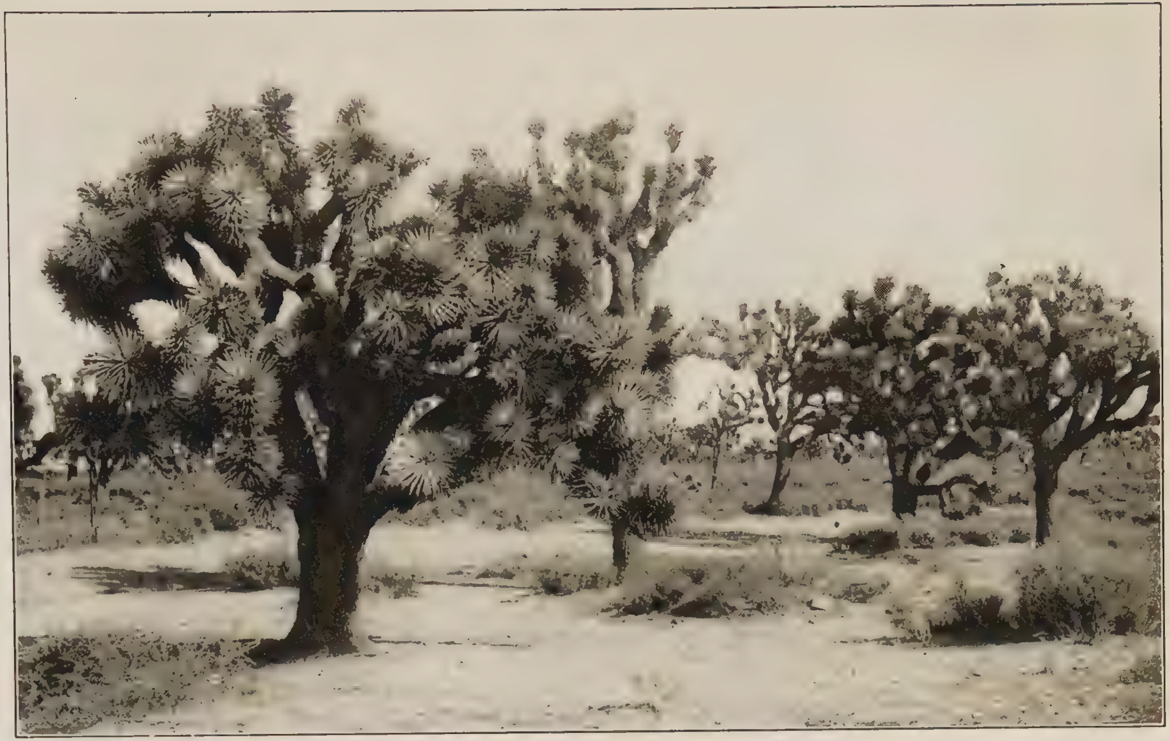
The ocotillo has the remarkable habit of leafing out after a rain. The leaves are a tender green and spring out along the stems, side by side with the thorns. Even though it be but a slight rain and only the stems (not the roots) get wet, the leaves appear. Padre Junipero Serra, the founder of the California Missions, had a very poor idea of this "candle cactus," as he called it. He said it was useless, even for firewood.

With flowers as satiny and wearing even more brilliant colours than the copa da oro, the cactuses of the desert must not be overlooked. It seems impossible that such thorny, inhospitable creatures can be crowned with such exquisite blossoms, but it cannot be denied that they are as delicate in texture, almost, as the rarest orchid, and their colours are often resplendent in their vivid brilliancy.

Yellows, roses and scarlets are their special colours, but the variety, the gamut they play upon is a perpetual surprise. Opuntias, echinocactus, mamillaria, cereus, — all alike have these rare attractive flowers, the cup generally deep and its base filled with heavy scented pollen to allure the day and night insects, without which pollenization could never be accomplished.

Nor should one overlook, — nay, it would be impossible for the most inattentive to *overlook* either of them if they happened within his vision — the two giant forms of these desert plants, — the *cereus gigantea* or saguaro, or sahuaro (pronounced swá-ro), and the *Yucca Mohàviensis,* or Joshua-tree, or tree Yucca.

For many years the botanists affirmed that the saguaro was not found in California, though numbers have their habitat on the Colorado River. They are quite



YUCCA TREES.

common, however, in Arizona. Giant trees, indeed, they sometimes stand in solitary shafts, again with one, two or more projecting arms, almost like stately semaphores, but covered from head to foot with the strongest and most piercing thorns. Nature must protect her own, and unless it were armoured against the fierce heat of the sun and predatory animals, no plant would be able to live through a single day on the desert. The arrangement of the thorns is wonderfully accomplished in geometric designs. When the flowering time comes these monster trees blossom forth into a rich and gorgeous purple. Graceful, slender, stately, the suaharo is the minaret among trees, with flutings more perfect than man can create.

On the other hand the Joshua tree has its trunk and branches out like an ordinary tree, but one has only to come near it to realize that there is nothing ordinary about it. It abounds on certain portions of the Mohave desert, and rises to a height of forty or more feet. The railway traveller, seeing it for the first time, seldom fails to comment on its weird, fantastic, peculiar shape. It begins to flower in March, with large bunches of soiled white petals. These have a penetrating and somewhat disagreeable odour.

The *dalea spinosa,* or smoke tree, is practically known only to those who love the desert. Many a time I have caught sight of one in the distance, towards sunset, and for a few moments the illusion was perfect, of a gently rising, smoky white cloud from a camp fire, and I have found myself eagerly looking for the human beings who, assuredly, must be somewhere around.

When flowering dalea spinosa is a most gorgeous and glowing spectacle. Every point blossoms into flower, and every flower is a treasure of deep purple.

Imagine a tree covered with fifty to a hundred thousand of these blossoms, bathed in the pure, luminous desert atmosphere, and made glowing and resplendent in the desert sun. It is a spectacle of royal purple that the eyes of man, unfamiliar with the desert, have never gazed upon, — a spectacle of colour that would have dazzled the eyes of those used to the royal purple of the great Solomon when he and his spouse ascended the throne, aye, even had he and his whole court been robed in the transcendent richness of Tyrian purple.

Another of the peculiar, weird, and in a way, repulsive, though fascinating flowering plants of California is the *darlingtonia* — the pitcher plants. They are not common, — the special variety bearing the State's name, and the enthusiastic botanist will take a long trip to see them. How well do I remember the first time I saw a mass of them together a few miles from Quincy, Plumas County. There they seem to find their chosen habitat, lifting their yellowish-green hoods from the marshy soil, into the vivid sunlight, like snakes moving to find warmth. Miss Parsons rises to literary skill as she describes them:

"If you have never seen the plant before, you will be in a fever of excitement till you can reach the spot and actually take one of the strange pitchers in your hand to examine it. Nothing could be cleverer than the nicely arranged wiles of this uncanny plant for the capturing of the innocent — yes, and of the more knowing ones — of the insect world who come within its enchantment. No ogre in his castle has ever gone to work more deliberately or fiendishly to entrap his victims, while offering them hospitality, than does this plant ogre. Attracted by the bizarre yellowish hoods or the tall, nodding flowers, the foolish insect alights upon the former and commences his exploration of the fascinating region. He soon comes upon the wing, which often being smeared with a trail of sweets, acts as a guide to lure him on to the dangerous entrance to the hood-like dome. Once within this hall of pleasure, he roams about, enjoying the hospitality spread for him. But at last, when he has partaken to satiety and would fain depart, he turns to retrace his steps. In the dazzlement of the translucent windows of the dome above, he loses sight of the darkened door in the floor by which he entered and flies forcibly upward, bumping his head in his eagerness to escape. He is stunned by the blow and plunged downward into the tube below. Here he struggles to rise, but countless downward pointing, bristly hairs urge him to his fate. He sinks lower and lower in this 'well of death' until he reaches the fatal waters in the bottom, where he is at length ingulfed, adding one more to the already numerous victims of this diabolical plant."

One of the most graphic, true and gripping pieces of literature about flowers ever written, in my humble judgment, is Theodore Van Dyke's account of the procession of the wild flowers in Southern California. Charles Dudley Warner deemed it so beautiful that he quoted the larger part of it in his *Our Italy,* — which, by the way, in itself is a marvellous tribute to the surpassing power of this lovely land over a trained literary mind.

Van Dyke's description is much too long to quote here, but to the interested, let me refer them to his fascinating volume,[1] or to Warner's quotation.

Perhaps the rarest and most distinctive, as certainly it is the most famous of all of California's rare floral treasures is the foolishly-named Sierran snow-plant. It does not look like snow, it neither lives on, in, or under the snow, it does not feel like snow, and should not be named snow. Found only on the mountains above, say, four thousand feet to the timber line, it appears after the snow has melted. It used to be regarded as a parasite, but this is a mistake. It undoubtedly partakes of the fungus character and thrives on decomposing vegetable matter. Sometimes it is found in the open, but generally in the occasionally lit-up shade of some wood, where the soil is moist and rich. With a base surrounded by short, almost stubby, asparagus-like leaves, it flowers half way up the stem and thence to the top in a rich, clustering mass of vivid scarlet bells. Seen in the flaming sunlight it seems, in comparison to its dark surroundings, a vivid electric torch. In the country around Yosemite there are hundreds of them; and I have found many in the Tahoe region and even high in the Santa Cruz and Coast ranges. But even though one should find many he never loses the sense of delight and surprise each time. It is as though some beloved friend took pleasure in secreting many rare and precious gifts of the same desired kind where one is apt to stumble unexpectedly upon them, but each discovery only seems to add to the charm.

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[1] *Southern California*, pages 38–49. Ford's, Howard & Hulbert, New York, 1886.

It was up in the Yosemite region that Helen Hunt Jackson was prompted to write her vivid and impressionable description of them. She said: "We saw clumps of them in the wildest and most desolate places. Surely there can be no flower on earth whose look so allies it to uncanny beings and powers. 'Sarcodes sanguinea,' the botanists have called it; I believe the spirits of the air know it by some other.

"Imagine a red cone, from four to ten inches in height, and one or two in diameter, set firmly in the ground. It is not simply red, it is blood-red; deep and bright as drops from living veins. It is soft, flesh-like, and in the beginning shows simply a surface of small, close, lapping, sheath-like points, as a pine-cone does. These slowly open, beginning at the top, and as they fold back you see under each one a small flower, shaped like the flower of the Indian pipe, and of similar pulpiness. This also is blood-red; but the centre of the cone, now revealed, is of a fleshy-pinkish white; so also is the tiny, almost imperceptible stem which unites the flower to it. They grow sometimes in clumps, sometimes singly. As far off as one can see the dim vistas of these pine-forests will gleam out the vivid scarlet of one of these superb, uncanny flowers. When its time comes to die, it turns black, so that in its death, also, it looks like a fleshy thing linked to mysteries."

It must not be thought, for one moment, that I have exhausted this fascinating theme. Only the very "high lights" have been touched; a few suggestions given; a few of the rare and special attractions pointed out.

Hence, the botanist, whether professional or lay, can rest assured that he will find romance and beauty galore in the rarer, stranger, and entirely different flora of the Golden State.

While in this chapter I have dealt almost entirely with the wild flowers of the State there is a fact connected with the wealth of garden flowers found on every hand that it is well to call attention to. Many of the cities, towns and villages of the State have Improvement Clubs or Beautification Committees. These distribute plants, such as roses, chrysanthemums, etc., for planting in gardens, along the highways, and in vacant corners. For instance Los Angeles County has already planted about a hundred miles of public highway to roses, and Pomona is planting ten to fifteen thousand roses, Los Angeles (city) over one hundred and fifty thousand, Riverside, Long Beach, ten, twenty, thirty thousand each, and so on. At Riverside, the Beautification Committee, assisted by the boys of the agricultural class of the Polytechnic High School, distributed six thousand rooted chrysanthemums of fine varieties. Each applicant brought a card of fixed size, on which name and address was written, and as soon as the plants were distributed, the number and variety were added to these cards, which were then filed for reference. This is the way the cities are made bowers of floral beauty. Even the poorest classes are able to help, and *do* help, most materially, as they love the flowers with a greater devotion because in the past some of them have not been easy to obtain.

Another interesting enlargement of this flower movement is being set in motion as this book goes to press. The Women's Clubs, City and County officials and others of the State, are planting out roses all along the State and County highways described in Chapter XXIV, and at every Mission Bell along the ancient Spanish *Camino Real,*[1] Castilian roses. Then along the strip on each side of the road wild California poppies are being planted. In a few years this will make the Floral Highway of the World.

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[1] (*Cah-meé-no Reé-ahl*) The King's Highway.

MECHANICS BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XXIII

CALIFORNIA'S UNIVERSITIES, COLLEGES AND OBSERVATORIES

ROMANCE and beauty cluster about California's educational institutions. It is certainly romantic that the best privately endowed university of the world is in California, and that it has three world-famed astronomical observatories founded and conducted by private gifts. And, Nature as well as man, has made them all the scenes of great and commanding beauty. The State University at Berkeley has a site that in itself is a wonder and a glory. On a sloping hill that rises to majestic grandeur, and dotted with dignified and hoary live oaks that have braved the storms and drank of the fogs and rains of a thousand years, no finer site ever rejoiced the hearts of student, faculty and president, or thrilled the bosoms of visiting parents and guests. It overlooks the wide expanse of bay, and is directly *opposite* the open walls of the Golden Gate. The natural recipient of all the learning of the Occident, it reaches out its welcoming arms, and stands with open heart and mind receptive to all it can gain from the Orient.

It began as the College of California, established in Oakland in 1855, and did not move to Berkeley until 1873. Some great and notable men have been on its faculty, chief of whom may be named John and Joseph Le Conte, Edward Rowland Sill, Bernard Moses, E. W. Hilgard, and George Holmes Howison.

Of late years, under the presidency of Benjamin Ide

Wheeler, who came here from Cornell, the university has expanded wonderfully. One of its principal benefactors is Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, who has not only been generous with her money, but, of infinitely greater importance, has given of her daily life, her moral influence, her home thought, her motherly consideration to the well-being of the students, especially the girls. And her directing and far-seeing mind has had a most potent influence in shaping the future of the campus and its architecture. Unstinted in her generosity, ever ready to respond to every legitimate call, she has also induced her son, William Randolph Hearst, to make a notable contribution to the equipment of the university in the open-air California theatre, modelled after the ancient Greek Epidarus. It is of reinforced concrete, in a natural amphitheatre, with perfect acoustics and with a seating capacity (including the stage) of about eight thousand. On the occasion of President Roosevelt's lectures — as at many other times — it has been crowded to its utmost capacity, over ten thousand people then finding room to hear the distinguished speaker. At such a time it is a most inspiring sight, — colour, motion, life, animation, joy, singing of birds, sunshine, waving of pennants, the green of the surrounding trees, the perfect blue of the overarching sky flecked with clouds of purest white, making a spectacle of thrilling enchantment.

From the educational side there is a difference between the University of California and Stanford. The former is dominated largely by President Wheeler's devotion to the Greek spirit of culture, the latter to the modern spirit of scientific investigation. Both, however, are broad and liberal, hence their ideals overlap considerably.

It should not be forgotten that at Berkeley, largely owing to the energetic labours of Professor Henry Morse Stephens, is located the Hubert Howe Bancroft Library of Spanish-Americana. This was gathered by Mr. Bancroft from all quarters of the earth, while he was a business man of San Francisco, often at personal loss and sacrifice, to enable him to write his wonderful histories. The library is an object lesson to the world in the application of business foresight to historical science. It is not California boasting, but the simple, unvarnished truth, that never in the history of all the ages has such a collection as this of original sources for the writing of history been gathered together. Bancroft deserves — and will secure — the undying gratitude of the centuries yet to come, not only for the histories which he was the means of creating, but because of the new standard he set for the early accumulation of historic data.

"The oldest educational institution west of the Rocky Mountains" is the proud title of the University of Santa Clara. Originally the ninth of the Franciscan Missions, it was secularized in 1836-37 by order of the Mexican Assembly. In 1846 it was a parish, the Indians placed on their own responsibility, and Padre Real, the pastor, authorized to sell the Mission lands to pay debts and support himself and the church. March 19, 1857, the new parish priest, a cultivated and learned Jesuit, Father John Nobili, began to prepare for the establishment of a college for Catholic boys and young men. He secured the charter in 1855. From that day it has gone on growing in strength, power, numbers, wealth and influence, until in June, 1912, having received due authorization, it launched forth upon its career as a full-fledged university. Several new buildings already have been erected and there is every expectation that it will add to its laurels, in its larger capacity, to those won while it was less favoured and less pretentious. It has sent out such influential men in the legal profession as Stephen M. White, D. M. Delmas and James D. Phelan, the first-named, United States Senator from California, and the last-named, the mayor of San Francisco. George Montgomery, the father of modern aviation, was one of its professors, Martin V. Merle, the author of several successful plays, a pupil, and Father Ricard, the distinguished astronomer, one of its present faculty.

The Leland Stanford, Junior, University was the gift of Leland and Jane Lathrop Stanford as a memorial to their son, a beloved lad who died before his maturity. There is no more touching story of devotion to a high ideal in the history of education than that written by David Starr Jordan, the first president, in his *Life of a Good Woman.* Sacrificing everything that most women hold dear, with a tenacity of purpose positively thrilling, often living in comparative poverty and obscurity in order not to diminish by one dollar the imperilled endowment of the school of her love, she cherished and cared for it up to the day of her death. The romance of that simple story should never be forgotten, and Dr. Jordan has done the world a favour by recording it at the proper time.

The University itself is endowed with many millions of money, but the true spirit of its mental and spiritual endowment is revealed in the fact that during the days of financial stress, while the Stanford estate was being settled, there were times when president and faculty were reduced to a salary basis that barely covered the necessities of life. Yet they stuck to their posts, ever cheerfully, bravely and without a murmur, and in such discipline the spirit of the institution was developed. David Starr Jordan was its first president, and its controlling influence until his resignation in 1913, when Dr. John C. Brenner, who had acted as president during Dr. Jordan's many absences, was elected.

In location, surrounded by vineyards and beautiful clusters of live oaks, the rolling hills to the west, and the sloping fields of green to the Bay on the east, the buildings of stone in the expanded Mission or Spanish type of architecture, with low, tiled structures around an inner and outer quadrangle, punctuated with stately towers and gateways, Stanford pleases the eye and charms the soul. From a first year's class of some four hundred and sixty-five students to its present number of some three thousand is a wonderful growth. And of its far-reaching influence in the State's highest development no one may venture to prophesy.

In Los Angeles the Methodists, during boom days, established the University of Southern California. For awhile it flourished amazingly, and at inflated values, it had an endowment that staggered the imagination. Then came the "flattening out," and for several years the institution went through severe storm and stress. But its friends rallied to its support, it weathered the gale, and when Los Angeles began to grow and expand, it reaped the reward of its faithful waiting. Naturally, however, it cannot be expected to rank in the same class with the State endowed, or the fortune-blessed Universities of the north, but it is doing good work, has a growing body of fine students, a faculty that is impressing itself upon the new generations, and a campus and buildings much too circumscribed for the work they are accomplishing.

In its subordinate, but equally important, educational institutions California is not one whit behind its universities. These include Pomona College, at Claremont, a growing institution founded by Congregationalists; and under the presidency of James Blaisdell, an educator of rare endowments and capable of arousing great enthusiasm for the highest ideals in his students; Occidental College, in Eagle Rock Valley, Los Angeles, whose president, John Willis Baer, for years was one of the most potent influences in the world-wide work of the International Y. M. C. A.; and Throop College of Technology, at Pasadena, founded by Amos G. Throop, a well-known business man of Chicago, and which under the leadership of President James A. B. Scherer bids fair to become one of the best endowed and most powerful technical colleges, as it is also the most advantageously located, of the entire West.

There are four State Normal Schools, the oldest one, at San José, a model institution both in its buildings and work. In Los Angeles new buildings are being erected on a new site; at Chico, by the energy and generosity of John Bidwell, the northern part of the State is provided for; and in San Diego the extreme south has its teachers educated in a classic structure, the site of which overlooks one of the most inspiring views known to man.

There are several colleges in California deserving of more than passing note. Principal of these is Mills College, the first college for women on the Pacific slope, founded in 1871 by Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus T. Mills, five miles east of Oakland. A beautiful, well-watered estate of a hundred and fifty acres was planted out with a wealth of trees, shrubs and flowers that now embower the buildings in a glorious riot of colour and leafy beauty. In 1877 the school and property were deeded

THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

to a board of trustees, to be conducted as a nonsectarian but Christian school for young women. Dr. Mills retired from the presidency in 1884, to be succeeded by his noble wife, who, a few years ago, gave way to Dr. Luella C. Carson, formerly Dean of Women at the University of Oregon.

Peculiarly blessed in its climate California has naturally won to itself institutions that rely upon climate and clear atmosphere. James Lick, the eccentric millionaire who was willing to be regarded during his lifetime as a miser that he might accumulate money for the benefit of his fellow men, was the first to establish or prepare for the establishment of a great astronomical observatory in California. At first he contemplated putting it up in the High Sierras on Lake Tahoe, and Observatory Point, north and east of Tahoe Tavern, is named from the fact that that was the chosen site, but he was finally prevailed upon to erect it upon Mt. Hamilton, overlooking his old home at San José in the Santa Clara Valley. Over a million and a quarter was spent in its erection and equipment, and there have been many notable gifts in addition to the Lick endowment. It is now a portion (as Mr. Lick designed) of the Astronomical Department of the State University. Several noted astronomers have done excellent work there, amongst others such men as Holden, Barnard, Burnham, Keeler, and Campbell, the present director, with his assistant, Perrine.

When Professor Lowe constructed the Mount Lowe Railway, in the Sierra Madre Range, above Pasadena and Los Angeles, in 1894, he established also the Lowe Observatory upon a commanding site slightly above Echo Mountain. Calling to preside over its destinies, Dr. Lewis Swift, of the Warner Observatory, of Rochester, N. Y., the latter brought with him the sixteen-inch refracting telescope given to him by the people of that city. For many years he lived here, hunting for nebulæ and comets and giving delight and instruction to thousands of visitors who, under certain conditions, were given the freedom of the Observatory. Then, in August, 1900, when Dr. Swift's increasing years compelled him to resign, Professor Edgar L. Larkin became the director, a position he has filled with eminent honour to himself and the satisfaction of many thousands ever since.

On a neighbouring peak, Andrew Carnegie was induced to establish a Solar Observatory. Professor George C. Hale, formerly of the Yerkes Observatory, came to Mt. Wilson with his photographer, Ferdinand Ellerman, and with a small horizontal telescope made several photographs of the sun and its spectrum. These suggested so much that he immediately interested Mr. Carnegie, with the result named.

Situated at an elevation of 5,890 feet on the eastern end of the Mount Wilson ridge, the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington is above four-fifths of the fog and the imperceptible haze and smoke of the valley below. The record of an average of close to three hundred days and nights a year that the instruments are in use shows how well chosen the location is.

In several respects the equipment of the Observatory is without equal and entirely different from the usual conception of astronomical instruments. This is due to the fact that the men in charge are original investigators, and the Carnegie Institution is able to supply the money necessary to build instruments of a size and kind never before attempted. The investigations being entirely photographic, all the instruments are designed to this end. Reflecting star light from the silvered surface of concave glass mirrors to the photographic plates results in much shorter exposure than the use of lenses of the same size, and the reflecting telescope has many other advantages in design and construction over the refractor. At present the equipment consists of: a sixty-inch reflector mounted in a large dome sixty feet in diameter and used for work on the stars every night the weather conditions permit; a horizontal reflecting telescope used for routine photographs of the sun daily; a tower telescope sixty feet high and a second tower telescope, almost three times as large, one hundred and fifty feet high, both used for solar work. The tower telescopes are unique; the larger one has a circular pit ten feet in diameter and eighty feet deep under the centre, and fitted with instruments to form a huge spectroscope, so that, the beam of sunlight, reflected from two mirrors and passed through a lens at the top of the tower, is brought to a focus at the top of the pit, there it passes through a narrow slit to the bottom of the pit, where it is resolved into the spectrum and reflected back to a photographic plate beside the slit at the top; the distance travelled is over three hundred feet.

There is now in process of construction a new reflecting telescope with a mirror one hundred inches in diameter mounted under a dome ninety feet across, which, when finished, will be the largest ever built and close to the limit of mechanical ability of the present time. It will be completed soon after the publication of this volume.

The offices, laboratories, and instrument shops located in Pasadena are as important as the telescopes on Mount Wilson, for the reason that a mere collection of photographs would be simply interesting, and it is only by seemingly endless measuring, calculating, and comparing that the real value is worked out, while the shops are necessary to build and keep in repair instruments which cannot be bought and are not duplicated anywhere.

CHAPTER XXIV

AUTOMOBILING IN CALIFORNIA

THE rapidity with which mankind nowadays rushes to bring to culmination an epoch was never more forcefully illustrated than with the automobile. Thirty years ago unknown, even in the vaguest way, save to a few enthusiastic experimenters, the automobile is now the accepted vehicle for the whole civilized world. Not even such gigantic moral movements as Christianity, the spread of Mohammedanism, the abolition of the Slave Trade were consummated with a tithe of the speed with which the automobile has conquered the travelling world.

The citizens of California alone own over a hundred thousand automobiles, and thousands are brought into the State by tourists who come both winter and summer to enjoy its climatic, scenic and restful advantages.

Hence for its own citizenship, who are satisfied with nothing less than the best, and to meet the exacting demands made by those who come from other States, and who are used to the best that money can purchase, California has felt impelled to provide a complete system of roads from one end to the other. Enlightened self-interest alone was urgent sufficient to bring this wonderful desideratum to pass, but when to business profit was added the vision of greater personal pleasure in gaining easy and pleasant access to all the scenic portions of the State, the proposition had but to be suggested to be taken up in every county with enthusiasm.

The result is California has already largely secured what will be, when completed, the most perfect system of State and county roads in the country. This has been effected by concerted action of both State and county, stimulated by the fact that good roads are recognized as an essential factor in the rapid and normal development of any progressive country.

It seemed a gigantic request to prefer to the State legislature of 1909 that it provide for an appropriation of eighteen million dollars to construct a State Highway. But so thoroughly were the legislators posted upon the wishes of their constituents in regard to this matter that there was practically no opposition and the act was duly passed. Successive legislatures not only approved of but added to the efficiency of the State Highway Commission — the body charged with the work — and also provided ways and means for maintaining the highways after construction.

No sooner had the State declared itself than the respective counties began to agitate for an enlargement of the plan, and demanded of their supervisors that they contribute their quota to the work, for the especial benefit of their own counties. The results showed the eagerness of the counties to participate, for in a short time bonds to the amount of another eighteen million dollars were voted by the respective counties for this purpose, thus calling upon California as a whole to expend as speedily as good work would justify the enormous sum of *thirty-six million dollars* upon her State and county highways.

To coördinate the work of State and counties required some skill and tact, but the frank and open way in which the State Highway Commission went to work produced the desired effect. The Department of Engineering of the State of California, composed of seven men, was charged with the responsible guidance of the highway work. They were called an Advisory Board. Its composition was as follows, — the Governor, State Engineer, Superintendent of State Hospitals, Chairman of the State Board of Harbour Commissioners of San Francisco, and three other members appointed by the Governor. This Advisory Board met, and in accordance with powers vested in it, elected the three *appointed* members (appointed for that express purpose) as the "California Highway Commission," and empowered "to take full charge of the entire matter of the construction and acquisition of a system of State highways." The Advisory Board reserved to itself the right to place its final seal of approval upon all the decisions of the Commission, and the latter scrupulously required the full endorsement of their plans *before they went ahead* and put them into execution.

Their plan for securing the coöperation of the counties was somewhat as follows: They called upon every county in the State, through their Boards of Supervisors to provide *free rights of way and to build all bridges necessary for the State highway within* their respective limits. The responses were most encouraging. The value of this help on the part of the counties is beyond estimation. With full local knowledge of the situation the county officials could clear up titles to rights of way and secure deeds, overcoming the local difficulties that were sure to arise, as no outside central body could have done.

The Act called for two State highways, one on the Coast and the other through the great interior valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. Naturally there were bound to be differences of opinion as to the courses of these highways, and if the counties were to be allowed to dictate how the State highway should run through their territory, it would naturally be "as crooked as a dog's hind leg." This would materially add to the expense, and also defeat the avowed purpose of the highways, which was to provide the most direct and convenient intercommunication between all parts of the State.

This question early arose in Butte County, the county seat of which is Oroville. With a broad, patriotic and magnanimous view of the situation that will ever redound to their honour and prove their loyalty and devotion to the good of the State as a whole, the county, with the full consent of the citizens of Oroville, united in declaring that the county seat waived all claim to be upon the main highway and that they would cheerfully accept whatever route the Commission, after due investigation, decided upon as the best. Here was a splendid example which has materially influenced other counties. In others, however, friction arose, and to settle definitely the questions at issue the Governor, as chairman of the Advisory Board was appealed to. He called upon the Attorney General for a specific interpretation of the act as applied to the case at issue, as well as other points that had been raised. The answer was definite that the act placed upon the Highway Commission *alone* the responsibility of determining the location of the trunk highways and of the laterals which were to connect the county seats with the trunks. The main roads were to be *by the most direct and practicable routes.* In accordance with this decision the Commission then proceeded to *locate* the highway. The local authorities were called upon to suggest, the State engineers to report, and then the Commission personally went over the proposed routes, laid the result of their studies before the Advisory Board, with their recommendations, and finally announced the routes officially chosen.

The actual building was then begun. Here many problems were encountered. They were met as follows. It was decided that the Commission should purchase all the crushed rock, cement and other material required, thus making the inspectors of the Commission alone responsible for their quality, doing away with any question of scamping or graft, and materially reducing the cost of purchase, also of transportation. Over twenty-five per cent. and more has been saved in this way, in these items alone, beside encouraging many small contractors to undertake sections of the road, which, had they been required to purchase the materials needed they scarcely would have ventured to do. This was deemed good policy, as distributing the payment for work through the hands of many, rather than a very limited coterie of opulent contractors.

The State Highway Commission also undertook to protect all contractors in their use of questionable paving patents. There have been so many complex and diverse patents issued for road-making that to wait until all the questions were legally solved and difficulties were removed would seriously retard the work. The Commission, therefore, resolved that the State should bear this responsibility so that the contractors would not feel that they must put in higher bids to cover the risk they were running; and, furthermore, they deemed it the better policy, if royalties were to be paid, that, as the State would ultimately have to pay them anyhow, the matter should be placed in their hands to begin with.

In the meantime the actual engineers were having their own peculiar problems to meet. They had a certain sum of money to spend with which they were required to build a certain number of miles of road. No privilege was given to them to build as far as they could with the money provided, but they *must* so figure and plan that the whole highway system should be actually completed within the sum provided. Realizing that the roads after being built must be maintained, they had to look therefore at the problem from the standpoint of the future as well as the present. This meant that, on the average, including administration expenses, the roads must not cost more than $6,600 per mile, which was obviously too little if the whole system was to be paved.

As a result of much deliberation the Commission adopted as a standard type of paving to meet the average conditions a Portland cement concrete roadway, fifteen feet wide, protected by a thin surfacing of asphaltic oil combined with stone screenings. This did not mean that all the State roads were to be so constructed, for some of the roads were already paved to a width of twenty-four feet where the traffic seemed to require it, and surfaced with asphaltic concrete. Nor did it mean that all of the roads would be paved, for in some of the mountain counties such a treatment would be absurd under present traffic conditions.

No sooner were these conclusions announced than a number of contractors complained to the governor that the "thin bituminous wearing surface" was not permanent, and advocated that the work be done in accordance with specifications which they submitted. After full hearing the governor decided that the plan submitted by the contractors was impossible. According to their own showing their type of wearing surface would cost not less than $4,752 per mile, while that of the Commission was costing only $440 per mile, — a cost more than ten times as great, — and the mere interest on which would practically pay the cost of maintaining the thin surface by replacing it every two years, if necessary. To follow the contractors' plan would exhaust the whole appropriation on about forty-seven per cent. of the mileage required. In effect, therefore, it asked that certain portions of the State be favoured and other sections neglected.

The State expects to construct about 1,300 miles and the counties a little more, so that the total mileage will amount to 2,700. In determining which work to do first the Commission has been influenced by those counties which have purchased the State bonds. For instance, Los Angeles County banks subscribed for $270,000 worth of bonds, the Highway Commission agreeing to expend that amount in Los Angeles County, it being legally entitled to that work, and more. At the same time it must be recalled that no county will be ignored, even though it purchases no bonds. It will simply have to wait until the bond purchasing counties have had their work done.

To faciliate and urge on the work systematically the State is divided into seven parts, with an engineer in charge of each division. It can be imagined, therefore, how, with startling suddenness, the whole State seemed to spring into a fever, with breakings out of piles of cement, crushed rock, barrels of asphaltum, road rollers, cement mixers, workmen's huts, etc. For not only the State began work, but the counties also. As early as September, 1907, Sacramento County voted $825,000. About the same time Los Angeles voted $3,500,000.

March 16, 1908, San Joaquin County pledged $1,890,000, and August 3, 1909, San Diego voted $1,250,000. As soon thereafter as possible almost every county came into line, and the result has been an example, an inspiration and a joy to the world.

County Highway Commissions have worked in harmony with the State Commission, and as nearly as possible, while there has been diversity in local road specifications as there also have been in those of the State roads, there is a general uniformity and harmony, the object being to suit the road to the local conditions. While the State owns no rock quarries, some of the counties do, and this public ownership has materially added to the extent of the work the County Commissions have been able to accomplish with the money at their disposal.

The question is sometimes asked as to the age of the bonds and interest rates. Those of the State are forty years at from four to five per cent., and the counties vary from twenty to forty years at the same interest charges.

The larger part of the work of both State and county is being done by contract, therefore there is little room for appointees to positions through political pull. Men are judged by their competency, ability and character, and if they lack in all or any of these they are let out. The wages paid are the same as in the same positions in private service.

I have been thus explicit in going over all the features of this work as I am satisfied other States will soon see it to be to their advantage to do as California has done, and it is with laudable pride that I am able to record her advanced position in this important field of progressiveness. Property adjacent to both State and county highways are increased in value, new sections are being opened up and settled, every farmer, merchant and automobile owner in the State is directly and immediately benefited, and visitors to the State are given an opportunity to know it as a whole in a short space of time, such as before good roads would have required the travel of a lifetime.

To attempt, therefore, in this chapter to do more than suggest what the visiting automobilist may enjoy in California is merely to take him along the 2,700 miles of highway and county roads that by the time this book is issued will be practically completed. There are a few broad suggestions, however, that may be thrown out to advantage.

No other State in the Union offers so many opportunities to the automobilist as does California. It is both Mecca and Paradise. For several years past the number has constantly increased of those who have come over the more or less rough and rugged desert and mountain routes and when the transcontinental roads are completed it is safe to prophesy that thousands will come over them.

Though it is a truism, it, nevertheless, will bear repetition that California is unique in the comprehensiveness of its scenery. Everything is here provided, from the highest snow-clad mountain summits to the playas — alkaline beds of extinct lakes — and sandy desert wastes below sea-level.

Around Mount Shasta one may motor day after day, scarcely for a moment losing sight of the Fuji-San of Northern California, while at the same time enjoying enchanting miles through glorious forest isles, or exhilarating whirls up and down foothills or through the canyons of the upper reaches of the McCloud and Sacramento Rivers, where their cool waters are whipped into foamy whiteness by their mad rush to the lower levels.

In the Napa and Sonoma Valleys one passes through lanes of enchantment where sweet-smelling vineyards extend for scores of miles. The ascent of the Toll House road over the shoulders of Mount St. Helena into the Lake Country brings one past the immediate region made memorable by the well beloved Robert Louis Stevenson in his *Silverado Squatters.* If one has time to stop at the foot of the mountain, he may see the bubbling hot springs at Calistoga and enjoy a mud-bath there. Then, after the ascent, up which even to-day the six-horse stage coaches climb their tortuous way along ravines and canyons that have always thrilled the fearful traveller, at the Toll House he may see, perhaps, the inflowing of the ocean fog as described by Stevenson.

On the other side of the mountain the road continues its winding way through groves of pines and other evergreens, livened up here and there by the lighter coloured sycamores and aspens growing near the mountain streams until the lake region is reached. No Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb or Ruskin has glorified the California Lake region, but to those interested in aboriginal life and lore, many a day may be spent visiting *rancherias* of the Indians, watching the *mahalas* with marvellous dexterity weave their incomparable baskets. Here are women who take the glowing feathers from the topknots or breasts of gorgeous plumaged birds, the willows from the near-by creeks, and the roots that they dig up from the tule swamps and make of them poems and symphonies of colour and weaving that equal in artistic skill the finest work of the Persian rug-makers and that emulate in dazzling glory the radiance of the sunrise

THE SACRAMENTO CANYON.

or sunset. One weaver has shown herself an adept in making baskets so tiny that when one shows them to his friends they laugh him to scorn when he assures them that they are the work of human fingers, made without a microscope. Everybody takes them for seeds, and yet careful observation reveals them as woven masterpieces, requiring a manual and digital skill and dexterity that seem almost inconceivable, for some of these tiny baskets are so small that the top of a small collar-button is larger than three or four of them combined.

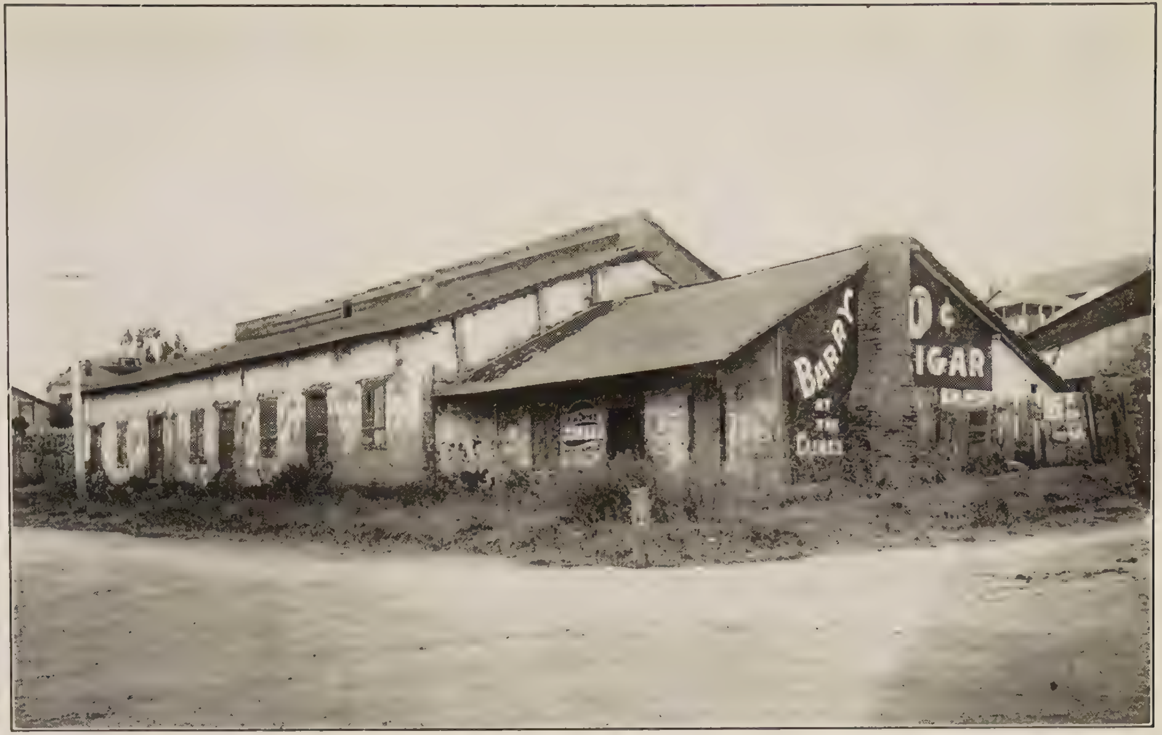
To those automobilists, however, who are not interested in Indians, there is enough of allurement in the scenery to prove attractive, for one may climb out from the Lake Country over the mountains on either side. If he goes to the right when facing the north, he comes into the Sacramento Valley with its thousands of blossoming acres, where fruit trees of every description are taking the place of the former vast wheat-fields. If he goes to the left, he finally comes into the redwood region, where day after day the roads wind through dense forests of giant redwoods which as yet are too far away from easy transportation to attract the crews of devastating ax-men and loggers whose only thought, as they look at a glorious arboreal monarch is: "How many feet of lumber will he make?"

Then, there are roads along the seashore, some of them passing by rugged headlands that suggest the "stern rock-bound shores" of Mrs. Hemans' poem, while others are along smooth and sandy beaches where the surf comes rolling in from the placid ocean beyond.

Imagine the delight of days of motoring up and down the Sierras. From Sacramento, Merced, Stockton, Fresno, and a score of other valley towns, one may start for excursions of endless pleasure. Up and up to the mountain crests, foaming streams first on one side and then on the other, clumps of trees variegating the landscape, large areas where the devastating hand of man has cleared away the forests, other areas where man's constructive hand is manifested in the planting of orchards, higher, higher, the roads wind until Yosemite, Hetch-Hetchy, King's River Canyon, Kern River Canyon, innumerable hot springs resorts, Lake Tahoe, Webber Lake, Wawona, the varying groves of Sequoia Gigantea, and the icy glaciers which line the peaks of the High Sierras are reached.

Once arrived, it is well to allow the machine to rest awhile, the traveller going on foot or horseback to innumerable places of pleasure Nature provides with such a lavish hand. Waterfalls, cascades, lakes, glaciers, mountain summits, romantic caverns, mossy dells, flower-bejewelled slopes, shady forest recesses where rare orchids bloom, deep canyons, sheltered spots where Indians make their summer homes, all invite the curious and observant. The hunter may take his gun or rifle; the fisherman, his rod and line; the botanist, his flower-wallet; the butterfly catcher, his net; the geologist, his hammer; the bird-lover, his opera glasses; the photographer, his camera; and each and all will find adequate occupation.

On the Monterey peninsula and in the Santa Cruz mountains there are equal delights for the sightseer, sportsman and scientist. Magnificently equipped hotels provide stopping-places from which one may radiate at will. To-day the objective point may be a pebbly beach by the Pacific; to-morrow, a golf or polo tournament; the next day some delightful lounging place on a mountain height near a spring of cold mountain water; another day finds one coursing up and down the Santa



THE FIRST THEATRE IN CALIFORNIA.

Clara Valley, amazed at its hundreds of thousands of richly blossoming prune trees or enjoying the sight of the ripening fruit, or the equally interesting period of gathering, when armies of men and women pick the fruit, long processions of wagons conveying it to the driers and canneries, where other armies take it and either can it or spread it out on trays for the sun to dry, whence it is carefully packed ready to be sent to the four quarters of the globe.

The San Joaquin Valley is equally interesting with its scores of miles of vineyards, fig, olive, peach, apricot, walnut and almond orchards, and its towering mountain heights ranged in majestic grandeur on each side. At the upper end, not far from Stockton, one may see the fertile lands stolen from the San Joaquin and other rivers, where crops of asparagus, potatoes and the like, are taken in such immense quantities as almost to stagger belief. At Fresno one may see the raisin-seeders at work, those marvellous machines that accomplish the apparently impossible, extracting the seeds from the raisins with a speed and dexterity more than human. At the proper season, picturesque bands of Chinese, Japanese, Hindus and Swedish and Danish grape-pickers may be found at work. This whole valley was once an inland sea, then the home of nomad Indians and bands of wild elk, deer, and antelope, then the site of some of the largest grain fields in the world, where immense machinery had to be invented in order to harvest the enormous crops. Now it is the scene of tens of thousands of small farms, on which the happy and prosperous owners have built simple, picturesque or ornate residences, and from the fruitful acres of which millions of tons of produce for the feeding of mankind and the lower animals are annually shipped.

On the eastern slopes of the Sierras, Mount Whitney, Mono Lake, Owens Lake, and scores more of natural objects of great interest and curiosity offer their allurement. Good roads have been provided even here, and one may go up into the Lake Tahoe region or to the Yosemite or through into Nevada by this route.

Southern California also offers its incomparable attractions. Winter and summer are alike here seasons of delectation and enjoyment, unless one happens to strike unusually heavy rains (such as occurred in January and February, 1914), or the occasional hot winds that blow in from the desert during the summer months.

It is hard for people unfamiliar with California to believe that we who live here mean what we say when we affirm and reaffirm that in the major part of California it is equally delightful both summer and winter. There is neither winter nor summer, as these terms are generally used and understood in the North, East and Middle West.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FESTIVAL SPIRIT IN CALIFORNIA

DOES environment affect the spirits of people?

Taine and scores of authorities, literary and scientific, affirm that it does. I do not propose any attempt to answer the question, but merely to state the fact that *something* in California has produced a Festival Spirit not observable to like extent elsewhere on the American Continent, and in many respects, equalling that found among the Latin races of Europe.

Furthermore, the outcome of this spirit is such that I venture the affirmation that California has more varied, distinctive and peculiarly appropriate festivals than any country in the world.

Like all other States California has its historic pageants and festivals. These commemorate in striking fashion the chief events in which their particular cities are concerned or interested, as, for instance, San Diego and Cabrillo, its discoverer; Monterey and Padre Junipero Serra, the founder of its mission; San Francisco, and Portolá, the discoverer of its glorious Bay, and Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean.

Naturally in these carnivals great stress is placed upon the *spirit* of the heroes honoured. As I wrote at the time of the Portolá festival in the *San Francisco Examiner* in reference to Balboa:

Who can think of that wonderful trip made over the isthmus by the gallant Balboa with his handful of eighty soldiers and not be thrilled to the marrow? He had not amounted to much in his earlier years. He had fooled away much of his time and disappointed his parents and friends, but when the time of stress came, he was there. All the manhood there was in him arose and asserted itself.

He cried out to Fate: Bring on hardships, starvation, hostile Indians, swamps, forests, tangled jungles, quicksands, impassable mountains, fevers, plagues, poisonous and miasmic vapours; bring them on — I dare, defy, laugh at them all.

Nay! I'll not wait for you to bring them. I will come to meet them; I will fall upon the Indians in their sleep; I will steal unexpected marches through the treacherous and dangerous forests, quicksands and swamps; I will make tracks over the mountain before you know; I will meet, conquer and triumph, for I and my men possess the "unconquerable souls of heroes," we are gods, though in the germ.

That was the spirit of Balboa. He knew no defeat, no discouragement, no disheartenment, and that is one reason why San Francisco honours him.

In these festivals, however, California is little different from all States that hold historic celebrations. Yet in other and entirely unique ways California is preëminently a festival State. Every month, throughout the year, some portion of it is in a state of carnival.

And the wonder is that the festivals, the carnivals, the jollifications, are so varied. There is no monotony, no duplication. In addition to the historic carnivals there are climate carnivals — although that is not the name they go by — as, for instance, the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, held on New Year's day for the past twenty-three years to demonstrate to the world what wonderful flower displays California can produce in the depth of winter.

At the same hour that the floral festivities are going on in Pasadena a snow carnival is being held in the Yosemite Valley, where tobogganing, sleighing, snowshoeing, snowballing, skating, and all the sports of winter are being held amid the most stupendous and gloriously beautiful scenery of the American Continent.

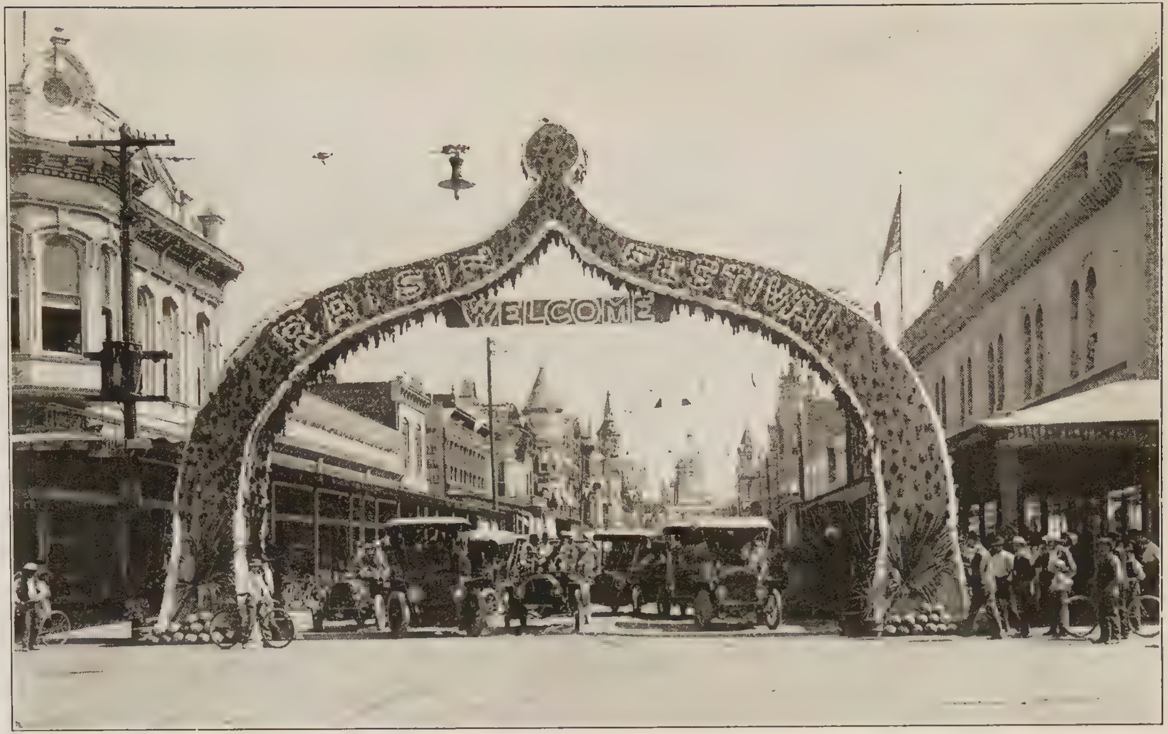
Down at the beaches of Redondo, Venice and Long Beach water carnivals are held at times of the year when Atlantic bathers would dread the shock of the icy cold waters of their ocean, and Christmas Eve sees scores of thousands of San Franciscans on the streets that converge towards Lotta's fountain on Market Street, listening to the ravishing strains of Kubelik's violin, or the flute-like warblings and trillings of Tetrazzini's matchless voice.

Every day of the year, practically winter and summer alike, the great Greek theatre at Berkeley is a festival hall, where the population of the bay cities meet unconsciously to celebrate California's marvellous climate. For winter and summer, autumn and spring it is ever open for concerts, recitals, plays, dramas, lectures, sermons and the like, and its eight thousand seats are often occupied and the standing room for two thousand additional people taken advantage of. And, by the way, California is getting the open-air theatre habit. Madame Tingley long ago built an exquisite Greek temple and theatre on the Pacific shore of Point Loma, near San Diego. Avalon, on Catalina Island, Pomona, Monrovia and several other towns have them, and now Colonel Griffiths, of Los Angeles, is building one for the City of the Angels that will seat from ten to thirty thousand people, and with a possibility of enlargement to three times that size, and San Diego's is nearly completed on the hill overlooking the Harbour of the Sun.

Then, while other States have their golf and tennis tournaments, few have them winter and summer alike, and California adds to these the joyous and exhilarating game of polo. Tournaments of one or other, or all three of these sports are held at Pasadena, Hotel Del Monte, San Rafael, Hotel Del Coronado, and a score of other places. Hayward and Vacaville have their cherry carnivals, Sevastopol and Watsonville their apple carnivals, Placerville its pear carnival, San Bernardino its national orange show, Redondo its Easter carnation festival; Lodi, St. Helena and Fresno their grape carnivals, to which Fresno adds its raisin carnival.

This latter celebration is growing into nation-wide fame, owing to the distribution of thousands of pounds of raisins throughout the land. Granted it has a commercial side, it's "magnificent advertising." Is it not a tribute to *something* in the Fresno people that they can plan, and carry out such advertising, and do it in the Spirit that makes a real carnival of it at home? Furthermore it is a real *people's* festival. It is something they want, pay for, plan for, arrange and carry out themselves. All the cost is borne by themselves, and mainly in small sums. And this is equally true of all the California festivals. They are made possible by the *small* contributions of the many people personally interested.

To return, however, to the Festivals themselves. Blythe and El Centro — the one in the Palo Verde and the other in the Imperial Valley — both hold cotton festivals, for they now grow Egyptian cotton, with finer, longer and stronger staple than any produced in the South.



THE RAISIN FESTIVAL, FRESNO.

And these are only some of the harvest festivals of California, for there are a dozen others, like the Harvest Home festival of Bishop, the hop festival of Chico, the beet festival of Oxnard, the sweet potato and Bermuda onion festival of Coachella Valley and the date festival of Mecca.

Berkeley has an annual aquatic festival. Carmel-by-the-Sea its historic pageant and open-air play, the Bohemians of San Francisco their marvellous woods jinks in their grove by the Russian River; Escondido its grape carnival; Cloverdale its citrus fair; Concord its walnut carnival. Elmhurst has an autumn carnival and Van Nuys a poppy festival.

Healdsburg a combined harvest home festival and an aquatic carnival on the Russian River, Oroville and Crescent City, Santa Cruz and Monte Rio, all have water carnivals; Holtville, on the Colorado desert, a New Year's day festival, triumphantly commemorative of its winter agricultural and horticultural products; Los Banos, San Francisco, Pasadena and a score of other cities have May Day festivals; Monterey its Fra Junipero Serra day; Oakland its Columbus carnival; Mt. Tamalpais its mountain forest play; Pacific Grove its lantern festival.

Petaluma has its poultry fête; San Gabriel its Mission play; San Leandro its cherry-ripe carnival; Santa Clara its Passion Play; Santa Cruz its orchid festival; Santa Rosa its rose festival and battle of flowers; Ukiah its hop festival and Ventura its San Miguel day.

The latest of all of California's characteristic festivals to make a bid for popular favour, which it gained in a remarkable degree was the *Winter Straw Hat Parade* of San Diego. Fortunately I happened to be present, and, crowned with a gigantic Spanish straw sombrero, joined the revellers after witnessing the procession. It was several miles in length and everybody, even the mascot horses, dogs, goats and a waddling duck, wore straw hats, and the date was February the second. Most of the men and boy paraders were in their shirt-sleeves, for comfort, and the ladies were all clothed in their lightest summer raiment, for, it is a climatic fact that, as a rule, February in San Diego is one of the warmest months of the year. The Straw Hat Club began as a jest, but, finally, a clear-headed citizen saw opportunity to make a day's unique celebration out of it, and this successful parade was its result.

In the brief account thus given of these festivals I have written entirely from memory, and make no pretence that the list is complete. Where can any other country make such a showing?

Is it not well to look at the psychology of these carnival events? What is the secret behind them? Is it not an unconscious, or conscious, expression of thankfulness to God for the superlative advantages California offers to her sons and daughters — advantages they are not slow to avail themselves of, advantages as varied and many as they are remarkable and unique?

To some it may appear almost a sacrilege to place a festival or pleasure carnival in the same category as a Thanksgiving service, but I do so place it, and without any hesitation or misgiving. We have hypnotized ourselves too long with the belief that " religious " exercises and expressions must be conducted in a church, in a formal, solemn and dignified manner.

These methods are all right, but to assume that they are the only legitimate methods of expressing thankfulness is both ridiculous and absurd.

The California mocking-bird is so full of thankful joy that he can't express it in the ordinary twelve hours of daylight. He gets up and sings half the night to get rid of it — or as one schoolboy happily expressed it in his vernacular, "to get the joy off his chest."

As for the thrush, Browning expresses my idea of him perfectly where he says:

"And he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he cannot recapture
That first, fine, careless rapture."

Sings each song twice over in the passion of delight that he feels!

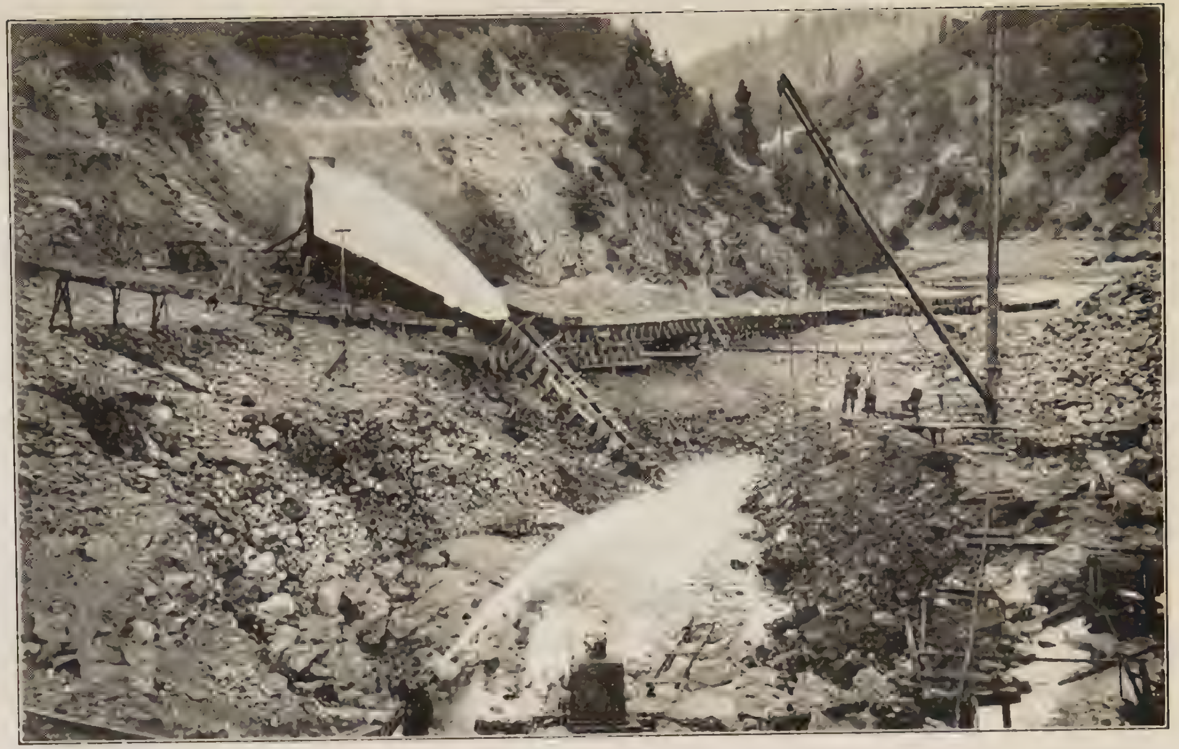
There you have it! The natural spirit of thankful joy that cannot keep silent if it would. That is the spirit of all the real, spontaneous festivals and carnivals of California. And the nearer they approximate to the wild, simple, natural rapture of the bird the more real and effective they are. The less formal they are the better. For the natural and spontaneous always mean more, express more, are more than the formal and affected.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE INFLUENCE OF CALIFORNIA UPON LITERATURE

It is given to many countries and states to possess creators of literature of a higher or lower class, and for this gift of the gods those whom fortune has left to be mere readers are grateful. But to few countries has it been given that they, *in themselves,* are stimulators of literature, that they fire the soul, arouse the intellect and demand of the creator a definite place in his literary creations. Switzerland, Italy, France, England, Greece, have all influenced literature in this respect, to a greater or a lesser degree. Every Englishman fully knows this as he recalls Browning's *Home Thoughts from Abroad;* and Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows,* Byron's *Childe Harold,* Tyndal's *Recreations in the Alps,* will serve as illustrations for Italy, Greece and Switzerland.

But I doubt whether any country has so definitely influenced literature of a high quality as has California. Certainly no part of the United States, no, nor the whole of it combined. For instance, I have elsewhere shown how the Sierra Nevadas have inspired great writings. I have made references to, and some quotations from, Clarence King's *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* and John Muir's *Mountains of California.* To the most exacting critic, even of the rigid and formal academic type, these books are pure literature; personally I do not hesitate to declare them classic. Add to these Muir's



A PLACER HYDRAULIC MINE.

Yosemite Valley and *My First Summer in the Sierras,* J. Smeaton Chase's *Yosemite Trails* and Joaquin Miller's *Songs of the Sierras, First Families of the Sierras,* and *Shadows of Mt. Shasta,* together with Joseph Le Conte's *Ramblings in the Sierras,* and the mass of excellent descriptive material found in the Bulletins of the Sierra Club, and it will be seen that the Sierras are answerable for much that can truthfully be called literature.

In another chapter Bret Harte's vivid descriptions of California, both in prose and poetry, are recalled. He was saturated with what he saw and felt, and the Santa Cruz Mountains and especially the placer-mining camp regions of the Sierra Nevada foothills, from Plumas County, where One Horse Gulch was located, to Tuolumne County, in which Sonora, Jackass Flat, Tuttletown and Dow's Flat were situated.

Equally entitled to consideration with Bret Harte's best descriptive work is W. C. Bartlett's book of nature essays, *A Breeze From the Woods.* Full of a quaint, dry humour, exquisite in description, saturated with keen sympathy and understanding this little volume is its own passport. No one can challenge its right. Every page is stamped with its author's genius. The first essay gave the book its title, and it originally appeared as the premier article in the *Overland Monthly* in the palmy days of Bret Harte's editorship. There are eleven essays or chapters in all, and they are worthy of Gilbert White, John Burroughs or Bradford Torrey, and yet are different from them all in the fine, rare individuality of their author. What fascinating pictures does not this genial wit, genuine Nature-lover and pure literary spirit give us of the Santa Cruz Mountains, Mt. St. Helena, valleys and redwood forests in

Mendocino County and nooks and recesses fit to engage the attention of the gods. Here is one little quotation to give a taste of his style: "Observe the strong tendency in men, even of culture, to court the wildness and rude energy of savage life. Let one sleep on the ground, in a mild climate, for three months, and even the man who reads Homer in the original is content, often, to sleep there the rest of his life-time. It is better to tame the savage rather cautiously, and with some reserve, for if he be eliminated wholly, the best relations with Nature are broken off."

And does the world know that it was the stimulus of California, the oxygen of the spirit of the West, that started the fire of Mark Twain's genius? Many a fire never passes the slow, incipient stages for lack of oxygen. California's open reaches and vast stretches supplied this needful quality to Mark Twain, and he sprang forth into vivid, luminous, warming fire that never died down so long as he could hold a pen. *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras,* and those wonderful Tahoe, Nevada and Hawaiian sketches, were some of the products of that fire. Surely the world cannot forget its obligation to California for Twain.

It was here, too, that Palmer Cox's Brownies were born, and Chimmie Fadden's creator first essayed literature in San Francisco. Gellett Burgess's fantastic genius and Wallace Irwin's exuberant humour were born in California. Hashamura Togo would not be tickling people under the fifth rib to-day had it not been for Irwin's life in the Golden State.

Even Bayard Taylor owed much to California, world traveller and writer though he was. There is nothing finer in his poetry than *The Pine Forest of Monterey,* written on the spot in 1849, and elsewhere in this volume are the prophecies the land itself called forth from his heart — one in prose, the other in verse. It is no mean land that compels visions in the heart and brain of one who has seen all the cultured and wild lands of earth, and this fact alone is a speaking tribute to the compelling winsomeness of California.

Who that has ever read it can forget Edward Roland Sill's *Christmas in California.*

"Can this be Christmas — sweet as May,
With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

"Has Time grown sleepy at his post,
And let the exiled summer back,
Or is it her regretful ghost,
Or witchcraft of the almanac?"

And all through the twenty-one stanzas the sweet spirit is caught and felt that there culminates:

"I am His creature, and His air
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
The angels' song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is Holy Land."

Here is the triumph of genius which is led by the immediate, circumscribed view to the knowledge of the universal, the all-embracing.

His *Among the Redwoods,* and his vivid pictures of Mt. Shasta can never die, and in his *California Winter* one sees how he loved the East in spite of the power the new western land had begun to exercise over him.

But many who are somewhat familiar with his poetry are not aware of the rich treasures of his prose. Two of his essays — *Our Tame Humming-birds* and *A Rhapsody of Clouds* — could only have been written by a poet fired to swift expression by the overwhelming, tender loveliness which fell upon his eyes. Ruskin never wrote anything finer about the clouds he so much loved than did Sill in this essay, which is full, too, of interesting scientific observations told in the most fascinating manner.

The clouds, or fogs, have inspired another fine piece of literature, — written by a scientist, too, but one with a poetic soul. Here are his opening words: " Cowled and penitent like a Friar of Orders Gray, the City [San Francisco] kneels in summer afternoons upon the lower steps of the altar hills. Beneath the cassock of fog — a loosely woven serge — are hopes, prayers, truth, and gentleness. But also under that robe of gray lurk cunning, greed, pride, and pretense. Like the merciful mantle of charity, the fog covers our many sins. We who love the City, know that the gray covering stretched overhead, while it dims the brightness of the sun, is at once our richest asset and our greatest blessing."

Many a singer, like poor, unfortunate Richard Realf, learned lessons of the Spirit in the beauty and glory, the desert and crag of California. What profounder poem of the soul is there in literature than his *Indirection*.

" Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rosebud of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

. . . .

" Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving."

Edwin Markham, too, is for ever indebted to California. Or shall we put it another way: The world that enjoys Markham is for ever, etc. It was on California hills that he wrote:

> "I ride on mountain tops, I ride;
> I have found my life and am satisfied.
>
> . . . .
>
> I am lifted elate — the skies expand:
> Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
> Let men weary and work in their narrow walls;
> I ride with the voices of waterfalls."

Frothingham, the biographer of Thomas Starr King, the silver-tongued of the pulpit, the orator of the Sanitary Commission, whose soul's wings had taken flight at sight of *The White Hills of New Hampshire,* says that the mountains and lakes of California inspired him beyond himself, so that none of his nature writing equalled two of the sermons he wrote — one on Lake Tahoe and the other on the Sierra Nevadas — shortly before he died.

Charles Frederick Holder, too, prince among princes of nature writers, whose pen has never rested for nearly forty years, has received this constant stimulus, so that his recent books are as fresh, as exuberant, as spontaneous, as redolent of the wide, free spirit of California as when he first came under its influence and wrote his earliest little book on Pasadena, which is now worth its weight in gold.

Two remarkable books owe their origin solely to California's peculiar desert influences — these are John C. Van Dyke's *The Desert* and Mary Austin's *Land of Little Rain.* Both are unusual, both were hailed by the critics of every class with delight and both are destined to live as literature. Professor Van Dyke, in his Preface-Dedication contrasts the pure air and sunlight of the Colorado and Mohave Deserts with those of Italy and Egypt, and their colour with that of Venice, Cairo and Constantinople. And he is no special advocate for California. Yet he declared that "all the glory of the old is as nothing to the gold and purple and burning crimson of this new world." Furthermore he said: "The desert has gone a-begging for a word of praise these many years. It never had a sacred poet; it has in me only a lover. But I trust that you, and the nature-loving public you represent, will accept this record as at least truthful. Given the facts perhaps the poet with his fancies will come hereafter."

In reading this I wonder whether Mr. Van Dyke ever read Madge Morris's poem *To the Colorado Desert,* or Joaquin Miller's poems, some of which are elsewhere quoted in these pages. And there are many lesser poets who have been stirred to lines of beauty and power by these same surpassing wastes that inspired Mr. Van Dyke's prose-poem. For, from beginning to end, the whole two hundred and thirty-three pages of this book are poetry — of description, of imagination, of science — put into prose form.

So, also, is Mary Austin's book. There is not a page of it that is not rich in poetic fancy or description. It was a revelation of the charm and allurement to be found in the desert region east of the Sierras.

Frank Norris was one who speedily fell under the spell of California landscapes. Nothing came amiss to him, from Mt. Shasta to Death Valley. His pictures of the San Joaquin Valley have never been surpassed, and those of the desert are equal to Van Dyke at his best. Look at this from *McTeague:*

"The day was magnificent. From horizon to horizon was one vast span of blue, whitening as it dipped earthward. Miles upon miles to the east and southeast the desert unrolled itself, white, naked, inhospitable, palpitating and shimmering under the sun, unbroken by so much as a rock or cactus stump. In the distance it assumed all manner of faint colours, pink, purple, and pale orange. To the west rose the Panamint Range, sparsely sprinkled with gray sage-brush; here the earths and sands were yellow, ochre, and rich deep red, the hollows and canyons picked out with intense blue shadows. It seemed strange that such barrenness could exhibit this radiance of colour, but nothing could have been more beautiful than the deep red of the higher bluffs and ridges, seamed with purple shadows, standing sharply out against the pale-blue whiteness of the horizon.

"By nine o'clock the sun stood high in the sky. The heat was intense; the atmosphere was thick and heavy with it. McTeague gasped for breath and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead, his cheeks and his neck. Every inch and pore of his skin was tingling and pricking under the merciless lash of the sun's rays. . . .

"The sun rose higher; hour by hour, as he tramped steadily on, the heat increased. The baked dry sand crackled into innumerable tiny flakes under his feet. The twigs of the sage-brush snapped like brittle pipestems as he pushed through them. It grew hotter. At eleven the earth was like the surface of a furnace; the air, as McTeague breathed it in, was hot to his lips and the roof of his mouth. The sun was a disk of molten brass swimming in the burnt-out blue of the sky. . . .

"The heat grew steadily fiercer; all distant objects were visibly shimmering and palpitating under it. At noon a mirage appeared on the hills to the northwest.

McTeague halted the mule. . . . As soon as he ceased his tramp and the noise of his crunching, grinding footsteps died away, the silence, vast, illimitable, enfolded him like an immeasurable tide. From all that gigantic landscape, that colossal reach of baking sand, there arose not a single sound. Not a twig rattled, not an insect hummed, not a bird or beast invaded that huge solitude with a call or cry. Everything as far as the eye could reach, to north, to south, to east, and west, lay inert, absolutely quiet and moveless under the remorseless scourge of the noon sun. The very shadows shrank away, hiding under sage-bushes, retreating to the farthest nooks and crevices in the canyons of the hills. All the world was one blinding glare, silent, motionless."

There! It almost takes my breath away to quote it, for it is not only literature, intense, vivid, powerful description by a master hand, but it is literally true, for I have wandered over the region as did McTeague. Think of the idea that the remorseless scourge of the noon sun was so all-reaching that it made " the shadows shrink away, hiding under sage-bushes and retreating to the farthest nooks and crevices in the canyons of the hills." [1]

Now set against this some of Jack London's descriptions of the snow land of the north, which while written of Alaska are perfectly true of portions of winter California:

" Dark spruce forest frowned on either side the frozen waterway. The trees had been stripped by a recent wind of their white covering of frost, and they seemed to lean toward each other, black and ominous, in the fading light. A vast silence reigned over the land. The land itself was a desolation, lifeless, without movement, so lone and cold that the spirit of it was not even that of sadness. There was a hint in it of laughter, but of a laughter more terrible than any sadness — a laughter that was mirthless as the smile of the Sphinx, a laughter cold as the frost and partaking of the grimness of infallibility. It was the masterful and incommunicable wisdom of eternity laughing at the futility of life and the effort of life."

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[1] *McTeague*, by Frank Norris, Doubleday and McClure Co., New York.

The above from *White Fang;* the following from *The Son of the Wolf:*

"Nature has many tricks wherewith she convinces man of his finity, — the ceaseless flow of the tides, the fury of the storm, the shock of the earthquake, the long roll of heaven's artillery, — but the most tremendous, the most stupefying of all, is the passive phase of the White Silence. All movement ceases, the sky clears, the heavens are as brass; the slightest whisper seems sacrilege, and man becomes timid, affrighted at the sound of his own voice. Sole speck of life journeying across the ghostly wastes of a dead world, he trembles at his audacity, realizes that his is a maggot's life, nothing more. Strange thoughts arise unsummoned, and the mystery of all things strives for utterance. And the fear of death, of God, of the universe, comes over him, — the hope of the Resurrection and the Life, the yearning for immortality, the vain striving of the imprisoned essence, — it is then, if ever, man walks alone with God."

Ramona is another evidence of California's power over literary genius. The wrongs of the Indians, the departed glory of the Franciscan Missions, the gorgeousness of the floral growths, the charm of the mountains and valleys, the beauty of the trees are all set forth in its pages and help to keep it the "best seller" of American novels for a continuous period of over thirty years.

Jack London's books, some of them, are fairly saturated, as he himself is, with California. Merely to name the books that revel in accurate descriptions, limned with a master hand, would be to fill one or two pages of this volume. He has for ever immortalized Sonoma, "the Valley of the Moon," where he lives, Oakland, the Piedmont and Berkeley Hills, and the Bay of San Francisco.

So, also, has Gertrude Atherton utilized her home country and cities in some of her most powerful novels.

Poetry and romance! romance and poetry! How could the poet keep still when he found himself in an atmosphere redolent of poetry and romance. When John S. McGroarty's feet touched El Camino Real — the King's Highway — he burst into song:

"It's a long road and sunny, and the fairest in the world —
There are peaks that rise above it in their snowy mantles curled,
And it leads from the mountains through a hedge of chaparral,
Down to the waters where their sea gulls call.

"It's a long road and sunny, it's a long road and old,
And the brown padres made it for the flocks of the fold;
They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk that trod
From the fields in the open to the shelter-house of God."

Marah Ellis Ryan, whose *Told in the Hills* has thrilled countless thousands both in book form and on the stage, came to California, and immediately, like Helen Hunt Jackson, she yielded to the allurement of the climate, the scenery, the old Franciscan Missions and the Indians, and, taking up a year's residence in the padre's room at the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, wrote her *For the Soul of Rafael*. Constance Goddard Du Bois fell under the same spell, and gave the world a literary gem in *A Soul in Bronze*.

The curse of the world in all ages has been the domination of the past, the bondage to dead men's ideas, the cringing spirit of imitation. Genius has been stifled because in its unconsciousness it dared. Before sophistication it sang out in its natural strains and because these were tuned differently, rhythmed to a different meter, and especially when they dared a new theme, or new treatment the Old arose and smote with bloody hand and the rest of the choir drew back afraid.

But, thank God, the pure sweet voices of the unsophisticated could not all be restrained, and glad unconsciousness has winged their songs into the air, and, somehow, California has gendered greater daring, more stalwart bravery in its indifference and bold defiance of standard themes and methods of treatment, than is found elsewhere. Hence there is as rich a variety in its literature as in its scenery, and as great a gamut as in its climate and topography.

And one of its chief values to the world is that very freedom, spontaneity, naturalness. Its insistent cry is that shouted aloud by Wordsworth, Shelley, Ruskin, Browning, Carlyle, and that the world must hear and heed if it would live in healthful happiness.

Another difference is in the rugged strength of its songs. As one of its own singers has said, California seems to have grown weary of the weak, effeminate voices that murmur and moan and complain, and has demanded stronger, more real and rugged, *living* voices:

"I am tired of effeminate singers,
  Who mutter a bitter refrain;
Whose nervous intractable fingers
  Strike discords again and again.

O give me a music that lingers
Like dawn on a storm-driven main;
Like bells out at sea, when the ringers
Take heart and take hope from the strain."

So from its crags and peaks, its canyons and forests have come the strong, stalwart voices of Miller and Markham, Bierce and Twain, Realf and Sterling, London and Atherton, Austin and Bartlett, in prose and poetic melodies of radiant manhood and womanhood, and all combining to make a harmonic chorus that shall delight, instruct and enthuse the world.

CHAPTER XXVII

CALIFORNIA'S INFLUENCE UPON ART

One of the catchwords that began to have tremendous vogue in the latter part of the nineteenth century was "Environment." Our scientific philosophers insisted that even the hitherto supposedly all-potent force of heredity was compelled to yield to the later and greater power of Environment. And thereupon began to creep into our methods of education a new note. Literature and history responded to it, so that now, in tracing the history, past or potential, of any person or nation, Environment is accorded a great and influential place. Taine, in his masterly analysis of English literature has shown us the effect Environment had upon its development and manifestations, and all the recent writers on Greece and Grecian history attribute the lightheartedness and physical perfection of the nation by the Ægean Sea to the radiant climatic conditions with which they were surrounded.

The chapter on Literature briefly shows how California has influenced this manifestation of man's thought. What follows is suggestive as to how California has helped to influence man in other phases of his art life.

California runs riot in colour. The desert — Nature's experimental palette board — the mountains, the forests, the canyons, the foothills, the valleys, the sea-shore, the islands, the sky, the atmosphere, the sun, the night luminaries, — what a full orchestra of colour it is. No gray melodies, no colourless single instruments, but glorious combinations of melody, harmony, soul-satisfying chords, compelling dissonances, unique resolutions, played with every instrument known to Nature — earth, sand, rock, weed, shrub, plant, tree, mountain, atmosphere and the keen observer can scarcely tell whether sun or atmosphere is the more powerful in staining everything, dominating, directing. What a land of light and colour it is, flooding, bathing, invigorating everything and everybody. Well may the bloodless and colourless of other regions be attracted to it. They come and absorb sunlight from our great river of life as it flows through space in every direction. They drink it in; eyes, nostrils, mouth, pores of the skin all receive it, and thirstily take in its life-giving power. As nourishing in its way as food, more necessary in some ways than drink, more satisfying than wine, it is the universal elixir and rejuvenator, the benign restorer of health, youth, vigour, life.

It is, therefore, a great land for the artist, but a land that teaches him, flaunts his ordinary puny training in colour, seizes him by the throat, as it were, or gently leads him by the hand, arouses him, soothes him, irritates him, allures him with colour melodies, harmonies, concertos, and symphonies he never dreamed of before. Surf, waves, billows, oceans of colour; torrents, rivers, streams, rivulets, cataracts, cascades, sprinklings, drops of colour; colour near by, colour in perspective, colour in mass, colour in dots, streaks, flashes, areas, vast plains; colours simple and complex, harmonizing and clashing, separate and combined, loud and soft, timid and bold, exuberant and quiet; colours of dignity and colours of frivolity, of pride and humility, — but all of life, rich, full, abounding, various life; life free, abundant, glorious.

This I claim as one of the marvels of California's influence, one of its supreme glories, that it has so dominant a power over the artist. It is a new world, a new environment, where new conditions simply demand new expressions, and ere they know it, all save the most hidebound and obstinate, the most formal and self-centred, are swept off their conventional feet, out of their conventional atmosphere, beyond their conventional bounds, away from their conventional limitations into the world of spontaneity, naturalness and God-given, God-guided freedom. The blood is fired with new fire, the brain with new stimulation, the imagination with new thrills, the soul with purer, truer, more natural inspirations.

In this new atmosphere the artist is no longer like Cinderella by the fireside, content with the humdrum drudgery of the studio. He is thrilled with the passion of being. He dares lift up his eyes and dance with the princess of life herself in a spontaneous abandon of naturalness that is as nectar to his thirsty soul. His sight expands, his vision enlarges, his imagination soars. Bounds are removed. He sees and feels now as never before the limitless scope of his art. The beauty of California is the Divine vision that has freed him, sent him forth with the assurance that he is called of God in his work and shall soon prove his power, win his spurs, demonstrate his mastery.

I am well aware that all this may seem like a rhapsody to the formal-minded, the stern and self-repressed, but to me it is the very truth of God, and I cannot emphasize, as much as I would like, that I deem it of the highest significance that California possesses this power over the minds of artists, leading them to a greater reliance upon the spontaneous, natural, even exuberant expressions of what she presents to them. In the world of art, as elsewhere, periods of faddism assert themselves. During these unfortunate epochs those who rely upon the schools for guidance dabble about within the circumscribed bounds and kill any original power they may possess. But no such person can come to California, sketch from Nature, and not be led speedily and unconsciously away from all unnatural and artificial limitations. Her mountains that bathe in lakes of purest blue ether, companion the stars and invite the attentions of the caressing clouds, lure the true artist to studies that go beyond the bounds of the classroom. He must watch the transient colours of sunrise and sunset — those peach-blows and rose-mists and burning blazes of oranges and madders — until they have burned themselves into his consciousness; he must watch them as they paint the mountains of the desert, the peaks of the snow-crowned Sierras, the deep recesses of the canyon gorges, colour the face of the ocean and the sleeping islands, and then, unless he be absolutely hide-bound mentally, afraid of his own shadow, not daring to call his soul his own, he will "let go" of the binding discipline of the past, and dare to be his own free, natural, exuberant interpreter of God's beautiful world. He soon learns the sublime audacity of impassioned youth, and, *if he keep his inspirations pure,* gains them from the fountain-head itself, revels in Nature, abstains from the demoralizing and sense-blunting narcotics, stimulants and over-feeding and drinking of a sensuous if not debased society, he is bound to become the true artist, — he who expresses perfectly, because he expresses his love for, his joy in, his work.

What matter if for a time he be *too* exuberant, *too* joyous, *too* spontaneous, *too* free? Time will quiet him down soon enough; and in the meantime all the world loves a lover. It will rejoice in his exuberance, and the sensible and sober-minded even will be glad for his joyousness. The world of to-day is sad enough, solemn enough, formal enough, fashionable enough. It needs a little of the opposite; not of cigarette smoking, wine- and whiskey-drinking stimulation, which leads to bestiality, but of true, simple, youthful naturalness, the same spirit that makes the frolicsomeness of the colt, the calf, the puppy, or the horse turned loose from its stall. Such an one mounts as on the wings of eagles, runs and is not weary, walks and is not faint.

Most men become plodders soon enough.

Here in California, however, I have seen this magic influence at work. I have watched William Keith, hair white as snow, eye dimmed with years, yet the fire of youth in his soul, paint with a fervour that seemed almost feverish, so keen was his desire to catch the visions inspired by his beloved California trees and mountains.

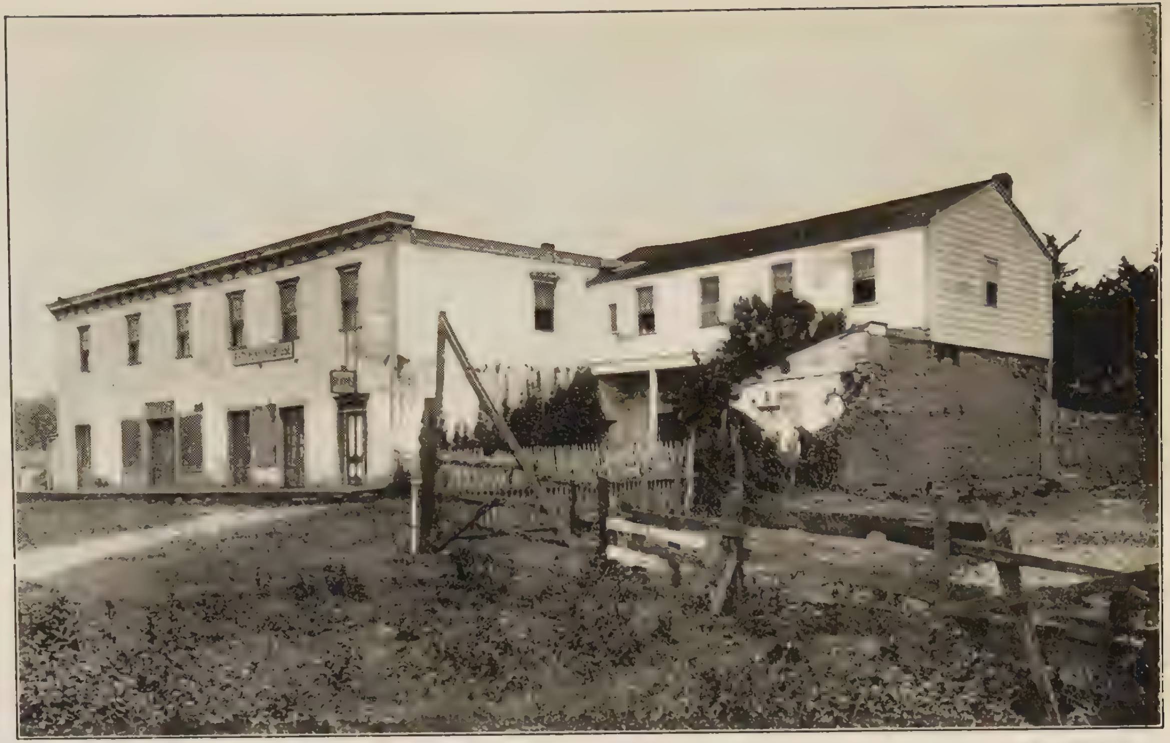
I have watched Carl Eytel on the desert, racked with a hacking and persistent cough, tramping miles and miles over the weary, hot, sandy plains, and then so eager to transcribe for the world the glory of colour revealed only in these secret places that he would tremble with the glory and passion that had taken possession of him.

My friend, Dean W. L. Judson, of the Fine Arts College of the University of Southern California, is no longer young. His hair is white, his body frail, yet he seems possessed with a spirit of youth and vigour that cannot be suppressed. I have watched him as we have journeyed down the Colorado River, when the order was given to "Make Camp." Before the boat touched the shore his easel, canvas, paint-box, brushes, palette and stool were ready, and before the boat's painter was made fast, the artist painter was at work, fain to catch the colours of a rapidly dying day in that rarefied and glorified atmosphere.

Thomas Hill was thrilled with the Yosemite, as is Best to-day, and Chris Jorgensen flees to the High Sierras and the Big Trees, Cadenasso to the eucalyptus, Miss McCormick to the blue waters and quaint houses of Old Monterey, Wendt and Symons to the rugged shores of Laguna Beach, the hillsides of San Juan or the rocky creek-bed of the Sespi. Brown worships in the foothills and glorious summits of the Sierra Madre, Bond Francisco to the stateliness of the pines and the gorgeous glowing of the desert, and a score, a hundred, thrill with the same inspiration gained from California's inexhaustible treasure house of beauty, glory, sublimity and majesty.

California generates naturally the same spirit that has made of the Italians a nation of artists and art-lovers. It is not an easy task to convert the hard-headed, stolid, reserved Teuton into the exuberant, joyous, spontaneous and natural. He is too afraid of being laughed at. But against himself California wins. He yields as did Turner, Tintoretto, and all the great colourists of the past. California says so definitely: "Be not afraid!" that his fears are allayed and he steps out boldly, trusting the inspiration that has come to his own soul rather than the academic teaching of some dry-as-dust professor, who has not climbed a mountain in his lifetime.

Perhaps not all artists feel as I have suggested. There is much in temperament; and it is not necessary that all should feel exactly the same. It is enough that some feel and respond. One Turner changed the artistic



STEVENSON'S HOME, MONTEREY.

thought of the world, when he found his interpreter and expounder in Ruskin. There has been only one Tintoretto, one Vandyke, one Angelo, yet each have influenced the whole world. America is still in the thralldom of fear of European "authority." She does not know that it is better

> "Youth
> Should strive, through acts uncouth,
> Toward making, than repose on aught found made."

Far better the gaucheries, the crudeness, the simplicity, of natural youth, struggling for the ideal, than the perfections of unnatural work of low aim.

Hence in nothing does California rejoice me more than in that it is compelling the world of literature and of art, the world of men and women, to a more natural outlook upon life, more natural and spontaneous modes of expression, and, therefore, more nearly perfect realizations of life and its purposes.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CALIFORNIA'S DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

God is the great artist in architecture as in everything else. He makes no mistakes and His methods are perfect. No one can criticize a straight line, a circle, a sphere, a spiral, an oval, all the other "natural" forms. They are natural, but also divine and, therefore, perfect and above criticism. Nature, however, does not confine herself to the simpler forms. Complex forms are just as "natural" as simple, if they are *real*. But in his reaching after the beautiful, the ideal, in seeking out many inventions, man has wandered far from the pathway of purity, of certainty, of naturalness. To find the right path it is well for him to unlearn, to forget, to stick to the fundamentals. It may be tedious, but it is the only sure and certain path. He must build firm, solid, "deep upon the nether springs," and then take his further steps cautiously, knowing they are true steps, firmly planted and upon solid foundations. This is the secret of the great appeal of the architecture of the Missions — that created by the Franciscan friars in California. While Washington and his compeers were framing a new government for the benefit of mankind, the Franciscan friars, on the other side of the Continent, were framing a new architecture for the world's instruction, rather than copying what some one had done before them. For they refused to copy. They followed simple, primitive, natural forms, and created structures of such power, dignity, grandeur and sublimity as to compel an ever-growing respect from all the thinkers and beauty-lovers of the world.

These men were not architects. They had had neither training nor experience. They were without traditions. Hence to many their success seems little less than marvellous. And certainly it would be more than marvellous, it would be miraculous, were it not for the sure and certain working out of the fundamental principle I have laid down, viz., that when one sticks to elementals and then builds slowly, adhering closely the while to the Divine as revealed in Nature, he cannot fail to build with power, dignity, grandeur and sublimity. Success is natural, is assured before one knows what he has accomplished.

Not only, however, has California developed this ecclesiastical style of architecture. It has done more. Another style has grown up spontaneously, exuberantly, naturally upon our soil, and is known as the California "Bungalow."

This term as originally used in India was applied to a one-story structure, covered with either thatch or tiles and surrounded by a veranda. The California type materially varies. It is not confined to one story though; the major proportion of the structures erected and bearing the name are of the so-called one story and a half height.

If one accepts a strict definition of architecture, such as that given by Vitruvius, wherein he requires that every true building possess "stability, utility and beauty," he would be compelled to confess that many so-called California bungalows could not be classed as specimens of architecture. Too many architects, in their striving after the "original," and possessing only the spirit of the copyist make buildings that are neither stable, useful nor beautiful. They feel there should be conformity between their buildings and the God-blessed country in which they find themselves, yet, because they know not the fixed principles of the art they vainly profess, they become blind leaders of the blind and follow or create fads, which the ignorant (even though rich) public too often accept.

Some imagine that because the climate of California is exceedingly friendly to man that, therefore, careful construction in the architecture of the home is not necessary. This is entirely false reasoning. Houses in warm climates demand just as careful construction as those in cold climates. Walls that keep out cold are necessary to keep out heat. Stability under all conditions that may arise demands the same anchorage, or secure foundations, and proper " bonding " of materials in warm countries as in cold.

The true paths of any art are *always* the true, simple and natural ones. John Ruskin did not write his *Seven Lamps of Architecture* in vain if he merely taught the thoughtful of the American people that architecture is an outward manifestation of inner and spiritual life. We build as we are. If we are poor, proud and pretentious our architecture is poor, proud and pretentious. If we are sham and shoddy our architecture is sham and shoddy. If we " make believe," our houses, stores and office-buildings also " make believe." There is a vast amount of " zinc front " in our civilization, hence it is not uncommon to see pretentious buildings with massive " stone " ornamentations — all of which examination reveals to be zinc, sprinkled with brown stone, or painted to deceive the eye. As one witty friend remarked about the architecture of a certain striking

ARTISTIC HOMES, PIEDMONT.

church building: "It is Queen Anne in front, but Mary Ann behind."

The true architect will sternly set his face against all structural sham or dishonesty. Sincerity will be his first watchword, both in "style" and material. He is as close to God as were the first great architects — the Greeks, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, Moguls, Tartars and others who created what we are pleased to term "styles" of architecture. These creators put into stable and beautiful form the high ideals of their age, or of their own souls. Why cannot our architects do the same? Why not embody the spirit of our age, of our beautiful country and its friendly climate? The inspiration is here in the atmosphere, in the "everything" of this highly-favoured land. That there are some sincere, true, earnest souls reaching out for these things in architecture the observant visitor will discover. San Francisco, Oakland, Piedmont, Berkeley, Fresno, Stockton, Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego — all, and many other cities possess these men and women; for it must not be forgotten that many women have successfully entered the architectural field in this State of Equal Opportunities. But there is one architect whose work I wish especially to call attention to because he has dared to endeavour to do fully what I have tried to express.

This architect is Irving G. Gill, of Los Angeles and San Diego. Early impressed by the wonderful adaptability of the architecture of the Missions to the climate and scenic environment of California he sought, not as so many architects have done, to imitate or follow after in their work, but to absorb from the original sources of their inspiration. There is all the difference in the world between more or less slavish copying, even though genius may aid one to modify with pleasing effect, and gaining the original inspiration and allowing it to work out in its own new way, as, in the Missions it then worked.

I would enjoy giving several pictures of Mr. Gill's work, but the limitations of space forbid. The interested visitor to Los Angeles will find them. He may not be pleased with them, at first sight, but as he studies and his vision becomes clearer, he will find that truth, purity, simplicity and naturalness have been his guides. He will also discover that the " colour " values of this colourful land have been utilized in a remarkable degree.

Slowly, but surely, architects are awakening to the possibilities colour in verdure, in sunrise and sunset, in atmospheric glow, affords them, not as a chance or haphazard, but as a definite and reliable factor. Californians, some day, will coöperate with Nature in the use of colour as the Italians do. Comparatively few now do it, but when they do, who can conceive the results? Here is a Congregational church at Riverside with a square tower in the style of the Spanish renaissance. The base for forty feet up is one square solid wall of gray concrete. What a background for trailing Boston vines, masses of poinsettias, and banks of reddish-yellow cannae.

On Raymond Hill, at Pasadena, stands the hotel of that name, with a proprietor who has an Italian sense of colour. The building is a modern California manifestation of Spanish renaissance, with red tiled roofs, square towers of brownish yellow, and great walls, cut up with a thousand and one windows that reflect the sun. It is a joy to see the bougainvilleas climb the verandas, the masses of roses of different shades, the beds of alluring pinks, the great stretches of green lawn, the cunningly placed cypresses, the deep-toned oranges with their winter waxen blossoms, green fruit and yellowing globes beautifying the walls and angles, porches and entrances of the simply coloured buildings.

Mr. Gill is so fully imbued with this idea that he demands the privilege, as part of his work as an architect, of laying out the garden that is to surround it. Here in California we have gardens all the year around, hence flowers, shrubs and trees are a stable factor in the beautifying of a home. The house colour or tint should set off the colour scheme of the garden, so that every view *coming towards the house* is pleasing both to its permanent and temporary resident.

In house interiors, also, colour must be taken into consideration, not alone in the loud and vivid "colour schemes" so often used, or even in the more modest and gentler "tones," but in those subtler influences that one at first scarce perceives, but which, when his senses are attuned to them give the perceptive mind the keenest delight.

Who has not noticed how a room has taken on a new and pleasing tone by the introduction, say, of a burnished copper bowl, or a piece of blue china? Who has not seen a dining table illuminated with a basket of roses, a greater or lesser mass of violets or jonquils? Banks of golden cosmos will give a new glory to the yellow candle-shades and add a richness to the hue of any room, while the glare of an electric light is transformed into a poem of colour by surrounding it with a sea shell in which lurks the tint of the abalone or the pearl.

When the building of homes is conducted in accordance with the fundamental spirit I have sought to outline true architecture is bound to be the result, and this distinction I claim for the work of Mr. Gill.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA

There are six routes to California from the East, North and South. These are respectively known as the "Central Route" of the Union and Southern Pacific from Omaha to San Francisco; the "Sunset Route" of the Southern Pacific from New Orleans to Los Angeles and San Francisco; the "Portland Route" of the Southern Pacific from Portland to San Francisco and Los Angeles; the "Santa Fé Route" of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco; the "Salt Lake Route" of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake from Salt Lake to Los Angeles; the "Feather River Route" of the Western Pacific from Chicago to San Francisco.

Hence the visitor has his choice of routes. The various connections of these different lines also afford many combinations, so that one may travel across the continent a dozen or more times, and each time find some new and fascinating portion of our incomparable country for sight-seeing and study.

It is doubtful, however, whether in America any thousand miles of railway can be found that contains as much of scenic, ethnologic, antiquarian, geologic and historic interest as does the stretch of the *Santa Fé* line from a hundred miles east of Albuquerque, N. M., to the Pacific Coast.

This is practically the old Santa Fé trail, and over it journeyed the great, heavy, lumbering wagons — the prairie schooners of the '40's and '50's — of the last century, crossing the plains from Independence, Mo., to Santa Fé, and later, across New Mexico and Arizona to California. Later it was the route of thousands of gold seekers, many of whom came to California with ox teams. One could well write a book over this trail and not exhaust its romance. But centuries before either traders or gold seekers crossed over it from East to West, the old Spanish *conquistadores* had learned much about what it had to offer. On horseback, with mules, burros or afoot, they came up from Sonora — first Marcos de Nizza on his trip of reconnaissance, then Coronado with his brave band of gold hunters, and zealous Franciscan priests.

Read Marah Ellis Ryan's *Flute of the Gods,* and study the history of the Missions of New Mexico, and feel your heart thrill at the conflict between the religions of the two civilizations. Sure they were right, the brown-gowned Friars Minor demanded acceptance of the religion they offered. Equally true *they* were right, the *shamans* of the pueblo Indians invoked their time-honoured gods of sun and sky, rain and storm, earth and heaven, — that wonderful pantheon of gods that most American writers know so little of, — and braved the white man's death and hell rather than consent to their bronze brothers and sisters receiving the new religion.

Then read of the dread day of Santana, Aug. 10, 1680, when all the Indians of the pueblos, from Taos on the north to Zuni on the south and Oraibi on the west, arose as one man and smote hip and thigh every Spaniard they could reach. It reads like a chapter of the Old Testament, where the orders were that not a soul — man, woman or child — should be spared. The hated priests were burned alive, cast off cliffs, beheaded, brained with war-clubs, scalped, and every one of the detested new race was made to feel the deep and unalterable antagonism of the red to the white.

Equally as wonderful as its history is the scenery of the land. The Painted Desert is there, and the Petrified Forest with its quaintly carved hieroglyphics on the near-by rocks; the Cliff and Caveate Dwellings; the Meteorite Mountain; Sunset Crater; the Navaho Church; the Enchanted Mesa; the sand and wind-carved Mesas; the Mogollon Buttes; the Red-Rock Country; the Verdi, Tonto and Oak-Creek basins; the gigantic Agua Fria and San Mateo Craters; the miles and miles of lava flows; the ice-caves; the sacred mountains of the Navahos, — Pelado, San Mateo, San Francisco, — and in addition there is that most superlative of the world's scenic glories — the Grand Canyon. Time was when we had to reach it by means of stage, wagon or horseback. Now a branch line of the Santa Fé, starting from Williams, strikes almost straight north across the Painted Desert and reaches the Canyon at its very rim, where a commodious, picturesque and altogether appropriate hotel, " El Tovar," receives the guest and makes him feel at home. My old friend Brandt has been its host ever since it was built, and his genial and charming wife makes a worthy better-half in watching out for the comfort of the visitor. The porch of the hotel directly overlooks the Canyon. Across the abyss, to the right, is the black line, zigzagged and rough, of the Bright Angel Creek, which gives its name to the " Fault " on this side, in the shattered strata of which the Indians, centuries ago, following the rude first trails of the mountain sheep, antelope, deer and

The Grand Canyon.

other wild animals, made the first human footprints and outlined the trail down which well-trained mules and horses now convey thousands and thousands, and still more thousands, of delighted, enchanted, awe-inspired men and women.

What a glory the Canyon is. Imagine a range of mountains, the two opposite sides treated as if they were two slates hinged at their tops, the bases opened up and the summits thrust deep into earth's bosom. But the " slates " are miles and miles thick, and the " mountains " a mile or more high, so that as we stand on those reversed bases that are now respectively the north and south " rims " of the Canyon, and look down, we see ravines, gorges, canyons, precipices, bluffs, towers, pinnacles, buttes, solitary mountains and peaks, temples, colonnades, arches, domes, — every conceivable feature of rock and structure — a mile-deep abyss full of them, but all on such a gigantic scale as to appear like the vast, hideous, stupendously overwhelming objects of a nightmare made real, transfused with radiant splendour, dashed over with all the colours of the sunrise, sunset, and rainbow in combinations never revealed to man before, and transfigured with a glory as if from the very throne of God.

Not an " inferno," as one graphic writer called it, even though " swathed in celestial fires," for when the eye of the mind becomes more accustomed to the tremendous sight it grows to be a newer, better, larger city of the blest, smiled upon by the Divine, a place for angels, not demons, for transformed men, for such men as the ages will yet lure from the protoplast when the time is ripe for their coming.

Several trails now lead into these depths, each one more wonderful than the other, reminding one of the

Irishman's definition of American democracy, where "every man is as good as every other man, and better." For each trail has its own individuality, and it is so overwhelming, so stupendous, so mentally overpowering and dominating that while you are in its presence you can scarcely think of other trails or scenes with which to compare it.

Do not think that you can "see" this Canyon, "do it," in a day or two, or even in a week. You must ride on its rim, camp with its glories on points many and various, go down all its trails, roam over its interior plateaus, gaze up and down its manifold precipices, stand at the base of its towering castellated structures, gaze upon its wide-sweeping colonnades from below as well as above, cross its raging river and climb up to the 1000-feet higher rim of the north side, and travel a hundred or two miles east and west there, ere you shall dare to begin to say you "know" the Grand Canyon. Be humble, be wise to learn, be receptive in the presence of this vastness. Sit in meekness and reverence, silent and still, and let the Voice of the Wide Expanse be heard in its ponderous noiselessness. From its lowest depths you shall hear the rumble of its roaring, dashing, mighty river, softened by the distance into a mere echo of a beaten drum.

It was in the heart of the various canyons of the Colorado River that Major J. W. Powell, brave, indomitable, indefatigable, the one-armed hero of Gettysburg — for he was a soldier in the Civil War and lost his right arm at Gettysburg, — spent three months with his men wresting from the black gorge and roaring river the secrets of their existence. He had been warned that it was a most dangerous trip. Miners, cowboys and Indians alike declared that the river ran under the mountains with irresistible force; there were whirlpools, fierce rapids crowded with jagged boulders which tore the water into spume and foam, and through which not even a magic or fairy boat could pass in safety. They pictured tremendous waterfalls like Niagara, over which his boats would pitch, carried over by the on-sweeping current, and the Indians protested that in many places the "water-pony" — as they called the boat — would "heap buck" and throw its occupants into the wave.

But there are heroes of peace as well as heroes of war, and Major Powell was a hero in either sphere. He went on with his preparations and on the 24th of May, 1869, left Green River City, in Wyoming, with four boats and nine men for the memorable expedition that was to make his name for ever famous.

That expedition failed, however, to reveal all that he was determined to know. So a second one was planned which completed the work.

Afterwards Powell was appointed the chief or director of the U. S. Geological Survey, and sent men of science to study into the formation of the Canyon, who brought back knowledge that has materially added to our conception of the earth's upbuilding.

Since Powell several parties have successfully negotiated the dangerous trip and at El Tovar there now stands a battered, dented, apparently old boat, whose metal sides are scratched, rubbed, and scarred with many a conflict with the rocks, the story of which is written over it, recounting that certain modest adventurers made the trip through the Canyons of the Colorado in it, with various exciting and thrilling adventures. The photographers of the Canyon, too, the Kolb brothers, whose studio is at the head of the Bright Angel trail, will tell you of their successful trip, and their moving pictures of their experiences demonstrate that, little by little, even the most secret recesses of Nature are yielding their secrets to the indomitable will, perseverance and unconquerable energy of mankind.

THE END.

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